

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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COMFORT

The Key to

Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

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Crumbs of Comfort

The smile of God is victory.
Little things are great to little men.
The worst unbelief is unbelief in yourself.
It is the enemy who keep the sentinel watch-
ful.

Virtue is the beauty, and vice the deformity
of the soul.
Constantly choose rather to want less than to
have more.

Be such as you would like to see others and
you will find those who resemble you.

You may order and drive an individual, but
you cannot make him respect you by force.

There are not good things enough in life to
indemnify us for the neglect of a single duty.

God sent his singers to the earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to Heaven again.
—Longfellow.

When anyone has offended you, try to raise
your soul so high that the offence cannot reach it.

Few persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer
censure which is useful to them, to praise which
deceives them.

The very afflictions of our earthly pilgrimage
are presages of our future glory, as shadows
indicate the sun.

You need not tell all the truth, unless to
those who have a right to know it all, but let
all you tell be the truth.

He who is contented with what he has done
will never become famous for what he will do.
The grass is already growing over him.

Couldst thou boast, O child of weakness,
O'er the sons of wrong and strife,
Were there strong temptations planted
In thy path of life?
—Whittier.

It is a good Master whom we serve, who not
only pays, but gives; not after the proportion
of our earnings, but of His own mercy.

The vanity of loving fine clothes and new
fashions and valuing ourselves by them is one of
the most childish pieces of folly that can be.

If the principles of contentment are not with-
in us, the height of station and worldly gran-
deur will as soon add a cubit to man's stature as
to his happiness.

There cannot live a more unhappy creature
than an ill-natured old person who is neither
capable of receiving pleasures, nor sensible of
doing them to others.

The Christmas Miracle

By Fergus Hume

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab"

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"S" O you really think she loves you Harry?

"With her whole heart, God bless her."

"Amen to that, if she be true."

"Jack, I'd stake my life on her honesty and sincerity."

"Of course; we all go to extremes when in love. But supposing a rich man—myself by way of example—came along to woo?"

"She would stick to the pauper and flout the millionaire." Are you not coming with me to spend a week at Etherby Hall? Would I risk your good looks and full purse if I doubted her faith?

"Ah, Harry, you know only too well that I would never cut out a man who had saved my life."

"Pooh! That's nothing."

"A considerable lot to me," said Jack Rankin dryly. "Have a cigar?"

"Thanks awfully!" and the two young men lighted up to lapse into meditative silence.

They were seated in deep chairs in the smoking-room of the Metropolitan Club and had just finished an excellent meal. Now, with the contented minds of repletion, they smoked and chatted with coffee and kummel on a small table between them. From the near window, they could see the tide of fashion and traffic rolling along in the glorious June sunshine; but their private affairs engrossed them, to the exclusion of worldly interests.

Jack was a South African millionaire, and his school-chum, Harry Sands, although not entirely a pauper, certainly was not wealthy. The two had met in after-life at Buluwayo, and there Harry had dragged his friend from the dangerous waters of a stream in spate. The incident brought them into the relationship of David and Jonathan, and Jack proposed that they should live their lives independent of the female sex. But Harry less of a misogynist than his friend, and being engaged to an angel, declined to be a bachelor of Nature, and later had sailed for the old country to interview the aforesaid angel, and to gain, if possible, her father's consent to the marriage. Unfortunately Squire Tollham was poor and luxurious, and of his two daughters, but one was beautiful. He counted on her to fill his lean purse by means of a wealthy marriage, and therefore was not prepared to welcome Sands as a son-in-law. This was the question of affairs when Jack came home to see his friend, whom he had sorely missed in the African wilds. "So the old man won't hear of your marrying his daughter," remarked Rankin after a pause. "I have told you that three times."

"Then why not chuck it and come out again with me?"

"Because I adore her and she is devoted to me, and—"

Harry told his love tale again for the tenth time. He was very much intangled in the nets of Venus.

"Copyright in United States of America."

Jack, huge, bronzed and fair-headed, listened gravely, but without much sympathy. Having been betrayed when poor by a girl-of-the-world, who perferred a richer suitor, he was inclined to tickle the whole sex as faithless. "I'd like to test this angel of yours old chap," said he nodding sagely. "Her father is poor and so is she. Women love pretty things and will do much to obtain them. Now if she saw that I was willing to endow her with my pile, she would—"

"I swear she wouldn't," cried Harry coloring, then added with the rash confidence of youth in love, "you can try if you like."

The millionaire chuckled. "Well, I might chuck her into the furnace of temptation to see if she would come out refined gold. I'm too fond of you old man to let you throw yourself away on an—"

"An angel! An angel, and don't say a word against her, Jack."

"Well, I won't—only that she's a daughter of Eve and so open to the temptation of apple-picking. However we'll go to Etherby tomorrow and see your angel. Perhaps I'll be able to induce the father to give his consent."

"He never will," lamented Harry, bitterly. "He wants Edith to marry money, so as to square family affairs."

"What an egotist. Won't he give you a single chance?"

"Humph. He will, if you can call it a chance. But miracles don't occur nowadays."

Jack looked surprised, and slipped his coffee. "You can't be sure of that old chap. What's this particular miracle anyhow?"

"One that is not likely to happen," explained Sands in a doleful manner. "Squire Tollham lives at Etherby in Essex, where his folks have dwelt as Lords of the Manor for generations. They were rich once but now the Tollhams are poor. There is also a church."

"Naturally, I should like to find a village in England without one of those quaint churches. The men of old, builded for Doomsday."

"Well then this especial church is ancient and beautiful with a tenth century tower. But it has no chimneys; only a cracked bell. The peal—a famous one—was removed by Cromwell's men."

"He did a considerable deal of mischief did Cromwell," said Rankin musingly, "but what has the want of chimneys to do with you?"

"I asked Squire Tollham for Edith's hand and he refused. But he ironically added that he would consent to let me be his son-in-law when he heard the chimneys of Etherby church."

"But there aren't any chimneys you say," argued Jack, staring.

"Of course not, and therein lies the irony of the thing. You can see that as Etherby church is never likely to have chimneys, I am never likely to make Edith, Mrs. Sands."

"Crafty old beggar, the Squire," smiled Rankin. "Doesn't give you much chance of pulling off the business. However there is a chance, and that is something."

"I tell you that miracles don't occur."

"And I reply that you can't be certain. We'll

go down to Etherby tomorrow, and see these two young ladies. Edith and—what's the other girl's name?"

"Judith. She's three years younger than Edith and not at all pretty."

"Humph," said Rankin with a shrug, "and so won't put money into the old man's purse. The elder odalisque is the one he sells."

"You might put it like that," said Harry sagely. "Don't cut me out Jack," he added half-jokingly.

"Dear old man, you didn't pull me out of the river, for me to cross your path. I'll see the thing through. Never you mind how." And now Rankin heaved his large body out of the chair. "Come down to Hurlingham and have a look at the Polo," which they accordingly did, and the conversation about the miracle was not resumed.

Squire Tollham welcomed his guests the next day with all the easy geniality of a long-decended country gentleman. The Hall was a fine old Tudor residence in a ruinous state and the acres around needed cultivating. The heir was an officer-boy in India, but his sister Edith remained at home to take the place of her mother who had died long since. She also looked after Judith, who was ugly but vivacious, and something of a tomboy. Edith herself was slender, fair and blue eyed and gentle, with a complexion of cream and roses. Her Saxon beauty looked well beside the dark handsome face of her devoted lover, and the pair afforded the effect of contrast, as much as was possible with the jealous father incessantly keeping them apart.

Jack saw and sympathized to the extent of taking possession of the squire and talking of the improvements that might be made on the Tollham property. Also Judith, who had taken a great fancy to the big millionaire, remained constantly in his company. Tollham displayed considerable satisfaction at the interest Jack took in the estate and revealed still more when a few days before the conclusion of the visit, the South African deserted himself and Judith to dangle round the skirts of Edith. The prospect of such a son-in-law was not unpalatable to the ruined gentleman.

"Harry," complained Edith, after an hour of unusual attention from Jack, "I wish your friend wouldn't look at me so!"

"I can trust Jack," said Sands gravely, "and I can trust my dearest."

Edith was piqued.

"Of course you can trust me; but Mr. Rankin certainly ignores the fact that we are engaged."

"I don't think so; it's only his way," said Harry a trifle uneasily. "He's a first-class chap. Besides we're not openly engaged since your father refuses to let—"

"I'll marry you, or no one," interrupted Edith resolutely, "but if your friend pays me these attentions, father will assuredly think that he is serious and will worry me into accepting an offer, which I hope Mr. Rankin has no intention of making! I shall have to snub him severely!"

This she did with such success that Rankin became more devoted than ever. Judith who was beginning to look upon Jack as her own particular property was disgusted and grumbled at his fickleness. As for Harry his trust was sorely tried; but he said nothing to his Jonathan and still swore by the old pact made by the river. He might have been comforted had he heard Jack plead for the match.

"Sands is a ripping chap," Mr. Tollham, said Rankin urgently, "do let him marry your daughter."

This was unpleasant hearing for the Squire and he turned sour.

"He shall marry Edith," said Tollham grimly, "when I hear the chimneys of Etherby Church."

"But there are no chimneys, I hear."

"Quite so, and there will be no marriage with Sands. Still Edith must marry some day, and"—he hesitated, looked oddly at the big man and walked away. Jack chuckled as he watched his retreating figure. The Squire's desire to sell Edith was so patent.

So the visit came to an end, and the friends returned to town, only to find that Harry was summoned to the bedside of his mother who had been taken dangerously ill. Jack bereft of his chum floated round London, welcomed by all and bored by most. It was difficult for him to kill time, after his active African life. Therefore did he accept an invitation from Tollham to come down for the hunting, and his soul rejoiced when he slung his leg over a horse's back once more. Also he found great pleasure in giving the lead to Judith, who was a notable rider. All the same he found time to poach on Harry's preserves, as was remarked by Edith in her frequent letters to the absent lover.

"I wish to goodness he would take up with Judith, who loves him, and leave me alone," ran one of these epistles, "but he's always in my pocket and will not see how disagreeable his attentions are to me. He is a false friend Harry, so don't you have anything to do with him. Father is always bothering me to encourage him, which I won't. And the rector is just as bad. As an old friend, he will interfere in our affairs, Judith grumbles also, and blames me, as if I could help the man's attentions. Do come down and tell Mr. Rankin what you think of him."

This Harry did not do, being chained to his mother's bedside. But he wrote a reproachful letter to Jack which made that genial giant wince. Nevertheless he did not slacken his attentions to Edith, and invited the Squire to see town in the winter. Edith and Judith came also, and Jack gave the three a royal time. The Squire enjoyed it, but the girls were miserable. Edith because her Harry was not beside her, and Judith, because Jack never left her elder sister's side when in her company. The visit was a failure in some ways. However Tollham was delighted, thinking that Jack would propose, and inviting him down for Christmas so that he might have every chance of forcing Edith's hand.

"He's down here for a week," wrote the persecuted damsel to Harry, "and as you say that your mother is getting well, I want you to come down for Christmas. Father asks you also as Judith wanted to know if you would come. I think father imagines that you may marry Judith, so as to leave the field open to your false friend. As if I could ever give up my hero—"

then followed a lot of sweet words which Harry kissed severely. Then he made up his mind, packed his kit, and traveled from Devonshire to Essex. It so happened that he arrived on Christmas eve in a state of mind hardly in keeping with the season of peace and good will.

The lovely old Hall looked its best in the winter. All round the fields were white with snow, and the ponds rang under the steel-shod skaters. Within, all was warmth and brightness. Mistletoe decorated the dark oaken walls, and red-berried holly was wreathed round the family portraits. Tollham had invited many people to celebrate a Saxon Yule-tide, and these were riotously merry and happy. Only the daughters of the house and the two young men were dull. Things were too doubtful for them to share in the revelry. Harry indeed obtained a chance to speak privately with Edith, and greatly indignant, she told him of the persecutions to which she had been subjected. The young man fumed and raged against the treachery—as he regarded it—of his quondam friend, and immediately before dinner he went to the millionaire's room.

"You have treated me shamefully, Rankin," he said, with flashing eyes, and clenched fists. "I never thought—that is, I never dreamed—"

"Of course you didn't," replied Jack, turning from the mirror before which he was adjusting his white tie. "But the unforeseen always happens."

"Do I understand that you wish to marry Edith?"

"Well, no," drawled Jack, smiling. "I have tested her, and find that she prefers you with twopenny to me with two million."

"You had no right to tempt her," cried Sands, hotly.

Jack laughed.

"I told you that I would."

"I never thought that you meant what you said."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

"RING OUT THE OLD RING IN THE NEW YEAR"

Soon the bells will sound a farewell to the dying, and a welcome to the new born year.

Those New Year's bells will be tuned to every heart, merrily chiming a joyous chorus to the hopeful and happy, but drearily, dolefully tolling a dirge to the heartsick and weary sorrowing over the mistakes of the past.

If we will resolutely determine to profit in the future by the lessons of our past shortcomings there is no reason why the New Year's bells should not ring in hopeful cadence to us all.

But let us not wait until the new year to make our good resolutions. Do it now, and begin now to act upon them, for there is yet a month left of the present year in which much can be done to give it a successful closing and thus be that much ahead in starting the new year right.

This especially impresses me because this month of December rings out a lot of your subscriptions and I shall be forced to bid adieu to many of you with the close of the old year, my good friends, unless you ring in at once for another fifteen months or two years.

COMFORT was never more prosperous or better appreciated by the public as is shown by the large number of renewals and new subscriptions pouring in this fall; but some of you are slow in renewing, putting it off until after I have been compelled to drop you from our list, which is disheartening, for it always grieves me to lose a member of COMFORT'S great family even if two new ones come in to take the old subscriber's place.

That is why I make the renewal rate only thirty cents for two years while new subscribers pay twenty-five cents for fifteen months. These rates are low and at any time I may have to raise them in consequence of the increasing cost of production or should the magazine postage rate be raised as is now again proposed by the Postmaster General.

COMFORT is giving you the best and largest magazine in the world for the price, and also is doing a great charity work besides being an elevating and educating force in the community.

I have planned to make it even more interesting and instructive the coming year. The January number will be a good one with seasonable special features among which will be a rollicking New Year's Cowboy story.

February COMFORT will be a rouser, a special Washington, Lincoln and Valentine number, and among many good things will contain an illustrated sketch of the Revolutionary War hero, Gen. Steuben, to whose memory Congress has just erected a \$50,000 monument at Washington.

March COMFORT will be another big Household number like that of last March.

Home Life at the White House will be the subject of a series of articles which will give our readers an idea of what the President and his family are doing and how they live and entertain at the White House.

Turn over a new leaf, please, and get your renewals in promptly; it saves a lot of bother all round.

There are still a few of those to whom I sent the envelope folder renewal blanks in October COMFORT who have not been heard from. Kindly ring in your renewal at once. I should miss you and you would be homesick to begin the new year without COMFORT.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas,

W. H. GANNETT.

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I enclose 30 cents for renewal and extension of my subscription two full years from date of expiration.

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Dec. 1910

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; st. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Last Minute Gifts

A QUERY as to what she could make for Christmas which would be pretty, came to me a while ago from a subscriber who could neither embroider nor paint. For her and other such women who may, perhaps, be at a loss to know just what to do, these few suggestions are given.

Utilize Handkerchiefs

The possibilities of the handkerchief in fancy work has never been fully worked out, but many really attractive little articles can be made so easily, they can literally be called "last minute" gifts. An hour would be ample time to make any one of these articles and many could be finished in much less time. In the first place a dainty handkerchief is sure to be a useful remembrance. A hand-made, lace-trimmed one will be treasured and can certainly be made by anyone with the ability to sew neatly.



TWO ARE REQUIRED.

With a trifle more work one can make a pretty handkerchief into a jabot. Cut a strip two and one half or three inches from the handkerchief. This can be used on a band to go around the neck. Plait the remainder of the handkerchief for the jabot and finish by putting into a tiny binding at the top.

Cuffs and collar sets may be made of an ordinary handkerchief and a glove handkerchief. The latter is just the right size for a pair of cuffs and these together with a collar will make a present which most any woman will appreciate, as it is unusual to have an over abundance of neckwear.

Other little, inexpensive Christmas gifts that never come amiss—such as needlebooks, eyeglass wipers, emeries, and numerous useful little things can be fashioned of materials on hand, if only a little time and thought is first put into the planning.

Two cute little emeries can be made in short order; for the first, the acorn, use brown silk for covering a little bag shaped as nearly perfect as possible, finish by capping with an acorn cup glued in place. For the little Dinah brown silk is also best for the face, on which the features are painted; this can be accomplished by even a novice with success.

Use red for the lips, white for the teeth and eyes, black for nostrils, eyebrows and the pupils of the eyes. When thoroughly dry surround with a piece of small checked silk tied on top with two ends; the result will be a wise-looking little ducky who will give good service keeping one's needles sharp and bright.

Handkerchiefs also make especially dainty and convenient covers for the long pin-cushions now in vogue. A lace-edged one can be rolled about a silk or satin covered cushion. Turn one edge back so a double row of lace will cross the top of the cushion from end to end. Tie half-inch ribbon around either end and make a full row on top. These covers can be changed in a moment and are nothing to launder. White handkerchiefs prettily embroidered can be used to cover handkerchief collar or glove cases. Baby's bibs and caps may easily be developed, and while these ideas are not new, such dainty articles suited to some friend's needs may be quickly made with little work.

LOOKS LIKE DINAH.

Handkerchiefs also make especially dainty and convenient covers for the long pin-cushions now in vogue. A lace-edged one can be rolled about a silk or satin covered cushion. Turn one edge back so a double row of lace will cross the top of the cushion from end to end. Tie half-inch ribbon around either end and make a full row on top. These covers can be changed in a moment and are nothing to launder. White handkerchiefs prettily embroidered can be used to cover handkerchief collar or glove cases. Baby's bibs and caps may easily be developed, and while these ideas are not new, such dainty articles suited to some friend's needs may be quickly made with little work.

Plaster Paris Plaques

Something in an entirely different line for little gifts can be made by using plaster of Paris as a foundation.

This work is not difficult, and if one is artistic, very pretty effects may be obtained. The idea is to mount a picture on a plaster plaque.

Cut out the selected picture very carefully, then place it right or face side down on a cold, wet platter, plate or saucer, according to the size you desire the finished plaque to be.

Pat the back of the picture with a cloth until quite dry, then the plaster will not be so apt to get under the edges. If this is not done and a bubble of water remains on the face of the picture, naturally the weight of the plaster

forcing the water out, raises an edge, allowing the plaster to run onto the picture. A little practice will obviate this. Mix the plaster with just enough cold water to make like starch, but not too thin. Then pour over your picture, taking note which end is the head or top; in this end press a loop of wire before the plaster hardens.

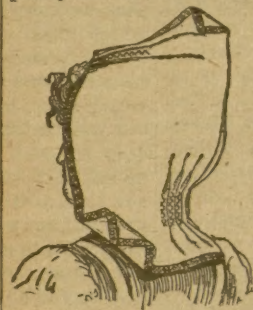
Very artistic plaques may be made by coloring the plaster. For a delft plaque cut out a Dutch scene printed in blue and tint the plaster with bluing. Any subject in sepia shades is beautiful mounted on plaster browned with coffee or cocoa. Tissue paper soaked out will give one almost any shade.

When the cast is set, use a knife around the edge to start it, but this has to be done very carefully as the plaques break so easily. If slightly chipped a little gold paint put on unevenly will cover up such defects.

Plaques completely covered with flowers, if nicely cut out and arranged are most attractive. Photos can also be preserved in this way instead of framing.

Sweeping Cap

For other articles, colored bordered or bandanna handkerchief are well suited. The pretty sort of Dutch sweeping cap, here illustrated, is new and very becoming and also can be made of a single handkerchief.



IT PROTECTS THE HAIR.

Start it by folding the handkerchief evenly through the center from side to side, overcast two of the folded edges together, and on either side of the hems so joined, coral stitch two tucks. This gives a little fullness to the top of the cap. In the center of the back make six tucks, three on each side turning towards each other, thus fitting the cap in well at the neck.

Turn over the upper and two lower corners as shown, and catch in place. Besides being becoming this cap is well adapted to its purpose as it completely covers the hair and stays in place.

Bags

A handy bag may be made by simply sewing up two sides of a handkerchief until three corners meet as shown. Turn the fourth corner down over a ring and it is complete, ready for use after only a few minutes' work.



FOR ANY PURPOSE.

One can scarcely have too many aprons and bordered handkerchiefs make especially pretty ones. Two will be required to copy this apron, one to form the main part and the other the lower corners and ends of the strings.

Of three handkerchiefs one can make a very pretty kimono. Use one for the back placing a corner at the neck and turning it down a little. A corner will come at each elbow. For the fronts two handkerchiefs will be needed placed so a corner of each will meet the corners at the elbows; from here seam up to the neck, where the front corners will be turned down to match the back. Tie the front edges with ribbons and catch under the arms to form a sleeve.

Another bag for soiled collars and handkerchiefs can be made in a few moments. Fold and overcast two edges together to within four inches of the end, next lay flat and coral stitch over this joining. Turn the corners at the top back as shown then in the hem which forms the back of the bag at the top, insert a piece of feather or whalebone; this will make the bag hang flat. Plait in the bottom of the bag about three inches from the lower edge, stitch securely and add a ribbon bow.

A differently shaped bag for the same purpose, or combings, is next illustrated and is even less work to make.

FOR SOILED COLLARS AND HANDKERCHIEFS.



FOR COMBINGS.

pose, or combings, is next illustrated and is even less work to make.

The sides can be stitched up by machine just inside the hems, run bones in the top hems and add the ribbon for hanging.

Only one handkerchief will be needed and this should be folded exactly in half.

Twine Bag

This inexpensive and easily made bag is of brown linen with just a touch of embroidery to lighten the somberness. For it will be needed three pieces of linen two and one-half inches wide by six long and one piece two and one-half by five and one-half. Cut one end of each of the four pieces to a point, then sew them together to form the bottom of the bag. Hem the top of the short side and join all the sides together up the same distance; cut the remaining ends to a gradual rounded point and hem each. Work eyelets in two ends and tie together with ribbon. Fasten the other end down with a snap catch or small button.



TWINE BAG.

Work the center of the flower as an eyelet, also through which the twine can be run.

Linen Napkin Rings

One girl made up a number of napkin rings of natural colored canvas; each had a touch of embroidery or outlining and the edges were finished by scalloping all around, eyelets were worked in the ends, through which ribbon was run, lacing them together.



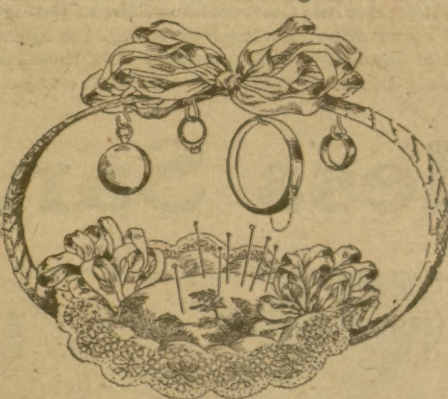
EASILY LAUNDERED.

Another little article which one may give a friend, whether rich or poor, with a certainty of its being appreciated, and one which carries its own sweetness and will recall the donor with each whiff of fragrance, is a set of sachets for one's wardrobe. These can be made of scraps of almost anything, though nothing is prettier than embroidered linen. Such a gift is never inappropriate, for one can never have too many of these dispensers of sweetness scattered among their belongings.

A Decorative Cushion

Here is shown an odd and pretty cushion which does not depend on either embroidery or painting for its beauty, being developed easily of a bit of silk ribbon and lace.

The unusual feature of this dainty cushion is the hoop which surrounds it, forming a receptacle for small pieces of jewelry. The cushion itself, is simply a small square finished with a ruffle of lace-edged ribbon and



ODD AND ARTISTIC.

full rosette bows of narrow ribbon. This is attached to a ribbon wound embroidery hoop, which has a few tiny brass hooks screwed in the under side of the top directly above the cushion. If necessary the hooks can be filed off, and if the ribbon is marred in so doing more added and tied in a full bow at the top. Such a cushion as this will add greatly to any dressing table and will doubtless prove popular for both presents and fairs.

Tea Strainer Cushion

Such a cushion comes very handy to hang up in any convenient place and besides being odd and ornamental the strainer prevents the disfiguring pinholes from showing.

A small ordinary wire tea strainer is first needed; make a little cushion to fit this snugly, cover with silk and sew in place. Next cut a circle from pasteboard to fit the back, cover one side with silk and sew an inch wide ruffle of ribbon round the edge, then catch in place. To cover the threads around the edge of the strainer take half inch ribbon gather one edge and sew to a white-headed pin, stick these in place as shown forming a pretty ruche of contrasting colors.

Pale blue and a soft green were combined in this instance. The cushion was covered with a figured silk, the inch wide ruffle was of blue and the handle and bow of green.

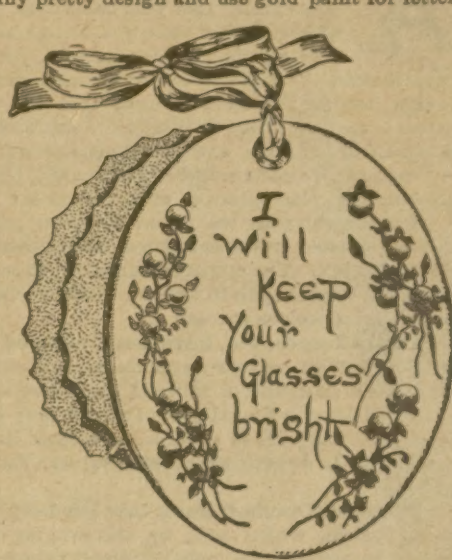
FOR ALL SORTS AND SIZES.

FOR ALL SORTS AND SIZES.

FOR ALL SORTS AND SIZES.

Eyeglass Wiper

The foundation of this oval shaped eyeglass wiper, was cut of pasteboard two pieces of the same size will be needed. Cover one smoothly with any bit of bright silk and for the outside use the wrist of an old white kid glove or a piece of white velvet will answer. Decorate this with any pretty design and use gold paint for letter-



ing. Add leaves of pinked chamomile to the back and fasten all together with a narrow ribbon.

A Blotter

These handy articles are quite necessary and can be made up quickly. Cut chamomile in the shape of a maple or oak leaf for the outside, vein and word with gold; when dry add two or three sheets of blotting paper cut in the same



shape. M. F. Phillips, the designer of this, suggests that those unable to paint can cut letters from a Christmas card. If one is ingenious any of these little gifts can be made up in a dozen different ways.

Match Scratchers

These are always acceptable little gifts for either men or women, for they come in the list of things which are constantly needed and used, and also wear out.

If one is handy with the brush appropriate designs can be worked out. In number 1 the kitten is painted in flat black, while the cat is cut from sandpaper and glued in place, the ears, back and tail are painted in tones of black and gray and a blue ribbon added. The words "Don't scratch me, scratch mother" and a two-inch binding of wall paper completes the design.

This familiar scene requires a little more work. Here the farmer and fence are painted in, the pig is of sandpaper, and to the lower left-hand corner is glued a small box for holding matches. Above and to the right are the words "Scratch my back."

The third scratcher is quite different. For this cut a piece of heavy pasteboard the required shape, cover smoothly with a piece of light tan, cotton or silk, which has first had the face painted in with black or worked with black silk, also work with black the top and bottom lines which represent the rings of a lantern, stretch this covering smoothly and glue down on the back side.

Paint under the chin and the very top of the lantern a light green, then cut off sandpaper and glue in place the piece which surrounds the upper part of the face.

Add ribbon for hanging and cover the back with a piece of white paper, or sandpaper could be used to advantage.

A MATCH SCRATCHER.

Add ribbon for hanging and cover the back with a piece of white paper, or sandpaper could be used to advantage.

A Few Words by the Editor

A MERRY CHRISTMAS and a Happy New Year to you all! Last year the writer, in his Christmas editorial drew attention to the fact that the world was growing better, slowly, perhaps, but surely nevertheless. The writer desires to again draw your attention to that fact, for the mere thought that the world does grow better is an inspiration in itself. It heartens us all to stick manfully to our tasks, and to bravely bear our burdens, feeling assured that with the world's betterment, those burdens will grow lighter, pleasanter and more endurable.

During the year that is now almost passed, the unholy alliance between business and politics has received a rude and gratifying jolt. The monster monopoly, though still rampant and defiant, has begun to feel the noose of the law tightening around its rapacious throat.

The railroads, too, have been ordered to spend fifty million dollars on safety appliances, that will greatly reduce the terrible slaughter of railroad employees and the traveling public. Hitherto the railroads thought only of piling up dividends; now they are to be forced to respect the law, and regard human life as something of real value. That's encouraging, isn't it?

The postal savings bank law has been passed, another great reform, which will, by encouraging thrift, make for human betterment. In politics, direct primary laws are being adopted in many states, which will rob party machines and political bosses of much of their power.

All over the country we have seen healthy signs of discontent, with conditions as they are, both as regards politics and business, and the result of this discontent has been that many of our reactionary and stand pat legislators have been swept out of office, and men who stand for progress, reform and honesty now occupy their places. Thus are the people getting the control of their government back into their own hands, hands from which it never should have passed, and must never pass again.

1910 has been an unhealthy year for those who believe in the divine right of political bosses to govern wrong. Kings, Cannon and Aldrich, monarchs of the Senate and House of Representatives, have felt the stinging lash of popular scorn, and with their passing, popular government, the government of the people for the people by the people, as against government of corporations for corporations by corporations, takes another big step forward.

Perhaps one of the healthiest signs of the times is the abolition of gambling in Nevada. No longer will the faro and roulette wheels click in the state of swift divorces and brutal prize fights. We trust that the people of Nevada will go still further on the road of reform, and abolish the twin disgraces of Reno, pugilism and easy divorce.

Turning to Europe we see the puny King of Portugal hurled from his unstable throne—popular government taking the place of a rapacious, oppressive, vicious monarchy. Portugal, with its six millions of people, few of whom can read, carries a public debt of nearly one billion dollars. With the insupportable burden of monarchy removed from her shoulders, with popular government and education taking the place of oppression and ignorance, Portugal will have the opportunity and soon ought to take her place in the front rank of nations.

The world, you see, does grow better, not only here but

abroad. The bright-eyed Goddess of Progress moves triumphantly on her sunlit path, blazing the way for humanity to higher heights of freedom, justice and prosperity.

Now let us ask ourselves a question! Are we as individuals doing all we can to help on this great work of human betterment? Regeneration must be individual before it can be national. If you, my brother or sister, are lagging behind in the march of progress, remember the Christ whose birth we celebrate this month. Remember what He endured that the world might grow better. He was willing to die, humiliated, disgraced and nailed to a cross for our sakes. He knew that the sacrifice must be endured in order that the world might grow better, and this world will be a civilized and a happy world, only when the example He set shall be taken to heart by every one of us, and the lessons He taught become the rule for our every-day living. Mankind must, absolutely must, become Christ-like, before it can realize its God-given destiny. The cold, the hunger, the suffering, of women and children and the wrongs of humanity can only be abolished and righted when our hearts are full of pity and sympathy for one another. When we turn a deaf ear to suffering, injustice and wrong, we are pushing the world backwards instead of helping it forward: we are filling our hearts with the devil instead of the Christ spirit.

The wrongs of one must be the concern of all. In England recently two hundred thousand operatives went on a strike because one of their number had been unjustly discharged. A century ago the laborer was little better than a dog, and had scarcely any rights that anyone was bound to respect. Today an injustice done to one man was taken up by nearly a quarter of a million of his fellows, who were ready to go hungry rather than see one of their number suffer an injustice. This magnificent exhibition of human sympathy and human solidarity is all due to the fact that when the Babe of Bethlehem grew to manhood He was ready to give His life that the world might, through His example grow better, that each individual might say even as He said: "Inasmuch as ye have wronged one of my brethren, ye have wronged me, and inasmuch as ye have helped one of my brethren, ye have helped me." Let every true man and true woman feel that the wrong and injustice done, not only to a neighbor, but to a brother or sister human at the uttermost ends of the earth, is an injustice done to them. Let the chords of human sympathy encircle the whole world, and let no injustice be done without filling every human heart with resentment and determination to right the wrong.

It was the sacrifice of One Life that made all that is good, beautiful, noble and holy in the world today, possible. Wherever man is fighting the battle of righteousness, freeing slaves, protecting children, it is done in His Name, and it is ever the Christ spirit that nerves man's arm in the glorious struggle for human freedom and human betterment. Kindness and brotherly love is the key note of the Christian religion, and that is a religion that every human can subscribe to, no matter what his creed.

Let your Christmas be a happy and beautiful one. Fathers and mothers tell your children what this day stands for. Tell them that the Babe of Bethlehem, when He grew to be a man, never gave a thought to himself; that will teach the little ones to be unselfish. Tell them He only thought of poor little children, poor men and women and the oppressed of the earth

generally, and cared nothing for the rich and mighty. He devoted His life to the help of others, and even when those He would have helped killed and nailed Him to the cross, His last words, instead of being words of condemnation, were words of forgiveness: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

If you mothers and fathers would take the children aside just for five minutes of Christmas day and ask them for a moment to forget the red nosed, white whiskered Santa Claus and the toys and the presents, you would be doing a splendid service to the children and to the human race. Only as your children understand the significance of Bethlehem and Calvary and the meaning of that life and its sacrifices can the human race go upward. It was the unselfishness of that life that can make peace on earth, good will to men, possible, and it is only by teaching that lesson of unselfishness and implanting in your children the seeds of the Christ spirit, that the tree of humanity can blossom to the full perfection of loveliness and beauty which the divine Creator intended for it.

And now, dear friends, just a word more. We as you know have been working in the year that is nearly past for progress and human betterment. We have tried to make the Christmas spirit last us through the entire year. Comfort, which once marched contentedly in the ranks of household publications, has stepped to the front and has become a great force for human uplift, betterment and righteousness. We ask you to help us in this great work. We have your sympathy, that we know, from the tens of thousands of beautiful letters which reach us, but something more than sympathy is required to keep such publications as this in the front rank of magazines: New faces are needed to take the place of those which death mercilessly sweeps from our ranks each year. We are not satisfied to stand still. We must go forward, and only by your help can we advance. There are millions of homes that Comfort has not entered. You have neighbors and friends who have never seen a copy of Comfort, and who are ignorant of the great work it is doing. You can do no kinder act to any living soul than to show them this magazine and induce them to subscribe for it. We try to do much for you, cannot you do this little for us. Comfort's monthly visit costs you less than two cents, and our prize competition and premiums give those of you who wish to help an opportunity to make money easily. If each of you would bring one new friend into our reading family, our sphere of usefulness would be greatly increased, and Comfort would then circulate in two million homes instead of a million and a quarter. Help us in our good work. There is no publication in the world that is doing more for humanity, justice, righteousness and human betterment than are we. A subscription to Comfort is a nail in the coffin of wrong and a boost to the wheels of civilization.

Now dear friends, on behalf of our publisher and staff I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We trust Santa Claus may be good to every one of you. Think of us as you gather around the table on Christmas day and remember that our hearts and voices are uplifted with yours in that great anthem of humanity: Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on earth, Good will to men, and we wish to add with all our hearts, God speed to Comfort's readers.

Comfort's Editor

A Beardless Santa Claus By Joseph F. Novak

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"I BEG your pardon, sir." It was a girl's voice, full of merriment, even as the laughing eyes were. She had collided with a man who had been attempting to make his way quickly through the holiday crowds which jammed the shopping district.

He gave her a quick, sharp glance from the corner of his eye, his lip curled in displeasure, as he snapped:

"Don't mention it."

The girl observed the tone and look of the speaker, turned to her companion, and as the jam became intense just then making it impossible for them to move, and as the young fellow was within her hearing, she observed in a voice, which while intended to be modulated was heard by the young man:

"Gee, someone's got a grinch! Guess he must have had a quarrel with his girl!" Her companion laughed, the young fellow gritted his teeth, and hastened from their sight.

"And this is what Marian wanted me to participate in, and became angry because I refused," he thought. "Christmas? Bah! I think I feel decidedly in the spirit."

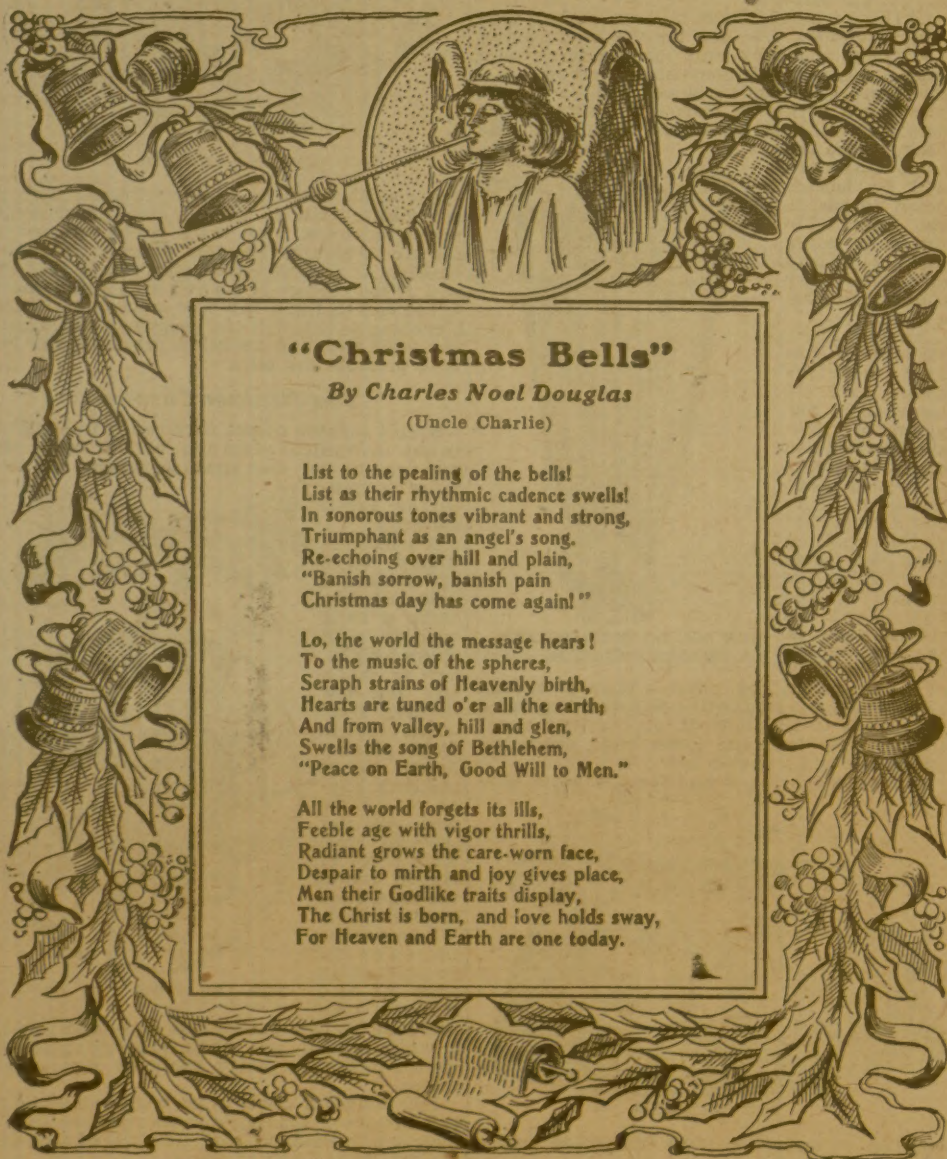
As one might guess, Jerome Salvord had had a quarrel with the "only" girl. She had asked him to go Christmas shopping and he with a man's dread of the thing, had refused. Then finally they had words, and parted in a huff.

That evening the club was unusually stupid, all the decent fellows seemed to be away, so not having anywhere to go, Salvord decided to plunge in with the Christmas crowds to see what the enjoyment of shopping could be. He wondered where in that crowd Marian Wentworth was, for she had told him that she would go, and if he didn't choose to escort her, someone else would be willing to accommodate her.

He thought of her words, "Someone else would be willing to accommodate her." Yes it was just like a woman. She exacted implicit obedience and faithfulness from a man, decreed that he should have but one innamorata, viz. herself, but she on the contrary could have any number of Toms, Billies, and Archies, so that in case one should fall her, she could fall back on the others. Well, it looked like a bleak Christmas for him. All their well-planned engagements must be cancelled. And here it was only the eve before Christmas eve. After having refused rafts of invitations to spend Christmas eve or to take Christmas dinner because of his "previous engagements" he would have to spend the two days by himself.

Of course there were places. There's Jack Ford's home. He would be welcomed there, and only a hint and the invitation would be forthcoming. Then there was Dora. . . . she always admired him. . . . but, pshaw, then there would be explanations and he hated explanations. Why had he been so foolish? And here he was doing the very thing he said he would not.

Looking up toward an electric light he saw that the snow was commencing to fall, faster and faster it whirled, snuggling in among the evergreen and holly decorations before the stores, and in the wreaths which the street barkers were selling.



"Christmas Bells"

By Charles Noel Douglas

(Uncle Charlie)

List to the pealing of the bells!
List as their rhythmic cadence swells!
In sonorous tones vibrant and strong,
Triumphant as an angel's song.
Re-echoing over hill and plain,
"Banish sorrow, banish pain
Christmas day has come again!"

Lo, the world the message hears!
To the music of the spheres,
Seraph strains of Heavenly birth,
Hearts are tuned o'er all the earth;
And from valley, hill and glen,
Swells the song of Bethlehem,
"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

All the world forgets its ills,
Feeble age with vigor thrills,
Radiant grows the care-worn face,
Despair to mirth and joy gives place,
Men their Godlike traits display,
The Christ is born, and love holds sway,
For Heaven and Earth are one today.

Jerome's thoughts grew more savage, and he watched it. When a lad, the sights that he gazed upon in disgust now, had quickened his pulses.

"Great Scott," he muttered, "I wish I could forget, and enjoy this."

"Then get out of yourself and do something. Look around and see if there isn't some little body whom you might make happy if you chose."

He almost started, his mind answered his thought so clearly.

"I'll do it," he murmured, "but what can I do?"

He glanced about. There stood a Salvation Army girl on the street corner. Beside her stood a papier-mache replica of herself. The model of the Salvation Army girl held forth a tambourine to receive the offerings of the generous hearted public.

He reached down into his pocket and drew forth a handful of small coin, and tossed it into the tambourine. The girl smiling brightly upon him, murmured, "God Bless you," and nodded. But as he hated to carry small change, it was a relief rather than otherwise to be rid of it.

He wandered on alone in that great mob that crushed and jostled on all sides. Finally he elbowed his way toward the window of a famous store, where there was arranged in child-bewildering array, toys and toys and toys.

He was about to edge out again, when a serious discussion carried on between two little people, caught his attention. He noted them, and involuntarily glanced around for their parents, but apparently they were alone.

"I wonder why they're Christmas," the lad said wistfully. "It don't seem like it when ye don't get nothin'."

"Well, Christmas don't mean gittin' things."

"I thought it did."

"Nope, Jimmie, it don't," returned the little girl. "You should 'or come to Sunday school the odder Sunday. We wuz told all about what Christmas meant."

"Don't ut mean gittin' things from Sandy Claus?"

"No. Long, long time ago they was a man named Joseph and a lady called Mary, and they had a little boy born and that was Christ. An' His mother didn't have no little cradle for Him, so she put Him to sleep in a manger. An' the Wise Men came from the East, 'cause they saw a big star in the sky an' heard angels saying, 'Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men.' An' then they followed the light from the star for a long way, an' then it stopped and stood over the manger where Christ's mother had laid Him. An' then the Wise Men brought presents to the little Christ an' then they was happy 'cause Christ was born to bear the sins of the world."

The little girl's eyes were shining, as she recalled the wonderful story, occasionally repeating phrases as she had heard them and learned them by heart.

"I s'pose that's why they give presents at Christmas, don't ye think?"

"I dunno, maybe. But then we ought to be thankful fer Christ, 'cause he was God's gift to the world, to you an' to me an' to everbody."

"Then I'm thankful to God fer Christ," the lad said.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

BY the time this COMFORT reaches you, your thoughts will have turned toward Christmas and you will be planning your gifts for family and friends. Perhaps there is no season or occasion when our joys are so intermingled with sadness, because of our limitations to send broadcast those gifts which carry comfort and good will.

It is the time when we all recall other days and faces, and so wish our purses were full enough to send the greeting that would let someone know that we were thinking of them.

All through this holiday season I carry with me the thought that it is the shut-in who is most lonely. The air is permeated with festivities on all sides, and yet, the shut-in must hold the same lonely vigil, unless their friends remember them.

Let us all begin in time, lest the pressure of daily duties foil our good intentions, to lay well our plans to remember the sick and friendless. It is not what we give; it's the thought!

So many shut-ins express their enjoyment and appreciation of COMFORT, especially of our Sisters' Corner and Uncle Charlie's department, that I can think of no more satisfying gift for twenty-five cents than to give our dear shut-in friends a fifteen-month subscription to our good magazine COMFORT. It will help through many a heart-sick day and be a daily reminder of the kind friend who sent it.

And with this small sum of money still more good may be accomplished by having the subscription credited toward the wheel-chair fund. It will count one in this grand work, and while the results are not visible, in our hearts we know we have helped.

Please all read the pathetic letter from Mona Newton, and you who can remember her.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

Although—just twenty-four years of age, I am a lonely shut-in, and COMFORT is such a help in passing away the long hours. To me your letters are full of sweet sympathy and cheer, and because it gives the shut-ins a chance, I feel COMFORT is the best magazine published.

I suffer from a spinal trouble caused by an accident, when my spine was fractured in three places and turned to the left side. I have not walked for two years, neither have I laid down in that time, for my spine and limbs are rigid. I went through a painful operation three years ago when the broken bone was removed. But I can never get well; I am weak from loss of blood and slowly starving to death as my stomach is badly affected.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson, I will be very grateful if you will have in your little corner for me a few words and lonely. I have been an invalid for six long years, and were it not for the dear kind friends which God sends my way, I could not live. I am poor and they are so good to me.

Won't some of the kind sisters write me? I have been three long days writing this message to you. Don't forget me!

May God bless you and your good work for the shut-ins in my prayer.

MISS MONA NEWTON, Millersburg, Ohio.

Mona. I wish that with my two hands I could help you in your heart-rending misfortune. Your sufferings are great and any word I may here write is inadequate to express my sympathy for you. Be brave of heart and patiently await the time when God will take you to Himself.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you just give a little space in which to speak a few words in praise of COMFORT?

A neighbor gave me a year's subscription as a surprise and when that was about to expire I renewed for two years longer and thought when that ran out I would stop the paper, but the two years have about expired and the buff envelope dropped out of the October COMFORT which was just as good as to say "next COMFORT will be the last," and I reasoned to myself, "how can I get along without COMFORT?" Oh, I will just send COMFORT's editor thirty cents and say "please send COMFORT two years longer."

I am going to try hard to get up a club for the wheel-chair fund. I thought I would get some premium, but decided not to when I considered how many need a wheel chair in which to get out in the blessed sunshine when I am well enough to get around and enjoy the blessings of health and strength.

Now a few words in regard to children! Mothers, when your child does any little deed that it should not do, and you call it up and ask if it did such a thing, and it admits that it did, don't punish the first time. Tell the child with kindness not to do so again.

When they do anything for you, always thank them as you would a stranger, and don't forget when some friend comes to see you to tell before the children how good and kind they are. Tell your friends occasionally how they help mamma. A nervous child should not be scolded very much. I have a little girl, our only child, who will be five years old in January, and I am trying to bring her up to be loved and respected by all. She loves to help mamma do little chores. I can take her anywhere without fear of embarrassment for I have taught her not to meddle with things.

A little hint to poultry raisers: This time of year and later on cholera may get amongst a flock of chickens and play havoc in short order. My chickens get it occasionally, when I make a strong tea of white oak bark and use it to mix their food with. For a preventive, chop the inside bark to about the size of a grain of corn and feed it to them.

Wishing success to COMFORT's wheel-chair workers, I remain,

MRS. BLANCH McDONALD, New Lexington, Jerry Co., Ohio.

Mrs. McDonald. It is exceedingly gratifying to receive a letter such as yours, for it tells me that COMFORT's staff occupies a place in the hearts of its readers. Every effort is being made to make COMFORT better and better, and as editor of our Sisters' Corner I want to thank all my co-workers for the kind expressions contained in their letters.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to dear old COMFORT for five years and it is one of the best magazines that is printed. I always look forward with delight to its arrival and always turn to the Sisters' Corner first.

I live on a farm with my husband two miles from the little town of Fordville, Ohio Co., Ky., and would not exchange homes with any of the town folks. I can sympathize with the dear sisters who have lost their little ones, as God gave us a sweet little girl, but only permitted us to keep her twenty-one months. He saw fit to take the precious flower that He had given. Although it almost took my life to give her up, I said, "the Lord's will be done, not mine," for He doeth all things well.

My heart goes out to the dear shut-ins; may God's richest blessings rest upon Uncle Charlie and our dear editor.

With best wishes to all,

MRS. P. T. SMITH, Fordville, E. B. 1, Ky.

Mrs. Smith. Many a thought and expression of sympathy will go to you in your bereavement, and many a mother will read and understand. So often the following verse written by the Maine poet Longfellow comes to my mind:

"She is not dead—the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection
And Christ Himself doth rule."—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a good many years, and of course I think there is no good paper like it, as there is a corner for all.

I have been married only eleven months and am very happy. We have a nice home with all of the conveniences, such as electric lights, water, telephone, etc. My husband is a musician, and it is so pleasant for us to have music in our home. I only studied music about two years, so of course, I can't play everything yet. My husband composes music too, and has one piece being published now.

Tarpon Springs is a town of about four or five thousand inhabitants, the principal industry being sponging. Hundreds of ships go out on the Gulf of Mexico every month to gather sponges.

Greeks are employed in this work and they come over here from the old country to dive for them. Their diving suits have iron shoes to sink them, and they sometimes go down many hundreds of feet deep. They clip the sponges off from the rocks with some kind of scissors or clippers.

There are many sponge houses here, where the sponges are baled and then shipped to the markets.

The sponges vary in size from small ones to the size of a bucket. Many thousands of dollars' worth are shipped from this place. In fact it is the largest sponge section on the west coast of Florida.

There are about a thousand Greeks living here, talking in their native tongue. It sounds so strange to hear a crowd of them get together and all trying to talk at once. Some of them can hardly speak a word of English, while others can speak it nearly as well as the Americans.

We have real pleasant winters here; sometimes it hardly frosts. Last winter we had a few times. The summers are very warm. In the day it gets real hot, but at night the breeze from the Gulf cools things off. We have been having plenty of rain lately which is greatly appreciated.

I am your COMFORT sister,

MRS. CHAS. JACKSON, Tarpon Springs, Florida.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I come in and tell you something about the northern part of Arizona?

I live in Yavapai Co., fifteen miles from the great United Verde Copper mine owned by ex-senator Clark. The output of this wonderful mine reaches into the millions in a year and still grows richer, employing about eighteen hundred men.

Prescott is the county seat and is one of the prettiest places of about six thousand inhabitants. It is nearly six thousand feet high, making it a delightful summer home, and hundreds come from the southern part of the state, where the heat is so intense, to enjoy its lovely summer weather.

I live fifty miles from Prescott in the Verde valley and we have a lovely climate, with delicious fruits every year, and the greatest abundance of water. Alfalfa, corn, wheat, oats, sorghum, apples, peaches, plums, apricots, berries, pears and quinces grow in abundance.

The climate is wonderful, and I do believe anybody with that dreaded disease consumption, who will live in this valley and farm will grow well. If there are any who wish to know about this country and will inclose stamp, I will try to answer.

I have two children, who live in Prescott. My daughter is thirty years old, my son twenty-two, and works on the railroad. Oh, how I love and wish to see them, but my husband and I cut Alfalfa four and five times a year and that added to the care of fruit, poultry and hogs keeps me from many pleasant hours with the children.

COMFORT is the dearest paper I take, and now wishing you all good morning, I will go and pack peaches and tomatoes.

Your devoted reader and admirer,

MRS. MARY JACK, Cornville, Yavapai Co., Ariz.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I join your charming company and make acquaintance with all my good and loving far-away sisters in all parts of the country?

I have been a COMFORT subscriber and sister for the last eight years. I was always timid to write and as I am not an English scholar, was afraid of making mistakes. I was born in Dutch West Indies, Paramaribo Surinam and my native language is Holland Dutch. Am I the only sister from that place? If there are others would like to hear from them and I will tell them my maiden name. May be we were school friends. I am thirty-seven years old, dark complexion, black hair and eyes.

I took courage from these words, which I read some time ago, "don't be afraid!" To be afraid means that you will never do your best. Don't be afraid, though your hand grow weak and your heart grows faint. The timid are seldom happy. Be brave, and the habit will arm you to do your best today and prepare you to enjoy tomorrow. Wait, plan and try again, and you will never drift with the tide. Look on the bright side; learn the habit of hoping; take the bright side because it is the wise side, the good health side, the sunny side. Dear sisters, you can see things better in the light. Apply this rule and you will be happy. Grief, toil and pain come to all, but they will pass like clouds. Is the toll too hard for your strength? Your duty so dreary before will be tinged with new hues of beauty. Common things will attire themselves in new forms of loveliness if you try to look on the bright side of life.

The Sisters' Corner has been a source of great pleasure and entertainment to me. I have always enjoyed reading those helpful letters, so full of instructions, inspirations, courage, and a guide to be good for the weak.

I hope all my sisters will enjoy reading the little bit that I have written here, though it is not as good as theirs will still be appreciated by some.

I am married and I have one of the best of husbands, his only fault he's a little quick tempered. I have by the help of God nearly cured him of it as when he gets in that mood and speaks unkind words, while he regrets a moment after, but are hurting at the moment, I have always tried to return those words with my kindest, or kept silent. Try this dear sisters, with quick-tempered husbands and see the good it will do. If you want to extinguish a fire, would you throw oil to it? Certainly not, but would you quickly look for water wouldn't you? Well that is the right thing, try the cooling down method with husbands that get the blues, and you have solved the question.

But one more word on the subject, dear sisters. Before we put all the blame on our poor dear husbands, and before we look to give him a dose of cooling lotion, let us first try to find the direct cause of it. You know we all are not perfect, though we try to be good, a good many of us are very provoking sometimes, and very often we are to blame for our husbands' misbehavior, on account of some neglected duty or doing just the contrary to his wishes and in one way or the other we provoke him to anger. Now dear sisters, let us try to do it right, and not the cause of it all, and let us try to do better in the future by doing for him what we ought to do in the right time, and I am sure we will be rewarded by having better husbands and happier homes. But hush! Where are they all? I hope they have not heard me for if we are to blame for their faults they must not know it, we must keep that to ourselves.

I have no children, but how I love those little ones!

I always gather those of my friends around me and enjoy their little chats.

My heart bleeds for the poor shut-ins and I have helped a little whenever I could. Our noble, dear Uncle Charlie has the first place in my heart, as I love him for the good work he is doing, though he suffers himself, his thoughts are all for other sufferers. His reward will be great in Heaven no doubt.

Now, dear sisters, will you please give me a remedy for kidney trouble? I am at present under a doctor's treatment, but not much improved. I suffer so much with terrible pains in the middle of the back, that it is with difficulty I manage to do my housework. I have very often tried COMFORT's remedies and have found them to be reliable. Sometimes a simple thing helps where doctors fail. Now dear sisters don't forget me before it is too late.

I am very lonely at times, having no children and no relatives near and letters from the sisters would cheer me up a great deal.

Let me wish you all good health, which is the greatest of God's gifts. I remain with love for all, Your sincere sister,

MRS. WM. L. KINCH, 332 Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As I never have read a letter from this part of the state, I thought I would drop in for a short chat. I too must express my love and appreciation for COMFORT and all its workers. I have not been a subscriber very long, but expect to be from this on.

We live not far from the famous Grandfather mountains of which you have all read. They are beautiful and grand, towering over five thousand feet. Many people go to them during summer to catch the balmy breezes and see the sun peeping his head up over Grandfather's head.

Blowing Rock is also near, a beautiful summer resort where many boarders spend the summer months. I spent two winters at Blowing Rock at school, where I learned to do many kinds of nice work, as we were given lessons each week in cooking, sewing, etc. It is a satisfaction to know how to do all kinds of housework.

I am the mother of two dear little children; a girl of three and a boy of one year. I am anxious to train them to be obedient; therefore I love to read all the sisters' letters on the care and training of children. We should be very careful how we act and what we say before them. I have one of the best husbands in the world I think, and of course that is what most of the sisters think. We have been married over four years and have not had any short words. When I am correcting one of the children he never says a word to it or pets it any, and it is the same way when he corrects one.

Sisters, is it not a good thing to live in the country on a farm where we can eat all kinds of vegetables and everything we eat? We raise our own wheat, corn, rye, buckwheat, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, cabbage, beets, tomatoes, cucumbers, and everything nearly to eat. I have lots of beans and I am very busy now pickling and canning, etc.

To the sisters who wish to put up green beans in glass jars: Cook them in salted water until they are about done and then fill the can full, having enough of the water they were cooked in to cover them. Then pour boiling hot, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and pour over them and cork up tight. They are fine with pork.

I would be glad to receive letters from the COMFORT sisters, especially those living in Illinois and Indiana, as husband and I talk of going there to live.

Much love to all the sisters and COMFORT's band.

God bless Uncle Charlie in his noble work. My prayer goes out to all the shut-ins.

MRS. G. S. GREENE, Fleetwood, N. C.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for a number of years and like it very much, especially this corner.

I do not see many letters from the good old Buckeye state. I live in the city of Marietta and it is a beautiful place. We have a fine new Catholic church which I attend. It was dedicated December 12, 1909, and cost about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. It is said to be the finest one in the state.

I work in a tailor shop where men's suits are made and like the work.

Would be pleased to hear from any of the sisters, and especially those who attend the Catholic church.

With love to all, I am,

MISS LOUISE HANE, 709 Ninth St., Marietta, Ohio.

How do you do, sisters?

May I come for a few words with you? I do think we have such a helpful paper and the stories, aren't they fine? I read my papers aloud to my "John" in the winter evenings. You see, my eyes are the best.

How many of you ever lend your papers? I don't like to, but yet I have two friends that read my papers

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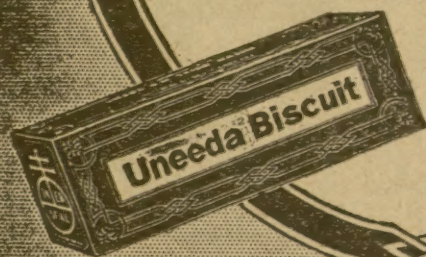
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and they are very careful of them. I am in hopes of getting them to subscribe some day.

May I tell you how I get my bread done early in the forenoon? I set my bread sponge at noon and mix it down hard at night. In the morning it is ready to mix out in loaves. It is ready to bake in a short time.

To prevent bread from drying out, I set my sponge by pouring boiling potato water on one cup of flour. Let it cool and add one dissolved yeast cake. The scalded flour keeps bread moist.

It will soon be Christmas and I like to learn new plans for a poor family's Christmas. Poor folks can't afford to buy many toys or foolish gifts, so I like my way best of buying the necessary articles for gifts. And who is there that doesn't enjoy new handkerchiefs, neckties, shoes, dresses, etc. for Christmas? The children enjoy the new clothes as well as all toys or mine do. I try to get little books for them too. Pretty Bible stories in booklets may be bought for three cents each. Old folks love to knit as a rule, and why not make mittens, wristers, etc., for gifts. Maybe I am old fashioned, but I hope I am sensible, I try to be.

I wonder if it puzzles any other mother to help pass away the time on Sunday when no Sunday school is near. I read stories and help my little girls to read them too. Then we look at the photographs and post cards.

I want to urge all the farmers' wives to raise garden fruits for sauce and then if fruit is high priced, one won't be entirely out, any way. Citrons make fine preserves, so do huck tomatoes and garden huckleberries. Tomatoes and ground cherries are fine for sauces. For a stamped envelope I can send a few citron and huck tomato seed to anyone that cares for them.

Good by from Mrs. E. W. MELLIS, Deer Creek, Minn.

Mrs. Mellis. As Geneva Gladding says in the dressmaking department, and my personal observation shows me that this is true: "If the gift is something to wear, it may be a little nicer than is ordinarily worn, or it may be a wish fulfilled." Warm leggings can be made from the backs of a discarded overcoat and delight any child. Children that "snow-ball" need several changes of mittens, and usually are much pleased with them, as well as with a cap that turns down over the ears. Nowadays, patterns can be obtained by which to make most anything, making it possible to utilize old materials that still have wear in them. Very comfortable and good-looking mittens can be made from the tops of men's cashmere stockings. Lay on pattern so the seams top will form a long wrist. Cut and sew around, leaving a short opening for the thumb, which is easily shaped and sewed in. These would delight many a "mittensless" child on Christmas morning.

Books rank among the best of gifts and as you say, can be bought at a small cost.

For the invalid, a foot-muff is always an acceptable gift as usually the circulation is low, causing cold feet. They are best described as being shaped like a huge storm rubber, except that their proportions are nearly square, and one made fifteen by fifteen inches is a good size. Expensive ones are covered with fur, but they can be made at home and covered with any heavy material; felt is often used. The foundation may be made from capras and a lining of lamb's wool is the best. They completely protect the feet and ankles.

Have you ever tried having Sunday school at home? I know of a family that when the children were young, were far removed from any church. These children committed Bible verses and on Sunday a regular school period was held. Two of these children, when they grew to manhood, had an unusual knowledge of the Bible, and so what appeared to be a disadvantage, was in fact to their advantage.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

I was seventy-three years old the 5th of September. Will the sisters please send me silks, worsted, or calico pieces and embroidery silks to help me along, as that is the way I earn my living; piecing quilts. It does not earn me a very good one, but God knows my path.

Some dear one sends me the COMFORT; 'tis a wonderful paper and I do so appreciate the kindness.

Yours truly,

MARGARET L. HAMMOND, 153 River St., Hilldale, Mich.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a new subscriber to COMFORT and think it a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

DAVID HARUM

A Story of American Life

By Edward Noyes Westcott

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

David Harum, the shrewd country banker and horse trader of Homeville, N. Y., began life as a friendless orphan, poor and despised. With the scantiest rudiments of education, by industry, energy and natural ability he made his way in the world unaided and at middle age, when the story opens, had accumulated a handsome property. He is a widower and his widowed sister Mrs. Blake, known as "Aunt Polly," makes her home with him. His unique wit and cunning are displayed in the wily horse trade, so humorously told in the first two chapters, in which he works the deacon and even up an old score. John Lenox, a young man reared in luxury but compelled by a change of circumstances following his father's death, to go to work, enters David Harum's employment as clerk. Before his father's death Lenox had indulged his own erratic inclinations; after two years in college followed by a year and a half in business he had spent two years in Europe; on his way home he finds as passengers on the steamer Julius Carling, Mrs. Carling and her sister Miss Mary Blake, his boyhood sweetheart, and renews his acquaintance. Mr. Carling, a sufferer from nervous prostration, is a great care to the ladies, and Lenox wins their good graces by entertaining their patient and giving them an opportunity to rest. The voyage ends. John rides as far as Thirty-third Street and Mrs. Carling cordially invites him to come and see them as soon as he can. Mary says good-bye. Going home John lets himself in with his latch key. He encounters Jeffries, who with his wife Ann are the domestics. There is a hearty welcome from Jeffries. A few words about his father, his manner of living and dress disquiet John and he realizes he is at the beginning of a new life, and there is a touch of self-reproach at his father's increasing years and lonely life. He will lose no time in finding out what there is for him to do. The day drags. The meeting between father and son is pleasant. After dinner John proposes to his father he begin some career. Mr. Lenox suggests a profession—the law and will see Carey & Carey John applies himself in the work appointed. After a few weeks he calls on the Carlings. Mr. Carling retires at an early hour, his wife follows with the invitation to John to call when he feels like it, leaving Mary and John before the smouldering fire. Their conversation drifts to his profession and he acknowledges her influence in his decision. Mary is not displeased at this assertion.

CHAPTER IX.

It is not the purpose of this narrative to dwell minutely upon the events of the next few months. Truth to say, they were devoid of incidents of sufficient moment in themselves to warrant chronicle. What they led up to was memorable enough.

As time went on John found himself on terms of growing intimacy with the Carling household, and eventually it came about that if there passed a day when their door did not open to him it was *die non*.

Mr. Carling was ostensibly more responsible than the ladies for the frequency of our friend's visits, and grew to look forward to them. In fact, he seemed to regard them as paid primarily to himself, and ignored an occasional suggestion on his wife's part that it might not be wholly the pleasure of a chat and a game at cards with him that brought the young man so often to the house. And when once she ventured to concern him with some string of her mind on the subject, he rather testily (for him) pooh-poohed her misgivings, remarking that Mary was her own mistress, and so far as he had ever seen, remarkably well qualified to regulate her own affairs. Had she ever seen anything to lead her to suppose that there was any particular sentiment existing between Lenox and her sister?

"No," said Mrs. Carling, "perhaps not exactly, but you know those things go, and he always stays after we come up when she is at home." To which her husband vouchsafed no reply, but began a protracted waver as to the advisability of leaving the team on or turning it off for the night, which was a cold one—a dilemma which, involving his personal welfare or comfort at the moment permitted no consideration of other matters to share his mind.

Mrs. Carling had not spoken to her sister upon the subject. She thought that that young woman, if she were not, as Mr. Carling said, "remarkably well qualified to regulate her own affairs," at least held the opinion that she was, very strongly.

The two were devotedly fond of each other, but Mrs. Carling was the elder by twenty years, and in her love was an element of maternal solicitude to which her sister, while giving love for love in fullest measure, did not fully respond. The elder would have liked to share every thought, but she was neither so strong nor so clever as the girl to whom she had been almost as a mother, and who, though perfectly truthful and frank when she was minded to express herself, gave, as a rule, little satisfaction to attempts to explore her mind, and on some subjects was capable of meeting such attempts with impatience, not to say resentment—a fact of which her sister was quite aware. But as time went on, and the frequency of John's visits and attentions grew into a settled habit, Mrs. Carling's uneasiness, with which perhaps was mingled a bit of curiosity, got the better of her reserve, and she determined to get what satisfaction could be obtained for it.

They were sitting in Mrs. Carling's room, which was over the drawing-room in the front of the house. A fire of candel blazed in the grate.

A furious storm was whirling outside. Mrs. Carling was occupied with some sort of needlework, and her sister, with a writing pad on her lap, was composing a letter to a friend with



SHE SAT WITH HER HANDS CLASPED GAZING INTO THE FIRE.

whom she carried on a desultory and rather one-sided correspondence. Presently she yawned slightly, and putting down her pen, went over to the window and looked out.

"What a day!" she exclaimed. "It seems to get worse and worse. Positively you can't see across the street. It's like a Western blizzard." "It is, really," Mrs. Carling, and then, moved by the current of thought which had been passing in her mind of late, "I fancy we shall spend the evening by ourselves tonight."



JOHN, RETURNING LATE, WOULD OFTEN HEAR HIM STIRRING UNEASILY IN HIS ROOM.

"Why not?" said the girl, turning to her questioner for the first time. "And why should I think he should or should not? Doesn't he come to see Julius, and on Julius's invitation? I have never asked him—but once," she said, flushing a little as she recalled the occasion and the wording of the invitation.

"Do you think," returned Mrs. Carling, "that his visits are wholly on Julius's account, and that he would come so often if there were no other inducement? You know," she continued, pressing her point timidly but persistently, "he always stays after we go up stairs if you are at home, and I have noticed that when you are out he always goes before our time for retiring."

"I should say," was the rejoinder, "that that was very much the proper thing. Whether or not he comes here too often is not for me to say—I have no opinion on the subject. But, to do him justice, he is about the last man to wait for a tacit dismissal, or to cause you and Julius to depart from what he knows to be your regular habit out of politeness to him. He is a person of too much delicacy and good breeding to stay when—when—that is to say—"

She turned again to the window without completing her sentence, and, though Mrs. Carling thought she could complete it for her, she wisely forbore. After a moment of silence, Mary said in a voice devoid of any traces of confusion:

"You asked me if I thought Mr. Lenox would come so often if there were no object in his coming except to see Julius. I can only say that if Julius were out of the question I think he would come here but seldom; but," she added, as she left the window and resumed her seat, "I do not quite see the object of this discussion, and, indeed, I am not quite sure what we are discussing. Do you object," she asked, looking curiously at her sister and smiling slightly, "Mr. Lenox's coming here as he does, and if so, why?"

This was apparently more direct than Mrs. Carling was quite prepared for. "And if you do," Mary proceeded, "what is to be done about it? Am I to make him understand that it is not considered the proper thing? or will you? or shall we leave it to Julius?"

Mrs. Carling looked up into her sister's face, in which was a smile of amused penetration, and looked down again in visible embarrassment. The young woman laughed as she shook her finger at her.

"Oh you transparent goose!" she cried. "What did he say?"

"What did who say?" was the evasive response.

"Julius," said Mary, putting her finger under her sister's chin and raising her face. "Tell me now. You've been talking with him, and I insist upon knowing the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So there!"

"Well," she admitted hesitatingly, "I said to him something like what I have to you, that it seemed to me that Mr. Lenox came very often, and that I did not believe it was all on his account, and that he" (won't somebody please invent another pronoun?) "always stayed when you were at home."

"—and," broke in her sister, "that you were afraid my young affections were being engaged, and that, after all, we didn't know much if anything about the young man, or, perhaps, that he was forming a hopeless attachment, and so on."

"No," said Mrs. Carling, "I didn't say that exactly."

"Didn't you, really?" said Mary teasingly. "One ought to be explicit in such cases, don't you think? Well, what did Julius say? Was he very much concerned?" Mrs. Carling's face colored faintly under her sister's raillery, and she gave a little embarrassed laugh.

"Come, now," said the girl relentlessly, "what did he say?"

"Well," answered Mrs. Carling, "I must admit that he said 'Pooh!' for one thing, and that you were your own mistress, and so far as he had seen, you were very well qualified to manage your own affairs."

Her sister clapped her hands. "Such discrimination have I not seen," she exclaimed, "not in Israel! What else did he say?" she demanded, with a dramatic gesture. "Let us know the worst."

Mrs. Carling laughed a little. "I don't remember," she admitted, "that he said anything more

on the subject. He got into some perplexity about whether the steam should be off or on, and after that question was settled we went to bed. Mary laughed outright.

"So Julius doesn't think I need watching," she said.

"Mary," protested her sister in a hurt tone, "you don't think I ever did or could catch you? I don't want to pry into your secrets, dear," and she looked up with tears in her eyes. The girl dropped on her knees beside her sister and put her arms about her neck.

"You precious old lamb!" she cried, "I know you don't. You couldn't pry into anybody's secrets if you tried. You couldn't even try. But I haven't any, dear, and I'll tell you everyone of them, and, rather than see a tear in your dear eyes, I would tell John Lenox that I never wanted to see him again; and I don't know what you have been thinking, but I haven't thought so at all" (which last assertion made even Mrs. Carling laugh), and I know that I have been teasing and horrid, and if you won't put me in the closet I will be good and answer every question like a nice little girl."

Whereupon she gave her sister a kiss and resumed her seat with an air of abject penitence which lasted for a minute. Then she laughed again, though there was a watery gleam in her own eyes. Mrs. Carling gave her a look of great love and admiration.

"I ought not to have brought up the subject," she said, "knowing as I do how you feel about such discussions, but I love you so much that sometimes I can't help—"

"Alice," exclaimed the girl, "please have the kindness to call me a selfish pig—I will regret my feelings."

"But I do not think you are," said Mrs. Carling literally.

"But I am at times," declared Mary, "and you deserve not only to have, but to be shown, all the love and confidence that I can give you. It's only this, that sometimes your solicitude makes you imagine things that do not exist, and you think I am withholding my confidence; and then, again, I am enough like other people that I don't always know exactly what I do think. Now, about this matter—"

"Don't say a word about it, dear," her sister interrupted, "unless you would rather than not."

"I wish to," said Mary. "Of course I am not oblivious of the fact that Mr. Lenox comes here very often, nor that he seems to like to stay and talk with me, because, don't you know, if he didn't he could go when you do, and I don't mind admitting that, as a general thing, I like to have him stay; but, as I said to you, if it weren't for Julius he would not come here very often."

"Don't you think," said Mrs. Carling, now on an assured footing, "that if it were not for you he would not come so often?"

Perhaps Mary overestimated the attraction which her brother-in-law had for Mr. Lenox, and she smiled slightly as she thought that it was quite possible. "I suppose," she went on, with a little shrug of the shoulders, "that the proceeding is not strictly conventional, and that the absolutely correct thing would be for him to say good night when you and Julius do, and that there are those who would regard my permitting a young man in no way related to me to see me very often in the evening without the protection of a duenna as a very unbecoming thing."

"I never have had such a thought about it," declared Mrs. Carling.

"I never for a moment supposed you had, dear," said Mary, "nor have I. We are rather unconventional people, making very few claims upon society, and upon whom 'society' makes very few."

"I am rather sorry for that on your account," said her sister.

"You needn't be," was the rejoinder. "I have no yearnings in that direction which are not satisfied with what I have." She sat for a minute or two with her hands clasped upon her knee, gazing reflectively into the fire, which, in the growing darkness of the winter afternoon, afforded almost the only light in the room. Presently she became conscious that her sister was regarding her with an air of expectation, and resumed:

"Leaving the question of the conventions out of the discussion as settled," she said, "there is nothing, Alice, that you need have any concern about, either on Mr. Lenox's account, or mine."

"You like him, don't you?" asked Mrs. Carling.

"Yes," said Mary frankly, "I like him very much. We have enough in common to be rather sympathetic, and we differ enough not to be dull, and so we get on very well. I never had a brother," she continued, after a momentary pause, "but I feel toward him as I fancy I should feel toward a brother of about my own age, though he is five or six years older than I am."

"You don't think, then," said Mrs. Carling timidly, "that you are getting to care for him at all?"

"In the sense that you use the word," was the reply, "not the least in the world. If there were to come a time when I really believed I should never see him again, I should be sorry; but if at any time it were a question of six months or a year, I do not think my equanimity would be particularly disturbed."

"And how about him?" suggested Mrs. Carling. There was no reply.

"Don't you think he may care for you, or be getting to?"

Mary frowned slightly, half closing her eyes and stirring a little uneasily in her chair.

"He hasn't said anything to me on the subject," she replied evasively.

"Would that be necessary?" asked her sister. "Perhaps not," was the reply "if the fact were very obvious."

"Isn't it?" persisted Mrs. Carling, with unusual tenacity.

"Well," said the girl, "to be quite frank with you, I have thought once or twice that he entertained some such idea—that is, no, I don't mean to put it just that way. I mean that once or twice something has occurred to give me that idea. That isn't very coherent, is it? But even if it be so," she went on after a moment, with a wave of her hands, "what of it? What does it signify? And if it does signify, what can I do about it?"

"You have thought about it, then?" said her sister.

"As much as I have told you," she answered. "I am not a very sentimental person, I think, and not very much on the lookout for such things, but I know there is such a thing as a man's taking a fancy to a young woman under circumstances which bring them often together, and I have been led to believe that it isn't necessarily fatal to the man even if nothing comes of it. But be that as it may," she said with a shrug of her shoulders, "what can I do about it? I can't say to Mr. Lenox, 'I think you ought not

to come here so much, unless I give a reason for it, and I think we have come to the conclusion that there is no reason except the danger—to put it in so many words—of his falling in love with me. I couldn't quite say that to him, could I?"

"No, I suppose not," acquiesced Mrs. Carling faintly.

"No, I should say not," remarked the girl. "If he were to say anything to me in the way of—declaration is the word, isn't it?—it would be another matter. But there is no danger of that."

"Why not, if he is fond of you?" asked her sister.

"Because," said Mary, with an emphatic nod, "I won't let him," which assertion was rather weakened by her adding, "and he wouldn't, if I would."

"I don't understand," said her sister.

"Well," said Mary, "I don't pretend to know all that goes on in his mind; but allowing, or rather conjecturing, that he does care for me in the way you mean, I haven't the least fear of his telling me so, and one of the reasons is this, that he is wholly dependent upon his father, with no other prospect for years to come."

"I had the idea somehow," said Mrs. Carling, "that his father was very well-to-do. The young man gives one the impression of a person who has always had everything that he wanted."

"I think that is so," said Mary, "but he told me one day, coming over on the steamer, that he knew nothing whatever of his own prospects or his father's affairs. I don't remember—at least, it doesn't matter—how he came to say as much, but he did, and afterward gave me a whimsical catalogue of his acquisitions and accomplishments, remarking, 'I remember, that there was not a dollar in the whole list'; and lately, though you must not fancy that he discusses his own affairs with me, he has now and then said something to make me guess that he was somewhat troubled about them."

"Is he doing anything?" asked Mrs. Carling.

"He told me the first evening he called here," said Mary, "that he was studying law, at his father's suggestion; but I don't remember the name of the firm in whose office he is."

"Why doesn't he ask his father about his prospects?" said Mrs. Carling.

Mary laughed. "You seem to be so much more interested in the matter than I am," she said, "why don't you ask him yourself?"

To which unjustifiable rejoinder her sister made no reply. "I don't see why he shouldn't," she remarked.

"I think I understand," said Mary. "I fancy from what he has told me that his father is a singularly reticent man, one in whom his son has always had the most implicit confidence. I imagine, too, that until recently, at any rate, he has taken it for granted that his father was wealthy. He has not confided any misgivings to me, but if he has any he is just the sort of person not to ask, and certainly not to press a question with his father."

"It would seem like carrying delicacy almost too far," remarked Mrs. Carling.

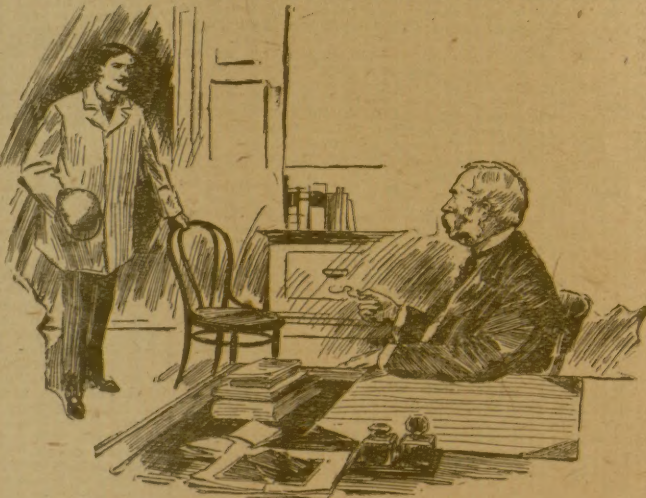
"Perhaps it would," said her sister, "but I think I can understand and sympathize with it."

Mrs. Carling broke the silence which followed for a moment or two as if she were thinking aloud. "You have plenty of money," she said, and glared at her invidiously. Her sister looked at her for an instant with a humorous smile, and then, as she rose and touched the bell button, said, "That's another reason."

CHAPTER X.

It should hardly be imputed to John as a fault or a shortcoming that he did not for a long time realize his father's failing powers. True, as has been stated, he had noted some changes in appearance on his return, but they were not great enough to be startling, and though he thought at times that his father's manner was more subdued than he had ever known it to be, nothing really occurred to arouse his suspicion or anxiety. After a few days the two men appeared to drop into their accustomed relation and routine, meeting in the morning and at dinner; but as John picked up the threads of his acquaintance he usually went out after dinner, and even when he did not his father went early to his own apartment.

From John's childhood he had been much of



"SIT DOWN," SAID THE GENERAL, POINTING TO A CHAIR.—SEE CHAPTER XI.

the time away from home, and there had never, partly from that circumstance and partly from the older man's natural and habitual reserve, been very much intimacy between them. The father did not give his own confidence, and, while always kind and sympathetic when appealed to, did not ask his son's; and, loving his father well and loyally, and trusting him implicitly, it did not occur to John to feel that there was anything wanting in the relation. It was as it had always been. He was accustomed to accept what his father did or said without question, and, as is very often the case, had always regarded him as an old man. He had never felt that they could be in the same equation. In truth, save for their mutual affection, they had little in common; and if, as may have been the case, his father had any cravings for a closer and more intimate relation, he made no sign, acquiescing in his son's actions as the son did in his, without question or suggestion. They did not know each other, and such cases are not rare, more is the pity.

But as time went on even John's unwatchful eye could not fail to notice that all was not well with his father. Harder lines were multiplying in the quiet face, and the silence at the dinner table was often unbroken except by John's unfruitful efforts to keep some sort of a conversation in motion. More and more frequently it occurred that his father would retire to his own room immediately after dinner was over, and the food on his plate would be almost untouched, while he took more wine than had ever been his habit. John, retiring late, would often hear him stirring uneasily in his room, and it would be plain in the morning that he had spent a wakeful, if not a sleepless night. Once or twice on such a morning John had suggested to his father

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

very good paper in every way. I am especially interested in the charity work connected with it, and shall get up a subscription for the wheel-chair club just as soon as possible, as I think it a very worthy cause. I had often heard of this paper, but was surprised to find the amount of good work it was doing, and thankful of an opportunity to help a little.

Now I will tell you something about myself as I like to read about the home life of the other sisters: I am twenty-eight this fall, have been married four years and have one little boy three years old, a dear, bright little fellow.

Just a word here about child training. The mother who cannot control herself, cannot control her child. Think of this mothers and try to keep sweet!

We will soon change our address to Glen, Neb., as we have bought a relinquishment there. Our land lies twenty miles west of Crawford, our nearest town. Glen is just a store and post-office six miles from us. The good man of the house is there now building.

I will gladly answer any questions regarding Sioux Co. where our new home is. It is a good place to buy cheap land.

I shall enjoy COMFORT more than ever this winter as it will be a little lonely there.

Good by and God bless you and your homes.

Mrs. JUNE HUBBERT, Hot Springs, S. Dak.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Please move up just a wee bit for an old subscriber who is a little shy about intruding on such a wise crowd, but I want to drop in a little help for the big help I have obtained from our blessed paper.

I want to send two recipes which we think is just fine and hope it will help someone else.

I also want to tell you about our new rug. We took the old underwear which was past intended use and first cut it into strips three quarters of an inch wide. These you dye any preferred color, and it is pretty to use two or more colors for stripes and then sew each color by itself. Take this prepared material to a carpet weaver, who will know how to go on with them. You can have your rug of mixed rags and use the ones you color for the borders at ends. They can be made as pretty as one chooses.

Will some of the sisters please send me wool pieces three by five for a COMFORT quilt?

Mrs. SAM SMITH, Naponee, R. R. 3, Box 10, Nebr.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: If dear Mrs. Wilkinson will give me a little space in your corner I would like to come to you, with a word of sisterly greeting. I am not young, neither am I old, only as the years count, although my last birthday, Sept. 20th, kept me sixty-seven years of life for me. I have been ill almost thirty-three years, in bed the last twenty-eight of them, to lie on my back all the time, never a moment on either side, never free from pain, yet life has not become a burden to me. I am interested in what is going on in the great world and grateful for all the cheer that comes to me in my own little world, in the quiet home so pleasantly located in the White River valley in the old Green Mountain state where I was born. Even with my handicapped life and narrow limitations, pain and privation, helplessness and dependence, I feel that I have many things to be thankful for, through the goodness of God and His faithful stewards, my own dear ones and dear kind friends that are so much to me in my need of them.

I have an extensive correspondence, a source of pleasure to me. I have a fine collection of post cards, sent me by friends far and near.

I feel greatly indebted for the pleasure of reading your charming magazine the past few months.

Sincerely yours,

Miss MARY F. BOUTWELL, Gaysville, Box 123, Vt.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: As I haven't seen any letters from Canada I will write one to our corner.

We came here last April and like it very much, and maybe some of the sisters would like to know about this country.

It is slightly rolling with now and then a small brush patch. The soil is black loam with clay subsoil. The water is good and fine crops are raised. Nearly all of the homestead land around here is taken, but the C. P. Railroad company offers good inducements. Their land sells at thirteen dollars an acre, one tenth down and the rest in nine yearly payments.

This country needs people with families. We live eight miles from two railroad towns and four miles from a store and post-office.

We lost a dear little baby girl this summer with cholera infantum. It is so lonely without her.

With best wishes to all,

Mrs. H. VAN DEWAER, Hardisty Alta, Can.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: Since I wrote last August, I have received so many nice, comforting letters, papers, books and magazines that I want all who read this to know I thoroughly appreciate every favor I received and that as I finish reading all of the literature, I send it to some one else, thus passing on the good work.

Through COMFORT I have made some good friends who kindly write me and send me books and I exchange with any I can. The cold, windy, lonely days are here, and as the neighbors are far apart and shut-in like myself, I feel the more bitter need of literature. One gets tired of work and always devote my evenings to reading of some kind.

I failed to get up a Sunshine Club here but induced friends who were similarly situated in Washington, Colorado and Kentucky to get the widely scattered neighbors to join in eager and hearty cooperation in one, and they write me it is a success. I send all the choicest spare literature, recipes and help of all kinds to them and know they appreciate it. My life is lonely, necessarily so for a time, and I believe in helping all one can.

The letters I have received testify to the good one can do by a little consideration, hearty, sisterly love and a genuine desire to live the Golden Rule.

For housewifery, take sugar and lemon juice over it until it is a syrup, then add a few drops of glycerine. This is tested and good.

To one who is bothered with bronchitis, take goose-oil and saturate a cloth and cover with grated nutmeg and place next to the skin. It gives relief speedily.

A good tempting Sunday breakfast consists of baked apples, omelet, hot Southern biscuit, butter and coffee.

I shall be pleased to exchange books with anyone. I mean paper-backed books, for of course handsomely covered books cost too much. I do not crave the outside; it is the contents I relish.

Hoping to hear from someone, I am,

Mrs. E. H. (DEACON) PRATHER, Grandin, N. Dak.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have enjoyed the letters so much and have several times noticed the request for someone to tell more about Florida, that I will write a few things I have learned.

We came here a year and a half ago for my husband's health and certainly have found an ideal climate. We came in May, and the people in the North said we would get the fever and that we could never stand the heat. But we never enjoyed a summer as we did last summer. While the sun is much hotter than in the North, there is always a cool breeze, and there were only two nights last summer that we did not sleep under a light quilt. This summer there hasn't been a night but what we could sleep fine, as it was cool and pleasant. During the hottest part of the day the sun usually is obscured by a cloud and then we have a nice refreshing shower that cools the atmosphere wonderfully. Our rainy season begins here about the second week of June and lasts until about the second week in August. But we do not mind the rain here as we do in the North. It does not get muddy as the soil is sandy and the winter is fine too. We saw no snow and very little ice. The temperature went down to twenty-five degrees once, and that was the coldest it has been for several years. But it doesn't last but two or three days at a time, and the sun shines almost every day. The people are good and kind, while some we find very ignorant, the most are bright and educated. Have good schools and churches, but not as many as in the North. They do not farm here as they do in the North. The cattle are mostly inferior to the Northern cattle. There are quite a few good Jerseys, but stock cattle are not much. The farming is mostly truck farming in winter. We have some fine celery farms around Tampa; also other kinds of truck are raised and shipped North when everything is frozen up there. It is much harder to grow things here as we haven't the soil. The muck lands are about as rich, but the rest requires a good deal of fertilizer; can't grow much of anything without it, but with energy and push there is money to be made from the soil here. Ten acres here, cared for right is equal to sixty acres North, because we can grow three and four crops off the same ground each year.

Tampa is a great cigar city. We have a great many Cubans here that work in the factories. Not nearly as many colored folks as there are in Jacksonville, Fla.

There is quite a lot of Northern and Western people here, and anyone who enjoys the beauties of nature should take a stroll through the Florida woods. Great large oaks with the gray Spanish moss hanging from every branch; air plants and ferns growing along the trunks; tall long leaved pines and the cabbage palmetto with the dwarf saw palmetto growing underneath, and numerous little plants and trees and flowers. While they are not large and showy, I never saw so many kinds of wild flowers as there are here; no wonder it is called the land of flowers.

We have all enjoyed ourselves and expect to make our home here for the rest of our lives.

With love and best wishes to you Mrs. Wilkinson, and all the dear sisters,

Mrs. A. E. KNULL, Tampa, R. R. 3, Florida.

DEAR SISTERS: I want to thank all who sent me letters and cards. If you only knew how much happiness they have brought to me, an old, afflicted and unhappy woman, you would do much of this kind of charity.

I read them all over so often and show them to every neighbor that comes in (and that is not a few).

I love you all dear friends, and am sending in one subscription to COMFORT for a lone widow, and let it go toward the wheel-chair fund.

Mrs. JOSSIE SHERREY, Eaton, Delaware Co., Ind.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have been reading COMFORT but a short time, my sister asking me to subscribe, and it being such a low-priced paper I didn't expect much. However, I was mistaken; it is the brainiest little paper that comes to our home. Another good reason why I enjoy COMFORT is that Uncle Charlie being a shut-in and bringing sunshine to so many lives, to those that are well and to those that suffer, makes us all ask ourselves what are we doing to make the world better for our being in it.

I live in a pretty little town of four or five hundred inhabitants and enjoy my life very much. I have been married fifteen years and have no children.

Mrs. MARGARET T. BENNETT, Heath Springs, S. C.

DEAR SISTERS: After the appearance of my letter in the September COMFORT, I began to receive letters from all states. At that time my father, who had recently come to visit me, was taken very ill, and on September 20th, he left me. Bravely, he fought life's battles and the battles are ended. We buried him September 22nd. The sisters' letters were a great comfort to me and I wish I could reply to each. As I cannot, I write to our paper and trust all who wrote me will read this so as to understand.

Miss Louise Buckner and others who sent books for the Pioneer Library, we thank you for them.

With best wishes, Sincerely,

Mrs. A. G. SCHILLER, Ignacio, La Plata Co., Colo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have never written you a letter before, but now I want to tell you of a real live sermon I heard and saw yesterday morning.

We moved into this little city right among the foothills of the beautiful Cascade Mountains and in the Wenatchee Valley, the home of the Big Red Apple, of which so much was said and written, several weeks ago.

We rented a little cottage of a man who has an invalid wife and my husband spoke several times about the poor lady and told me I ought to go to see her. So yesterday morning as my little daughter and I came from town, we stopped while, and am so glad we did, for there I saw and heard a better sermon than any minister of the gospel could preach.

No one was with her when we went into the room, and there she lay on her bed where she had been for seven long, weary months, hopeful and bright even in her great affliction.

It made my heart ache and tears spring to my eyes to see her poor crippled body, hands and limbs which had been so terribly drawn out of shape by that dread disease, rheumatism.

She told me how she had suffered excruciating pain during the past winter when her poor limbs were being gradually drawn out of their natural shape. How her husband and others had done all they could for her and even the slightest touch would bring a cry of pain, but she forgot her part of it and thought only of those poor men endured while trying to care for me.

How I wondered it seemed to me that suffering as she was, she could think of others first.

She told me how the people came to see her in the winter. "But now," she said, "they have their gardens and other work, and do not have time to come to see me."

She was too unselfish to blame them for neglecting her when they knew how much they could cheer her lonely life.

Then she told me of young men who came to work for her husband, who is a builder and contractor. How kind they have been to give her anything which might help her or cheer her. "God bless their generous hearts," she said. "To think they would be so kind when they did not know me, some had never seen me. And, do you know," she said, "I have been here seven months and have never had a bed sore. Isn't that wonderful?"

"God bless her," I thought, "and even she can find something to be thankful for while sometimes we who have our health and strength never think of half of our great blessings."

I am convinced that there are angels on this earth of ours and she is one of them, so hopeful, so unselfish and so grateful for everything, no matter how small.

God has seen fit to afflict her that in her affliction she with her beautiful character might teach us to be more unselfish, more thankful for our many blessings, and more willing to do our best for others.

She told me of her two boys and how kind her husband was. Also of their beautiful home in Everett, Wash., where she intended to go as soon as she was able, for she said, "I am getting better right along. I don't suffer as I did."

I do not ask for anything for her for I think she is fairly well provided for, but I think she would enjoy some beautiful post cards or something of that kind. Her address is Mrs. Faulkner, Leavenworth, Washington.

I have many things to be thankful for, among the greatest blessings are my kind, affectionate husband and our little five-year-old daughter who is the sunshine of our home.

I am very truly,

Mrs. IMOGENE M. FIELD, Leavenworth, Wash.

Mrs. Field. As Mrs. Faulkner's address does not include her initials, will you kindly make such arrangements at the post-office as to insure her getting such mail as may be sent her by the sisters? How happy you will be in the happiness you are giving poor Mrs. Faulkner. She will I am sure, be remembered by many a COMFORT sister.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have been with you through month after month for several years and think our corner is getting better right along.

Dear sisters, I wonder how many of you get nervous as I do with children. I have three little ones, two girls and one boy, and to hear a child cry makes me extremely nervous. All of my children cried a good deal before they were one year old, especially my little boy. He would just scream every evening for several hours, and it made no difference what was done for him, nothing seemed to soothe him until a certain hour came when he would go to sleep. And then I was so worn out and tired that I would break down and cry myself. If any of the sisters ever had a like experience I would be glad to hear from them.

I always lived in the city before I was married and now I live on a farm and often long for more company. It does get very lonesome at times. I have enough to keep me busy, in fact too busy, and sometimes I think that is the reason I get so nervous as I try to have everything done.

And now I have a request to make. My mother-in-law living near here on a farm is getting too old to stay all alone. She has two boys, but they are grown up and cannot always stay at home with her. She would gladly give some nice old lady a home with her and would also clothe her just to have a companion. If any of the sisters or anyone know of such a lady, they can write to me as I do all of her corresponding. She has a nice home, lives on a large farm which she owns. Her boys are working for her. There are twenty-three cows milked on the place so anybody will have a good living.

And now dear sisters I will close for this time, hoping that I may soon hear from you again.

Mrs. LOUIS DITTBURNER, Friendship, Wis.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I wish to thank those who responded to my request to send Mrs. Jane Hays, Louisa, Ark., calico quilt pieces on her birthday. She also received many nice letters and cards. It was a great surprise to her, and words cannot express her appreciation as she is a cripple and piecing quilts is her only pastime as she cannot read.

COMFORT is a grand paper to me.

Mrs. MATTIE HANSON, Elliott, Ark.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps

Certain general rules must be observed to become a reliable cook.

To quote Mrs. E. J. Lawson, "Use measuring cup." These cups indicate quarters and thirds, cost but five cents and are indispensable. So often you hear the expression, "I had bad luck with my cake," but it's not "luck" at all, it's simply that you went amiss somewhere in your work. One great source of uneven cooking is in measuring. Never, never use your cup to dip up your flour, meal, sugar or other dry ingredients with, but instead with your mixing spoon fill your cup. By dipping with your cup, you will force in considerably more than a cupful and then the cake is "breadly" instead of light and spongelike.

In measuring soda or cream of tartar, never press it into the spoon, but make it smooth and light in the box and then lightly fill your spoon and gently level to the required amount without pressure. Then the biscuits won't be yellow! When half spoonfuls are required, evenly fill the spoon and divide lengthwise.

Always sift flour before measuring and cupfuls mean even full, not rounded.

Let us have ideas on cooking from the good cooks in our Sisters' Corner.—Ed.

MINCE MEAT.—Chop three pounds of best raisins, two pounds of English currants, four ounces each of orange and lemon peel and eight ounces of dried citron. Mix and pour over one cup of brandy and let stand over night. Boil until well done six pounds of close-grained beef and chop fine with four pounds of tart apples, and add one quart of sweet cider, one cup of sorghum molasses, two pounds of sugar, two teaspoonfuls each of cinnamon, mace and nutmeg, one teaspoonful of allspice and cloves. Mix all together, add prepared fruit, and water sufficient to cook slowly two hours and seal. This is fine. Use measuring cup.

Mrs. E. J. LAWSON, 317 Lafayette St., Jefferson City, Mo.

FRIED BREAD.—A simple recipe for using cold bread: Cut into small squares and about half an inch thick. First dip into sugar water and then in beaten egg. Fry a light brown.

Mrs. B. SCHLUFE, Vale, Ore.

KEEPING MEAT.—Prepare sausage meat and make into small cakes. Place in dripping pans in a hot oven and bake until nearly done. Then put in gallon jars and cover with hot lard. Pork chops are especially fine put up in this way and will keep all summer if necessary. One can put down roasts in the same way.

MISS B. A. NELSON, Baldwin, Box 81, Wis.

LEMON BUTTER.—One and one half pounds of sugar, one pound of butter, six eggs well beaten and three lemons. Grate the yellow part of rind and the pulp of lemons. Do not use the seeds or the white of rind. Put all together in porcelain and beat about five minutes, stirring continually. This is nicer than honey and will not keep unless you hide it.

DIVINITY CANDY.—Two thirds cup of white syrup, one third cup of water, three cups of white sugar boiled together until it hardens when dropped in cold water. Have beaten stiff the whites of three eggs. Pour your boiled candy over eggs and beat about two minutes. Have ready one cup of English walnuts which you now beat in. Pour onto slightly buttered tins to cool. You only have to try this to be convinced.

Mrs. SAM SMITH, Naponee, R. R. 2, Box 10, Nebr.

CREAM CAKE.—Beat the yolks of three eggs and beat in one cup of sugar. Add one cup of cream and one teaspoonful of lemon extract and beat again, and lastly two and one half cups of flour to which one and one half teaspoonfuls of baking powder has been added.

FILLING.—Beat whites to a stiff froth, add one half cup of sugar and spread between layers.

MOCK FIG FILLING.—Take one cup of granulated sugar and three tablespoonfuls of water and boil until it hairs. Add finely ground raisins and spread between layers of cake.

YASABA FUDGE.—Two cups of granulated sugar, one half cup of cream or rich milk, two squares of unsweetened chocolate and butter size of a walnut. Cook hard about four minutes stirring continually. When done add teaspoonful of vanilla and beat until thick. Pour about one half inch thick in buttered tins and mark into squares when partly cooled.

J. ARNDT, Yellowstone, Okla.

Note.—The success of fudge largely depends on time it is cooked. A good test is to cook in fairly shallow dish and when by drawing the spoon across the middle of dish you can see the bottom, it is done. Beat only until a little of the heat has left the fudge; otherwise it will cool unevenly.—Ed.

MOLASSES CANDY.—Two cups of New Orleans molasses, one cup of white sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one small teaspoonful of soda. Boil hard about twenty minutes, stirring all the time. Cool in shallow pans. If you double the quantity, boil five minutes longer. Pull in small quantities without buttering the fingers.

MISS B. A. NELSON, Baldwin, Box 81, Wis.

FRENCH MUSTARD.—Mix together eight tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, four tablespoonfuls each of salt and white sugar, one saltspoonful of cayenne pepper, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter or olive oil, the juice of one raw onion (squeeze through a clean muslin). Mix all together and add enough strong vinegar (part of vinegar if preferred) until you have the right consistency.

E. H. OREBT, 68 Berkshire Place, Irvington, N. J.

FRIED BREAKFAST CAKES.—Delicious cakes are made by slicing cold Quaker Oat porridge about half an inch thick and frying in deep fat, or in a little butter. Serve with sugar and cream or syrup.—Ed.

TO KEEP PUMPKIN PIES.—To one quart of pumpkin cooked dry, add one and one half cups of sugar, one half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a nutmeg grated and one teaspoonful of salt. Cook well together and thoroughly stir, and fill jelly glasses. When cool cover with molasses. This will keep for two or three months. For one pie use one glass of pumpkin, one egg, one tablespoonful of melted butter and one cup of milk.

SQUASH PIE.—Mix two cups of cooked squash with one cup of sugar, two well beaten eggs, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, salt, grated nutmeg and ginger to taste. Stir together and add two cups of sweet milk and bake in one crust.

PIE CRUST.—Rub together one cup of flour and two rounded tablespoonfuls of lard. Stir in three tablespoonfuls of water and a pinch of salt. Roll thin. Crust for one pie.

Mrs. ANNA ADAMSON, St. Peter, R. R. 2, Minn.

CITRON SAUCE.—Select ripe citrons, peel, slice and remove seeds, place in an agate ware kettle and add enough water to keep it from boiling down. Now cover and cook one hour when the cover is removed and the water allowed to cook out, or a part of it. When it is real tender, it is time to add three quarters of a cup of sugar to each citron. That is, the medium sized citron. A sliced lemon makes the flavor fine. By adding more sugar, one can have preserves. Citron may be canned the same as tomatoes or other fruit.

Mrs. EDITH (WAIT) MELLIS, Deer Creek, Minn.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

A good ironing board is made by taking an old stocking leg, filling one end with cotton until you have the required thickness, then folding over the remainder of stocking leg and tacking to place.

Mrs. H. E. BENSFIELD, Spring, Texas.

Try washing lamp chimneys in clear water as hot as can be comfortably used. Rinse with boiling water and wipe with an old cloth or towel. Soap is said to cause the blue tinge often seen on chimneys.—Ed.

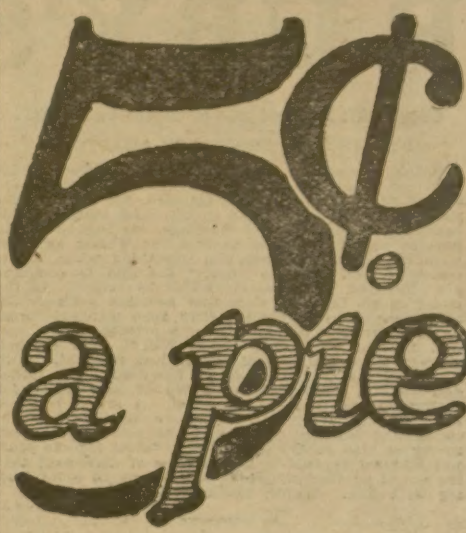
Green sage will keep ants away.

Mrs. EDNA LEAR, 915 Noelle St., Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Many a lame back has been cured by applying dry heat. In the absence of a hot-water bag, make one twelve inches long by eight wide from stout cloth and fill two thirds full of table salt. Heat in the oven (which takes some time) and on retiring put it to the lame part of your back. Many people if exposed to a draft will experience a lame back the following day. If the dry heat is applied the same night it is often prevented.—Ed.

Broken ornaments of glass or china may be successfully repaired by using a paste made from lime and the white of an egg. It is well to tie the parts together until thoroughly dried.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



One way to lower the cost of living

The prices of meat, flour, eggs, milk and vegetables have all gone up, but the price of None Such Mince Meat remains the same. We have to pay more for our beef, apples, raisins, spices and sugar than we did, but you pay no more for a full-sized package of

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

"LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE"

A full-sized package is enough to make two pies. The price is 10 cents, as always. The quality is just as high.

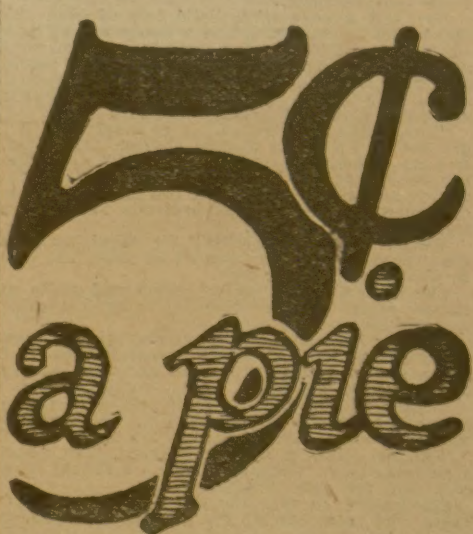
None Such Mince Meat pies can be eaten just as you would any good dessert, because they are wholesome as well as appetizing. At the corner grocer's, 10c. for a two-pie package—since 1884.



Every 10 cent two-pie package of None Such Mince Meat is kept sweet and clean by a paraffine wrapper sealed by a stout paste-board box.

MERRELL-SOULE CO., SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Member of the American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products



RUBY'S REWARD

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Ralph Carpenter, a man of wealth, knowing his days are numbered, reveals to Walter Richardson, the son of Sadie Walcott, his early love, the story of his young life, his love for Walter's dead mother, their betrothal, separation, her marriage, his finding her in poverty and the promise to care for Walter as if he were his son and to tell him something when he becomes of age, also his anxiety for him to complete his education, provision for which he makes. In the midst of his talk Mr. Carpenter becomes suddenly ill, and while the nurse and Walter keep watch Edmund in the library finds his father's private papers and one, bearing the words "Last Will," slips through a crack in a quiet desk and is lost to sight. With a sign of relief Edmund closes the desk. The father dies without making more known of his wishes for Walter and revealing his ancestry. A search is made for the will. Walter is anxious to complete his education and Edmund offers him the position of book-keeper at nine dollars a week with board for one year, and Edmund regards it as a matter of disrespect that the son of another woman is installed on an equal footing with him. Walter realizes his hard position.

CHAPTER III.

A PLEASANT ENCOUNTER.

WALTER sat a long time lost in troubled thought after Edmund left him. He felt deeply hurt and indignant over the treatment that he had received.

He knew that his Uncle Ralph never would have allowed him to be turned thus adrift upon the world if he had dreamed of the possibility of such treatment from Edmund; while, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, he still believed that there must exist some document providing for his future.

He was not suspicious enough to think that Edmund would destroy or suppress such an instrument if it had existed. He merely thought it must have been mislaid or lost; but he was greatly surprised and hurt to find that the son of his dearest friend was unwilling to share something of his abundance with him. He knew that he had never really liked him—that he had even been jealous of his love for his father, but he was unprepared for quite such a display of aversion and heartlessness as he had manifested toward him.

His offer of a position in the counting-room and the sneering reference to a "promotion" if he "did well at his post," had galled him almost beyond endurance; while what he had said about his father indulging in quixotic sentiment on his account and the insult offered to the late Mrs. Carpenter, by bringing him—the son of Mr. Carpenter's first love—into his home, made every nerve in his body tingle with indignation.

"I will not be under obligation to him for another dollar," he cried at length, starting to his feet with a crimson face and flashing eyes.

And yet, as his glance wandered about the beautiful room, and he thought how much he had enjoyed, in that home of luxury, with the one who was now gone from it forever, a feeling of loneliness and homesickness, such as he had never before experienced, oppressed him.

But he would not stop to grieve or repine, and, with a resolute air, he strode from the house, turning his steps at once toward the city, to see what he could do to provide for his own future. But it was no light thing for him to give up the hopes that he had entertained for the next two years to turn his back upon college, where he had stood well, and been ambitious to do honor to himself and to the friend who had been so kind to him. It was no light thing to feel that he must go out from that pleasant, luxurious home, to give up his liberal income, and be obliged to labor long hours in order to secure even an humble lodging and food to satisfy his hunger, and bitter thoughts crowded thick and fast upon his mind as he sped on toward the busy town where he was destined to battle with fate during the next few hours.

He had a long distance to walk before he could take a car. Usually he rode into the city, but today he had not felt that he had a right to use even the horse which Mr. Carpenter had given him for his especial driving a couple of years previous.

He reached the corner at length, and stopped near a handsome residence, to wait until his car should appear. His attention was almost immediately attracted, and the tenor of his thoughts changed, by the sound of a clear, bird-like voice which came floating out upon the air through the open window, beneath which he was standing.

Up and down the scale it ran, sweet, strong, and flexible; then suddenly changed and burst into a charming little song, a verse of which Walter caught, and which rang rhythmically in his brain long after:

"I will thy name repeat, Marguerite, Marguerite,
For it is so sweet, so sweet,
That the birds will stay to listen,
And the tangled sunbeams glisten,
In thy golden hair,
Marguerite, so fair, so fair."

"I wonder if her name is Marguerite?" thought Walter. "I know she must be 'fair' and 'sweet' to have a voice like that."

The sweet song seemed to lift something of the burden from his heart, and he would gladly have lingered to hear more of it, but just then there came the tinkling of the car-bell in the distance, and, casting one wistful glance toward the house whence that lovely voice had proceeded, he walked to the edge of the sidewalk to hail his car.

The next moment the door of the mansion, near which he had been standing, opened, and there skipped out a bewildering little fairy in the daintiest and crispest of blue lawns, with a cluster of pink roses in her belt, the prettiest of hats, adorned with the whitest and most graceful of feathers, upon her golden head.

Eyes of liquid blue looked shyly out from beneath silken fringed lids; delicate fingers of sunny hair lay with careless grace upon her white forehead; a lovely pink tattered in her rounded cheeks, and a merry smile parted a pair of red lips, thus revealing two rows of small, milkwhite teeth beneath them.

She had a coquettish little bag of blue silk and velvet in one hand, and a music roll of Russia leather under her arm, which indicated that she was the songstress of a few moments before and was now going to the city for her lesson.

She turned back as she reached the sidewalk and said, with pretty imperiousness:

"Now, mind, Estelle, do not go driving until I get home; I'll make madam shorten my lesson, and come back just as soon as I can, and, kissing the tips of her fingers to the invisible personage within, the beautiful girl ran forward to the curb just as the car, in obedience to Walter's signal, came to a stop.

Walter could not control the admiring look that sprang to his fine eyes as he stood one side to allow her to enter first.

She flashed him a swift glance and smile of thanks, while the color deepened in her cheeks as she met his eyes.

But her little foot slipped as she stepped upon the platform, and she would have fallen had not the young man sprang forward and assisted her to recover her balance.

"I hope you are not hurt," he said, as she gave a startled cry, while he picked up and restored the music-roll which she had dropped.

"Oh, no, thank you," she returned, giving him a grateful look, "though doubtless I should have been but for your kindness."

She passed on into the car and took a seat. There was room enough for another and almost

involuntarily she motioned him to sit beside her, a privilege of which he unhesitatingly availed himself, though with quickened pulses and a strange thrill in the region of his heart.

The young lady appeared a trifle shy, and Walter did not feel at liberty to open a conversation, though he longed to hear her voice again and to learn who she was; so they both sat silent, but very conscious of a deep interest in each other, all the way down town.

Walter had seen the initials R. G. engraved upon the clasp of her music-roll as he picked it up, and he puzzled himself during the ride to fit them to appropriate names for the fair divinity that had so suddenly burst upon his vision.

He was at length obliged to leave without having the mystery solved, and rising, he lifted his hat with all the courtesy of which he was master, bowed his adieu, and went his way, followed by as wistful a pair of blue eyes as ever watched a gallant knight out of sight.

A regretful sigh escaped the little lady as he disappeared.

"I wish I could learn who he is; I wonder if I shall ever see him again," she thought, and all during the singing lesson with madam, a pair of frank, handsome eyes, and a fine, broad, white brow, crowned with waving brown hair, haunted her mind, while that gentle yet strong and helpful clasp of his good right hand, as it was laid upon her arm to keep her from falling, seemed still to thrill along her nerves.

Meanwhile, Walter proceeded directly to the business portion of the city, and finally stopped before a door above which was a sign bearing the name, "Albert Conant, Architect and Builder."

He entered the building and in a few moments was in the architect's private office.

Mr. Conant was alone and engaged with some plans that were spread out upon a desk before him.

Walter bowed, and, removing his hat, said:

"Mr. Conant, my name is Walter Richardson, and I have called to ask if you are in need of office help."

"Ah! Do you know anything about my business, Mr. Richardson?" inquired Mr. Conant, studying the frank, attractive face of the visitor.

"Not much, practically, I am afraid, sir, although I have given considerable time and study to certain branches of it. But I have a desire to learn it thoroughly, and have come to see if I could find an opening, with that end in view."

Mr. Conant asked him a number of questions, and appeared considerably surprised upon being told that he had been reared by Ralph Carpenter.

"I knew Mr. Carpenter well," he said. "So you

to his brow. It was just what Edmund Carpenter had said to him, and it would be beginning much lower than he had imagined he would be obliged to commence.

"Does that sound a little rough?" questioned Mr. Conant, observing his disappointment. "I should advise the same if you were my own son. All architects should have a practical knowledge of the construction of buildings, in order to be able to plan them understandingly. I learned the trade when I was a young man, and it has been of inestimable value to me."

"But how can I manage it?—who will teach me?" stammered Walter, wondering how he was to live, and who would want to take as a carpenter's apprentice, a young man of his stamp—one who had never been accustomed to labor, and with a hand as delicate as a girl's.

Mr. Conant regarded him very kindly. He understood his trouble; he saw that he was eager to do the right thing, and he guided by his superior wisdom, and his interest in him deepened accordingly.

"I think I can arrange that matter for you; that is, if you are willing to rough it for a while; you cannot expect to have things move along quite as smoothly as they did when you were the protegee of the wealthy Ralph Carpenter."

"I do not expect it, sir; but how can I live while I am learning? I must eat, I must have shelter; clothing I am well supplied with for the present."

"Can you not remain where you are? Will not young Carpenter assist you in your plans?"

"No, sir; he told me if I would not accept his offer he should wash his hands of me entirely. I would not solicit his assistance in any way. Mr. Conant, after that I will depend upon myself; make my own way, and be under no obligation to him," he said, proudly.

Mr. Conant smiled slightly. He admired the young fellow's pluck and independence, while he despised the meanness of the man, who, with great wealth at his command, evidently intended to turn adrift the boy whom his father had loved and befriended.

"Well," he said, after thinking a while. "I do not know as I blame you, and I reckon we can manage some way without his assistance. I can not clearly see just how at this moment, but if you come to me again at this hour tomorrow, I think I shall be able to speak more definitely regarding the matter."

Walter thanked him, and then took his leave, though, it must be confessed, it was with a rather heavy heart.



THE YOUNG MAN SPRANG FORWARD AND ASSISTED HER TO RECOVER HER BALANCE.

are the boy whom he adopted? If he was as fond of you as I have heard, I am surprised at the necessity of your applying to me for employment, for he was a very rich man, and ought to have liberally provided for you."

Walter considered a moment, and then freely told the man just how he was situated, although he tried to cast as little reflection as possible upon the son of his benefactor.

Mr. Conant appeared to be deeply interested in his story, and his lips curled scornfully when Walter mentioned the paltry offer that he had received to induce him to become a plodding clerk.

"So you did not feel inclined to take up with Mr. Edmund Carpenter's offer?" he observed, dryly, as Walter concluded.

"No, sir. I cannot make up my mind to enter a counting-room—I have no taste for that kind of life; while it seemed like a waste of time to attempt to earn my living and study evenings. I should prefer to begin upon the business I have in mind, and work for less for a while, for I should feel that I was learning all the time. I have heard it said," he added, with a smile, "once a clerk always a clerk," and I do not feel as if I could sit my life out on a stool and become simply a mathematical automaton."

Mr. Conant smiled. He liked the ring of decision and character in the young man's tones. "Some bookkeepers receive very good salaries," he said.

"True; but the majority do not, and I wish to become an independent business man, by and by. I believe it is in me, and I mean to try for it."

"What is your idea about learning to become an architect?"

"I am afraid my ideas are somewhat crude upon that point, sir; I simply know that it is a profitable business. I am attracted toward it. I believe I have a natural aptitude for it, and I am willing to begin at the lowest round of the ladder and work my way up."

"I like that; it sounds as if you really meant business," returned Mr. Conant, with an approving nod; "but what would you say if I should advise you to spend a year learning the carpenter's trade first?"

Walter's face fell, and a quick flush mounted

He was almost twenty years old, and he must spend a year learning a trade before he could hope to begin upon his chosen profession. It seemed hard, and yet he did not waver in his resolution; anything was preferable to the monotonous life that Edmund Carpenter had proposed to him.

He walked down to the public library, where he spent half an hour reading, and then took a car for home.

The first object that attracted his attention, as he entered it, was a dainty hat with a long white feather. A pair of lustrous blue eyes met his, and then the golden head gave him a little nod of recognition, which brought his hat off instantly in response, and a look into his face that made the lovely girl, whom he had met an hour before, blush delightfully.

Walter felt strangely happy and elated over this second encounter, and when he signaled for the conductor to stop at the corner where he was to get off, he assisted her to alight, and received a low, sweet "thank you" that thrilled him and made him resolve to seek a formal introduction to her the first opportunity, and become acquainted with her.

Instead of going directly home, he walked past the house, after she had entered, and read upon the silver door-plate the name of "Gordon."

"R. G. The 'G.' must stand for Gordon," he mused; and then he went out to Forestvale, puzzling his brains more over what name the first initial stood for, than what the issue of his next interview with Mr. Conant would be.

CHAPTER IV.

WALTER'S OPPORTUNITY.

Walter learned, upon his return to Forestvale, that Edmund had gone to New York, and would not be back for a week.

He was not at all disturbed by this intelligence, however; indeed he was rather relieved than otherwise for it would give him an opportunity to mature his plans without any fear of interference on his part.

At the appointed hour, the next day, he went again to Mr. Conant's office, with the deter-

mination to be guided by his advice, even though it should not be exactly in accordance with his taste or inclination.

He found him in, and was instantly encouraged by the genial manner with which he welcomed him.

"Well, my young friend," he cried, as he cordially shook him by the hand; "your promptness speaks well for your intentions. I trust you have considered well what I said to you yesterday."

"I think I have, sir," Walter replied, gravely. "Has your courage been daunted by the advice which I gave you?"

"No, sir. If I can earn an honorable living, and at the same time have a fair prospect of realizing my aspiration by and by, I am willing to adopt whatever measures may seem best for fitting myself for my business."

"That's the way to talk; and now for the result of my deliberations and investigations," returned Mr. Conant. "I have an extensive contract on hand that will take nearly a year to complete. I have an excellent master-builder in charge, who has consented to take you under his especial supervision, and teach you all that you are willing to learn. It will be hard, up-hill work, my friend—I will not attempt to conceal the fact—harder for you than for many others, because you have never done any work; but I know that it will pay in the end, if you will stick to it and do your best."

"I shall do that, sir, for I have made up my mind, and will not turn back now," said Walter, resolutely.

"That is well. And now about the terms. I can't promise you very much to begin with—not even as much as Mr. Edmund Carpenter offered you. The first three months you will receive a dollar and a quarter a day and your board. Mr. Wayland will take you into his own family, if that will be agreeable to you. The next three months you will receive more, if you earn it, and so on; your wages will be gauged according to your ability. How do these arrangements strike you?"

Walter sat in earnest thought for a few minutes. The outlook was not certainly a very tempting one. Seven dollars and a half a week seemed very little to him. How often he had spent double that to gratify a mere whim, or upon some pleasure!

But he was no longer the protegee of a rich man; he had nothing now in the world but his own energy and hands to depend upon, and he had no right to be dissatisfied with what he felt sure must be a fair offer to one who knew absolutely nothing regarding the business he was about to attempt. At last he looked up, and met Mr. Conant's eye with a resolute expression.

"I cannot say that the work is exactly to my state," he said, "but I shall do as you recommend, and I will endeavor to make the most of my opportunity; but—"

"Well, speak out, my young friend," said Mr. Conant, encouragingly.

"Could I not study and do a little office work for you evenings, so as to get on a trifle faster?" Mr. Conant threw back his head, and laughed heartily.

"Well, you are plucky, and your ambition does you credit; but let me tell you that, for the first three months at least, you will not care for much but rest and sleep after your regular day's work is done. However," he added, seeing the disappointed look on the young man's face, "if you find yourself equal to it, I can give you work and study enough. I should really like to see some of the work you have already done in my line."

"Should you?" asked Walter, starting up eagerly. "I brought down a roll of drawings to show you; they are outside. I will get them."

He disappeared from the room, but soon returned with a roll of plans under his arm.

Mr. Conant examined them with interest. He made no comment until he had looked at them all.

Then he remarked: "Mr. Richardson, you just do your level best at carpentering for the coming year, and there will be no trouble about your going ahead as fast as you like after that, and I will give you all the help I can."

"You are very kind, sir," Walter responded, much gratified at the high praise implied in Mr. Conant's words and manner, "and I will do my best. When can I begin?"

The architect was much pleased at this question. It had the ring of business, of energy and purpose that suited him exactly.

"Monday morning, if you like. That will give you three days to wind up any little personal affairs that you may have on hand. You can come to me here at seven o'clock. I will then introduce you to Mr. Wayland, and then you may consider yourself as fairly launched upon your new career. Shall I tell him that you will board with him?"

"Yes, sir, if you think it will be a suitable place."

"I should not recommend it if it were not. You could not get into better hands. And now," concluded the architect, glancing at his watch, "I have an engagement, but I shall look for you on Monday, at seven sharp."

Walter assured him that he would be on hand, and then took his leave with a feeling of responsibility and independence that he had never before experienced.

"Smart fellow; keen, intelligent, and with lots of talent and grit. He'll make his mark yet, and shame that unfeeling scamp, who, I believe, if the truth were known, has cheated him out of a fortune."

This was the mental comment of Mr. Conant as the door closed after Walter.

The previous day, immediately after the young man had left him, the noted architect had paid Mr. Carpenter's old lawyer, Mr. Fairbanks, a call, and questioned him about the boy whom the rich man had reared.

He learned of his whole history, and became deeply interested in him, while a suspicion came into his mind that there had been foul play or else culpable negligence on the part of some one, or he would never have been left to shift for himself after having been reared in luxury and affluence.

He could not help believing, with Mr. Fairbanks and good old Mrs. Coxon, that Ralph Carpenter must have made a will caring for the son of the woman whom he had so fondly loved; but what had become of it was a sealed mystery, although it was possible that Mr. Simons, one of the witnesses, might be able to throw some light upon it when he should return from abroad.

Walter went directly home after leaving Mr. Conant's office, and informed Mrs. Coxon of the change that he was contemplating.

The boy had always been a favorite with her, and she had been greatly disturbed upon discovering there was no will, and he had been left penniless, while she had stormed and raved inwardly over Edmund Carpenter's treatment of him since his father's death.

She threw up her hands with horror when Walter told her that he was going to be a carpenter.

"What! and leave college, Master Walter?" she cried, aghast.

"Yes, and leave college," I have nothing to pay college bills with now," he answered, a trifle bitterly.

"Mr. Edmund ought to pay them," said the woman, tartly.

"Edmund thinks I have received education enough, and that I ought to earn my own living now."

"Perhaps he didn't think he had learning enough when he was only half through college. It's a burning shame! What would poor, dear Mr. Carpenter have said if he could have known that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

"BIND TOGETHER YOUR SPARE HOURS by the cord of some definite purpose and you know not how much you may accomplish," said the wise JEREMY TAYLOR. Enter COMFORT'S Grand Prize Contest now, so to win a prize this month and double up next month, and you will appreciate the wisdom of the proverb.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all! It seems incredible that a year could have passed since I wished you a Merry Christmas for 1909, but Christmas 1910 is nearly here, and the tenth part of the twentieth century has already flown. I don't suppose there is a living soul who loves Christmas more than I do. It is fraught with so many tender precious memories of days that are gone! How poor the world would be without Christmas. Just imagine the long, dreary winter months, without that blessed, beautiful, holy, joyous day, to cheer and fill one with tender emotions, noble impulses, and every other quality that uplifts humanity from the slough of human greed and selfishness to those higher heights, where we take on a semblance of the Divine and become almost worthy of our Creator.

If anyone asked me what my idea of Heaven is I would say:

A place where they have Christmas 365 days a year. I suppose Mr. Turkey would say that that was a pretty rough deal for him, and I guess he is right. But I think Christmas one day a year is all he could stand for without getting nervous. Still, even if we cut the turkey out I think we would be just as happy. It is not the good things that we eat, but the Christmas spirit that is thrilling through every fiber of our being that makes us akin to the angels for at least one day in the year. It is a pity we cannot be angelic all the year through, we ought to be, and will be some day. All that is necessary to secure a perpetual Christmas is to get the Christmas spirit, which by the way is the Christ spirit. Some dear souls are filled with that spirit from January to December. Others are only inspired by it just one day in the year. Still it is better to have it one day than not at all. Christmas shows us what we might be if we would quit mercilessly exploiting one another, and cast out the husks of selfishness, and gluttonous greed, which choke up all the nobler impulses that well up in our hearts, and make man's brotherhood and God's Fatherhood (the ideal we are yet to attain) so hard of accomplishment.

Try to remember that Christmas is the anniversary of the birth of the Christ Child. All that is best and noblest in life, and all the hope we have of this world, and the world hereafter, centers around that lowly manger in Bethlehem. Whatever good there is in this world, and whatever hopes we have of a glorious future for the human race we owe to the One who was born in Bethlehem. His divine teachings will yet prove the solution for all human troubles, all human ailments, and those teachings will eventually be the means of leading humanity out of the quicksands of suffering, sin, wickedness and misery, in which it now painfully wallows and flounders, to smiling fields of peace, plenty, happiness and love. Fill your hearts and souls then with the spirit of Christmas, the Christ spirit. Let it vitalize the utmost recesses of your being. Let it water the sterile deserts of your hearts and souls, until the weeds of selfishness are replaced with the roses of love, the lilies of peace, and the delicate blossoms of kindness and sympathy. Draw into your being enough of the Christmas spirit to make your life unselfish, tender, true and sincere the whole year through. Attune your hearts to heavenly harmonies. Look with the eyes of faith and you will see the star shining o'er Bethlehem as of old, and once more hear the angels hymning God's blessed message to the world: "Peace on earth, Good will to men."

COMFORT'S League of Cousins and our readers generally have accomplished great things in the year now drawing to a close. Hundreds of dollars, perhaps I might better say thousands, have been sent to the needy, whose names appeared in our shut-in lists, and whose cause I have pleaded in our columns. I don't know, but I should think we have accomplished ten times as much in 1910, as we did in the previous year. We have given over sixty wheel chairs away, and when you remember that those articles cost in the neighborhood of twenty-five dollars with freight extra, those sixty odd chairs represent an outlay of from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars. Can you think of any nobler, grander or more beautiful work than ministering to the lowliest, neediest, most helpless of God's suffering poor? Remember our shut-ins have no one to look to but you to make their Christmas worth while. Send them what you can, from a dime to a dollar, more if you can spare it. If you have one dollar to give, break it up into dimes, and make ten people happy instead of one. Try and make as many happy as you can on Christmas day, and remember the only way to be happy, truly happy, the happiness that is worth while, the happiness that will bring you a blessing from above, is to make others happy. Get your friends to join our League. Remember it only means adding five cents to an ordinary subscription to become a member of this organization. Once a member, always a member.

Christmas present giving is a great problem. Many people beggar themselves by making expensive gifts. This is rank folly. Most people give to those who have already too much, and neglect those who have nothing. Many make gifts that cost five dollars in the hope of getting something that costs three times as much, and then hate their friends the rest of the year if their gifts fall short of their expectations. Better give ten presents that cost fifty cents apiece, and make ten people happy, than give one that costs five dollars, and makes only one heart glad.

A superb new Christmas edition of "Uncle Charlie's Poems" is just out containing a new picture of Uncle Charlie and a number of new poetic gems that will make you scream, also all the old favorites that banish gloom and make the long evenings joyous; 160 pages, bound in

ribbed lilac silk lettered in white, and every copy autographed by the author. It is the classiest, daintiest, sweetest Christmas gift that you can possibly make; the one that will give the most pleasure, and it need not cost you a cent, only a little of your spare time in getting the four subscriptions which will also count in the Grand Prize Contest toward winning you a cash prize. The small picture of this book of poems which you will see on another page, following the close of this department, gives but a faint idea of the real article, which surprises everybody because it is so much better than they expect.

You can secure "Uncle Charlie's Song Book" for only two 25-cent subscriptions, the brightest, funniest, most pathetic and soulful songs with vocal music and instrumental accompaniment. This beautiful song folio—the ideal Christmas gift for music lovers—contains 28 musical gems. It is yours free of cost for a few minutes' easy work.

As Mr. Gannett has "told tales out of school" and two years ago betrayed to you the secret of my being a shut-in I will let you into a little secret of his in connection with my book of poems and my song book, both famous and the former now in its fourth edition. He pays me full price for every copy that he puts out as a premium, and I can assure you that they are the two costliest premiums that he offers for the small number of subscriptions. His kindness alone makes it possible to offer you "Uncle Charlie's Poems" for a club of only four 15-cent COMFORT subscriptions at 25 cents each, and "Uncle Charlie's Song Book" for only two 25-cent subscriptions. So send in the few subscriptions necessary to obtain either or both these two sumptuous volumes free, and profit by Mr. Gannett's generosity. With the book of poems you get 60 huge copies of COMFORT. With the song book 30 copies. A mighty load of fun and instruction that will keep you happy for a lifetime. These books solve the Christmas gift problem; 6 subs secure both. Work for them today. Now,

If I live until Christmas, at one o'clock on that festive day I shall drink the health and happiness of all of you in a glass of boiled water. At that hour I shall wait for my love and a blessing and I hope you will send me yours in return. This is my last message to you for 1910. I think you know by now, or if you don't know you ought to know, that I love every one of you, no matter what your age, sex or position in life. I want to thank you from the bottom of a grateful heart for all the love and sympathy you have lavished on me in the year that is past. I think I told you I had spent seven Christmases in hospitals, one dreary Christmas not a soul came to see me, the world, and even my own kin had forgotten me. The memory of that day chills me with the coldness of the grave. I prayed God to send me brighter days, to bring me out of the valley of tribulation, and send sunshine and happiness once more into my life and make me again useful and helpful to my fellow men. How that prayer has been answered you may know, when I tell you COMFORT'S League of Cousins has nearly forty thousand members, and I am able through the columns of COMFORT monthly to reach the heartstrings of six millions of people. Compelled as I am to spend my life year in and year out in the same room you may well know that your love, affection, friendship, appreciation, sympathy and regard are the vital things that make life worth living to me, and it is on Christmas day that most of all we crave the love of our fellow beings. I wish I could grasp everyone of you by the hand, but I can only do it through these columns. There is some satisfaction in knowing, however, I shall meet you all face to face some day in that brighter world, where there shall be no more tears or suffering. There it will be one perpetual Christmas, and there I hope our voices will blend with those of the angels in that blessed anthem:

"Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on earth, good will to men."

If you don't get your League card and button, it is all due to the fact that you did not write your name plainly and failed to give correct address. All complaints will be promptly attended to, but don't complain until a month has elapsed, as at this season of the year, owing to the enormous rush of business, some delays are bound to occur. Generally your button gets to you the day after you send in your complaint. Be patient and you will get all that is coming to you.

League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

Now for the letters.

SILVER SPRINGS, FLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I'm sixteen years of age, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, am five feet and four inches tall, have dark hair and brown eyes. Say, Uncle, if you ever come to Florida you must come to see Silver Springs. It is said to be the traditional "Fountain of Youth" for which Ponce de Leon was vainly searching. Many tourists come here every year by way of boat from Jacksonville and the Springs are connected with the Ocklawaha river, connected with the St. John river and connected with the Atlantic ocean. I would be glad to hear from all the cousins and I'll try to answer all. Hoping you have got Billy the Goat tied, I'll pitch this in to your coop as I go by. Are you fond of conundrums?

JOHNSON STILLEY. (No. 25,232.)

Johnson, yours is a capital letter, as far as the writing is concerned. Good penmanship is so scarce. I believe most of the cousins stick their noses in the ink bottle and waggle them all over the paper, instead of using a pen. You never saw such a bunch of buzzard tracks as some of them send me. I have to stand on my head to read half the letters that are sent to me for perusal. Most of our country school teachers must be drawing their money under false pre-

tenses. That's the way I get mine, too, by the way. I should like to see Silver Springs. I should make a desperate effort to grab all the silver that came bubbling up out of the earth. I'll bet William Jennings Bryan would be hiking off to Florida if he knew about those springs of yours, Johnson. I don't need any fountain of youth in my business; the Lord gave me that, and I never mean to lose it. I was born a kid and I am going to remain a big kid until I take the celestial automobile for a better land. There is one sentence in your letter, Johnson, that has saddened me very much. You say "some of the tourists come by rail and go down in the steamers." I don't see how they can ever reach Silver Springs, if they go down in the steamers. I should think they would all be drowned long before they got to their destination. You must have a lot of bum steamers, and the loss of life must be fearful, if they are continually going down. If I go to Florida, I'll give those steamers a wide berth. Your Springs seem to have a lot of swell connections. I dropped a collar button in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean a few years ago, but I'm not worrying, I guess I'll get it the next time I go in swimming. You ask me if I am fond of conundrums. I don't care for them very much. Perhaps you do, so I'll give you one: If a hen and a half lays a egg and a half in a day and a half, how many yards of outting flannel will it take to make a pair of summer pants for a tape worm? There that ought to hold you for a while. Now here's one from Billy the Goat's riddle book: What is the difference between a Chinaman, an undertaker and a sandwich? You don't know eh? Well, I'll have to tell you. The Chinaman stiffens the collars, and the undertaker collars the stiff. What about the sandwich, did you say? Well that's where you bite! Now here's another. What's the difference between a rhinoceros and a yard of flannel? You don't know, eh? Well if you don't know the difference between a yard of flannel and a rhinoceros it's about time you did. You'd better go to the store and find out for yourself. A boy that does not know a yard of flannel from a wild animal should never go shopping. Oh, say, Johnson, can you tell telephone from a car? You can't eh? Well, if you can't tell a phone from a car, you must be a pretty dull boy. Next!

PHILADELPHIA, 1328 Arch St., Pa.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Have you a wee bit of time to listen to a "Kicking Quaker"? My first "kick" is that you do not get orders for a million copies each year of Uncle Charlie's Book of Poems. It is a downright shame the cousins do not pick it up and make it their own. This book is as fine a collection of humorous verse as can be found anywhere, and I can truthfully say that I have bought many books at a much higher price that do not begin to give the satisfaction that Uncle Charlie's Poems do. Shame on the cousins who are so indifferent to the author who under great difficulties forges his own sufferings in his efforts to cheer others. I am a close reader of the cousins' letters and so many of them "gush" and say: "I do enjoy Uncle's letters so much." If only one of ten cousins would secure three subscribers in addition to their own renewal, they could secure the book as a premium and do something to show their appreciation in a substantial form of Uncle Charlie's efforts. Now cousins wake up. Get subscribers for COMFORT, the best paper published. Show our good Uncle that his labor has not been in vain. Give something beside mere idle words. The book will cost you nothing above the regular subscription price for COMFORT. It will put money in our good Uncle's pocket. You can do it. Will you?

My next kick is because no letters appear from this good city. COMFORT has been in our family since the first issue. This is the "Birthplace of the Nation." The best city on the face of "God's green earth." You have been here Uncle, you know what it is. Just think of the mighty battleships we turn out, the great armor for the United States Government, and you can ride across the desert in a train drawn by an engine built right here. Say cousins, just take a look at the monster engines drawing the heavy freight trains and you will no doubt find something to read. "Built by the Baldwin Locomotive Co., Philadelphia, U. S. A." Colonel Roosevelt was "delighted" to find such an engine on his train in Egypt. Notice the trolley car and see if over the doorway (inside) it does not read: "Built by the Electric Car Co., Philadelphia." We have a street fifteen miles long, asphalt from curb to curb, not a turn in it. No city in the world can duplicate it. The number of houses occupied by their owners is greater in Philadelphia, than in Greater New York and London combined. We lead the world for the most part. Our city has a population of over a million dollars. We have two rivers, three separate lines of steam railways. The finest up-to-date subway ever built. Pneumatic tubes carrying thousands of letters to the post-office daily. A filtration plant that furnishes water for the city; it is a source of wonder to civil engineers who come here from all parts of the world. It is the largest filtration plant ever attempted anywhere. One of our evening papers has a greater circulation than any evening paper in the world. Our hospitals are well equipped and modern in every way. The Home for Orphans of Odd Fellows was the first orphan home in the country to be supported by a fraternal organization. Girard College for boys was founded by money left by Stephen Girard a native of France, who made his fortune here, and gave it for the good of boys. It has sent them out into the world fully equipped for the battle of life. Some of them have filled positions of trust with honor to themselves and credit to the college. Fairmount Park is one of the greatest spots that nature could provide. It covers over four thousand acres and is well supplied with walks, drives and the Schuylkill river passing through it furnishes fishing and boating for all who desire these sports.

As a historical spot, Philadelphia stands at the top. Independence Hall wherein the declaration was signed, and the United Colonies broke away from the yoke of the oppressor under which they had struggled. Here the first Congress of the United States of America met. Here Betsy Ross made the first American flag, for the nation that has never known defeat. The Bank of North America was founded here in those trying days. It was the first Bank of America and today is one of the best in the land. Say, Uncle, you have been to our good Quaker City am I going it too strong? I am a native of the place as were my forebears.

If any of the cousins want views of Philadelphia I will send them in exchange for any they may send me. Now Uncle I am not unkindful of the large family you have and mean just what I say.

Now cousins wake up and earn a book written by Uncle Charlie. Remember that faith without works is dead. You believe in Uncle, show it in all practical way. Add strength to his arm by doing just a little work. You will be doing simply your duty and will add sunshine to his life. His is a noble work, help to hold up his hands. Each of you do your share. Hurrah for Uncle Charlie and the birthplace of freedom, Philadelphia. We have the most here and make lots of money. All the Lincoln cents come from Philadelphia. Your sincere nephew,

WILLIAM H. ROSE.

William, I am glad to hear from a kicking Quaker. If there were more kickers, there would be fewer grafters and parasites. If it had not been for the kicking qualities of our forefathers, we would have had no Independence Hall or Liberty Bell in your city of brotherly love. You are quite right in surmising, William, that I have visited your city. People say some mean things about Fiddledelphia (I mean Philadelphia), being slow. I will just give you an idea of how slow they are in your city. A man said to me the other day: "My brother was run over and killed in Philadelphia last week." I said to him: "Street car or automobile?" He said: "No, push cart." When a man is so slow he gets run over by a push cart, running a mile an hour, you can well believe that he lives in a slow town. I have heard there are a great many people who live in Fiddledelphia, who don't get their first teeth until they are fifty years of age. In New York a man has to shave every day to keep his face clean, his beard grows so fast. In Fiddledelphia a man only shaves once every ten years, the whisker crop is so slow in growing. All the clocks in Fiddledelphia are several weeks slow. A clock was discovered once that was half an hour fast, and it was arrested for indecent behavior and sent to the "pen."

Now, William that I have done what every fresh guy does, say some untruthful things about your beautiful city. I will proceed to say that we all owe your little old burg a debt of gratitude for what it has done in the past. As regards the present, Philadelphia in a material and business way is doing mighty things. But just think of a city that proudly calls itself the "Birthplace of Freedom," being bound hand and

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foot, owned body and soul, by the worst gang of political thugs and corruptionists that ever disgraced God's green footstool. You are rightly proud of your filtration plant, William. Now if you will run your politicians and politics through that filtration plant and filter some of the rottenness out of them, maybe the bird of freedom, which at present in your city, looks more like a featherless crow, might get a new set of plumage, and scream triumphantly again as of yore. People who have the home instinct as strongly as have the citizens of Philadelphia, ought surely to have enough courage, character, and decency to own their city as well as their homes. A man will shoot a burglar if he enters his home, then he goes to the poll, and elects a whole gang of burglars to rob his city. Can you beat it? The unholy alliance of business and politics was never carried out more thoroughly, completely and wickedly than in the city of brotherly love and political plunder. Philadelphia threw off its yoke of corruption a few years ago, and elected a reform mayor, but after a futile attempt at trying to be decent for a year or so, it went back like a dog to its vomit, and once more wallows in the filth of its own corruption, and the mire of its own rottenness. The bird of freedom, however, is only sleeping, and after a while, Billy

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

Rose and his brother Quakers will arise like Hercules of old, and gird their loins with the mantle of decency, and taking the sword of righteousness and the hose of honesty in their hands, they will cleanse the Augean stables of the Quaker City of its grafters and parasites, thugs and corruptionists. Philadelphia City Hall cost twenty-five million dollars, I would duplicate it for five millions and make a handsome profit. Twenty millions of the twenty-five at least must have gone to grass the wheels of political machinery. If we had the same civic pride and public spirit here that we find in Europe, we would have well-governed cities, and the people would own their own street car lines, gas, ice plant, municipal and public utilities, instead of allowing those utilities to be in the hands of private citizens, who plunder the people and deceive our politicians with their robber profits. Some day I will tell you about the city of Glasgow in Scotland, where there is real civic pride and public spirit; where gas is fifty cents a thousand feet; where the profits from street car lines are used to create parks and build hospitals; where every economy is practiced, every penny honestly accounted for and used for the public good. If I were a Philadelphian I would refer with shame to the historic past of my city, for it seems incredible that a city which ever had any real pride, could have sunk so low as to bend its neck to the yoke of political corruptionists. Vain your mighty locomotives, vain your fifteen mile long streets, filtration plants, subways and beautiful parks, vain your city halls and historical monuments, unless your citizens, Billy, keep their hearts and souls pure and white with the old ideals of liberty, independence, honesty, truth and righteousness. It is not what you were, it is what you are. Better rear your tents in the wilderness and hew your dwellings in the cliffs and keep your ideals fresh, sweet and pure, than live in marble palaces, where every stone speaks of plunder and the whole atmosphere reeks with the demoralizing taint of corruption and wickedness. Billy, these remarks may seem ungrateful after the lovely way you have written me and rooted for me, but let the truth be told though the Heavens fall, and I know that the thousands of cousins will constitute you a committee of one to make Philadelphia once more worthy of its proud name, the birthplace, and not only the birthplace, but the home of freedom.

SANBORN, MINN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

Fardon me, would you kindly step over a little, and let a city girl enter your lovely circle?

I have lived in the city all my life, until last August papa thought it best to go to the country for a change.

We are located on a farm seven miles from the little town of Sanborn. Some cousins say they wouldn't care for life in a big city. I should think dear cousins before you say this, it would be best to find out what city life is, it's nothing else but splendid.

We came from Chicago, and we lived at 3315 Paulina St., which is in the northern part of the city known as Lake View.

Now! Uncle Charlie, once you described yourself and you wrote you had only one hair on your head, why you're more baldheaded than Bismarck was, as you know he had three hairs on his head.

Since I moved to the farm I learned quite a bit about cooking and baking. I'm fairly well with both.

Listen! Uncle, I'm a great lover of poetry. Every verse you write in the COMFORT I keep. Uncle or cousins, could any of you send me the piece called "Asleep at the switch"? I would very much like to have it.

I'm fifteen years of age, have gray-blue eyes and brown hair. I'm five feet and two inches tall.

I must close with regards to all.

SOPHIA LINDENBERG.

So you prefer city to country life, do you Sophia? I am wondering what experience you have had with city life. You say you lived in a city called Chicago. It seems to me I have heard of a place by that name before, but can't exactly tell where it was located. I guess you refer to that little village at the foot of Lake Michigan—Hogopolis, the pig metropolis, celebrated for pork and big feet. The pork is all right, but I draw the line at the feet. I had a Chicago girl for a sweetheart once. She had the biggest feet you ever saw. When she slept on her back her feet used to knock all the plaster off the ceiling. To be real comfortable in bed, she had to sleep on her side, open the windows and let her feet project into the street. She was something in the feet line all right. If you want to see real, palpitating, throbbing, bubbling city life, you should take a trip to Augusta, Maine. Augusta, Maine, makes Chicago look like five cent piece with a hole in it. On Maine Street, Augusta, one day I counted two men, a boy, a cow and a grasshopper. I want to tell you right here that you don't see such crowds as that in Chicago. Sophia you say you have learned quite a bit about cooking and baking and then add: "I am fairly well with both." I am pleased to hear you have survived the experience of cooking and baking for yourself, but what about the rest of the family? You say nothing of them. Are they all living? Or just doing as well as can be expected. I hope you can cook better than they cooked in a boarding house I once lived in New York. Then you used to feed on soup. Soup was about all we got. I was so full of soup that everytime I swallowed a bean I could hear it splash. It was like throwing a rock into a bucket of water. I've no doubt some of the cousins will send you "Asleep at the Switch." If ever you go to sleep with a braid of false hair on your cocoon, you will be asleep at the switch. I'm sorry your eyes are gray, Sophia, but as long as your hair is not, you need not worry. Cultivate a taste for country life. People in the cities only half live. Most of them merely exist.

IRON MOUNTAIN, Box 536, MICH.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:

I am a country girl and I just love to live in the country. I am a blonde, five feet six inches tall, gray eyes, fair complexion, weigh about one hundred and twenty pounds, age twenty-one. Iron Mountain is a city of about twelve thousand people. There are lots of iron ore mines in and around the city and one furnace. Then we have the Dickinson County court house, Carnegie library, churches, schools, etc. Just like any other city. They did not celebrate the "glorious fourth" in Iron Mountain this year, as most of the people left the city for other places where they had celebrations. I did not have any fun at all. Uncle did you have any fireworks in your chicken coop? The grasshoppers are harvesting the hay and grain up here this summer instead of the farmers and if you should happen to open your mouth while outside, you would get it full of grasshoppers.

Cousin Lorine Clark, I believe I will come and join you and your chums and help you to be old maids. I'll promise also to help support the house if I may. Cousins why don't you all get a copy of Uncle Charlie's poems? I have one and would not part with it for anything. When I read it I laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks and when I got started I couldn't stop until I had finished the book from cover to cover.

I should be delighted to receive letters or postals from all the cousins who care to write to a Michigan girl. With love to all, I am your niece and cousin, ELLEN M. JOHNSON.

Your letter was a treat to read, Ellen, it was so nicely written. I am not surprised to hear you have iron ore mines, as your city is noted for that kind of metal, but I am more than astonished to hear that you have only one furnace. Fancy a city of twelve thousand people with only one furnace and in a cold place like Michigan, too. However do you live, honey eh? Of course if the furnace was big enough it would keep you all warm, but I shouldn't think twelve thousand people would want to huddle round one furnace. I should think there must be an awful bunch of frost-bitten toes in your burg when the snow flies, all right. Pneumonia must do a land office business in Iron Mountain. Yes, Ellen, I did have some firecrackers on the Fourth of July in my chicken coop, and I also got a bunch in my

chicken soup. As a rule I celebrate my Fourth of July with a bunch of Graham crackers. They suit my digestive organs better, and I am very careful to see they don't explode. I'm delighted to hear that the grasshoppers in your region have been harvesting the crops. With labor scarce and dear it is a mighty good thing that grasshoppers have learned to be useful, instead of merely ornamental and destructive. If grasshoppers are able to harvest the crops, and they certainly do it, I don't see why mosquitoes should not be made to milk the cows and saw wood. I suppose, however, after a little while there will be a grasshopper's union and it will cost more to employ a grasshopper than a hired man. You almost never can tell. Come again, Ellen, your letter is all to the good.

STEELE, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

Will you admit a little mischievous, curly, black-headed girl into your happy band? I live in the country. Our nearest town is Mohler, Idaho. We do quite a bit of trading at Mohler. Our school is about a quarter of a mile from my home. I am the girl twelve years old, with light gray eyes. My mama and little brother and sister went over to Absahka, Idaho and stayed a week and I and my two sisters kept house. Well I will tell you what I can do. I can make beds wash clothes do the ironing help with the cooking do the washing carry water and wood water cows and horses and help papa gather garden truck for him to sell. Hoping to see this in print, I am your niece, DELIA PARSONS.

Yes, Della, I shall be very glad to admit a little curly-headed girl into our happy band. I am glad the forest fires did not come your way, Della. My heart bled for the poor souls who suffered so terribly during that awesome and fearful conflagration. If the nation does not provide for the widows and orphans of those heroic souls who sacrificed their lives in fighting those dreadful fires, then the nation ought to be ashamed of itself. The heroism those men displayed was infinitely greater, grander and more inspiring than any deeds of heroism done during the excitement of battle. Fire is the most remorseless and pitiless enemy humanity has to deal with. The men who were injured while fighting in Idaho and Montana last summer, should be given pensions of not less than three dollars a day for the rest of their lives. The whole nation should honor and fetter them wherever they go. Most of them will end up in pauper's graves I suppose. That's generally the resting place of crippled heroes. I notice, Della, that you have a varied number of accomplishments, and I am thinking of making you an offer to star in vaudeville at a thousand dollars a week, and I am sure you'd be worth the money. Just fancy, here is a little girl only twelve years of age, and she can make an inanimate object, an ordinary old bed do laundry work, cooking, any number of chores, water the live stock, and gather garden truck for the market. I should like to see a hair mattress cooking a steak. That would surely be some fun, and to see an old bedstead handing a pitcher of water to a cow, with one hand, and digging potatoes with the other, would be a sight worth going miles to see. Della, you are a wonderful girl.

HAGERMAN, N. MEX.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Here comes a jolly cowgirl to join the League. I am five feet five inches short, weigh one hundred and forty pounds. I have black hair. I live in New Mexico, twenty-five miles from Hagerman, and am sixteen years old. This is a very beautiful country when the grass is green, but the grass is all dead. It hasn't rained here in three years. I guess it would surprise you if I was to tell you I didn't have any neighbors nearer than twenty-five miles, and when you ride a horse twenty-five miles over sandhills I guess it makes a person tired. I have ridden fifty miles lots of times in a day and wasn't very tired. I have been riding after the stock a great deal in the last two months. My brother and I would ride all day long. I help my brother break horses. The other day he saddled a horse for me and when I got on the horse he threw me over the fence, and I haven't been on a bronk since. Brother and I are going to take a bunch of steers to Roswell tomorrow. I wish some of you were here to go with us. Can any of you rope wild cattle? I can rope and tie a steer as well as anybody. Cousins I'll bet if you could have seen me last winter, riding round over the prairies lifting up cattle I'll bet you have laughed yourselves almost to death. Come down cousins to see me and I will show you a time. I will take you to a round up and let you hear ten thousand cows howling at once and you will think it the prettiest music you ever heard. I will introduce you to some jolly cowboys. I don't want you to think that I do anything but ride on wild horses and ride after cattle for I do. I can do any kind of housework. I help my papa drill wells sometimes, and I run the gasoline engine. I also freight, me and my little sister, from Hagerman here, sometimes. I would like to exchange postals and photographs with the cousins. Give me a post card and letter party, all will be answered, RUBY SPRINKLES.

Ruby, you say you live in a "beautiful" country. I am wondering what sort of a country that can be, a country full of Betties I suppose. Beautiful is a very original way of spelling "beautiful"; the simplified spelling gentleman would throw fits, and drape you with medals, Ruby. If they could read your letter. No rain in three years. Gee, I would hate to go into the umbrella business in your country. They ought to make you queen of your section, and then you could rain, I mean reign over them. Everything in your country must have gone wrong except the cows. If you haven't any rain you have lots of snakes and rattlesnakes to make up for it. Talking of rattlesnakes, there was an Italian who went south to work on a line of railroad in a very snakey country. He had been told that before a rattler struck it always rattled and gave you warning. He was eating his lunch one day on a log, and just had time to lift his foot as a rattlesnake struck at the place where it had been resting. Mr. Dago yelled and fell backward the other side of the log and the contents of his lunch fell with him. When he picked himself up he shook his fist in the direction of the snake and said: "You son of a gun, why you no ringa de bell?" Ruby, the horse that threw you over the fence was no gentleman. You must have an awful muggle if you can lift cattle. Are your cattle so weak kneed that they have to be held up? Ten thousand cows bellowing at once must make some beautiful music. I am glad you help your papa drill wells. With the Japs threatening to land on the Pacific coast, everything that can be drilled ought to be drilled, and I have no doubt in war time if the wells are all well drilled they will render valuable assistance. Ruby Sprinkles is a capital name to have in a dry country. If it does not rain in your immediate vicinity you always have plenty of Sprinkles.

HILL TOP, ENSLEY, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you permit a little girl of eight years to come in and join you for a chat? My mother is a subscriber for your paper. We enjoy reading it so much. I am now visiting my grandparents. Uncle Charlie don't you remember away back when you was a little boy? don't you remember when you would hear your mother say you are aging to grandmama, and then we began to count the days, we all ways have such a good time at grandmama's. I have one brother and one sister. We are all going to school. My brother and I are in the third grade and my sister is in the first grade. We have a good teacher. Their are 40 pupils in my room and Charlie. When I get home I will send you 30 cents for a button so I can be one of the cousins too correspond thru your paper. Uncle Charlie if you ever come to Ensley come to see me. Your loving friend, IRENE MCCAIN.

Irene, I am printing your letter exactly as you wrote it, and I think it is a wonderful letter for a little girl of your tender years. Most of the little girls who write to me get mama to write first then they copy the letter. You have written your letter without assistance, you have scorned help like the brave little girl you are, and done it beautifully. Yes, honey, I remember visiting

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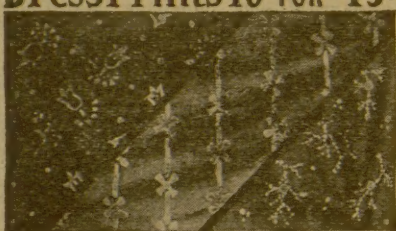
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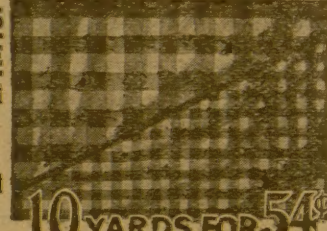


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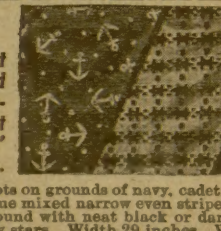
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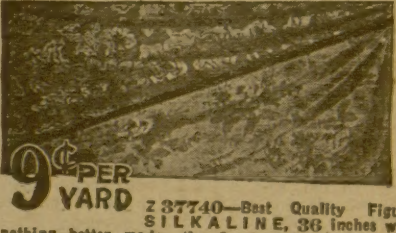
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grandmama all right, and to tell you the honest truth I never enjoyed those visits. Granma had a bug on dosing people, and before I was in the house three seconds she had examined my tongue, and had decided that I had to be dosed with Castor oil, boneset tea or some other noxious dope. Sometimes I rebelled and would not take any of her home remedies. Then she used to put me on her knee and paddle me around the equator. She always used to tell me that it hurt her more than it did me. I would not like to question grandmama's veracity, but I think she lied. One day when she threatened to lick me and I ran upstairs and hid under the bed. Presently I saw Pop on his knees peering under the bed, and I said: "Hullo Pop, has she been soaking you too?" My recollections of my grandmama, Irene, are far from pleasant. Grandmas as a rule are dear old souls, loving and lovable, and we should all strive to make their few remaining days on earth as happy as possible. Irene, you say you have forty "puppies" in your room. For Heaven's sake, child, what are puppies? Are they any relation to puppies? I hope they are something nice, otherwise forty of them all in one room would be rather unpleasant. I suppose, dear, you mean pupils. I haven't any pupils in my chicken coop, but I have a couple in my eyes. Maybe they'll turn to puppies before I get through. You say you are going to send me thirty cents for a "button." Well, honey, if you do, you shall certainly have a button if I can find one, and a League button too, if that will do as well. Now all you boys and girls who write to me, don't copy mama's letters. Be original. Do your best and you will make more progress by relying on your own unaided efforts and get more satisfaction out of your correspondence than by getting others to help you.

BOYD, OREGON.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I was reading your letter in COMFORT and do not like what you say about wages for American women. Miss Grace Kenney says she works for three dollars a week. They must have more girls there than we have here, for here girls get five dollars a week for general housework, and for helping cook for harvest hands, from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents a day. The West is generous in its payment of wom-

O MY! DON'T CRY, little boy, because you have no money to buy Christmas presents. You can easily earn some nice Christmas presents as premiums by getting COMFORT subscriptions between school hours and win a good cash prize, too. So can your mother, sister and brother.

en. I am sorry you have such a poor opinion of Oregon. I think if you were here now you would think different. Yours very truly, Mrs. G. W. COVERT.

My dear friend, you do me an injustice. I have not a poor opinion of Oregon, but on the contrary have nothing but admiration for that glorious state and its people. Miss Kenney said she was getting three dollars a week, working in a restaurant in your state from twelve to fourteen hours a day, and you, my dear friend, ought to be the first one to thank me for drawing your attention to this distressing and blood-curdling case of inhumanity to one of your sex. You say that women get five dollars a week for general housework. That proves nothing, for American girls will not do housework, and when one considers the way domestics are, as a rule, treated, the hours they have to work, and the way they are deprived of liberty and all that makes life worth living, one cannot blame American born women for absolutely refusing to "live out." A great many COMFORT cousins have ferreted me out here in my home in New York, and I have found many of them employment. Those who tried domestic work simply had to give it up. One bright girl I have in mind was allowed out of the house one afternoon every two weeks, and every second Sunday afternoon, and she was usually so tired, that when she came to make a call on us, she dropped in a chair and went fast to sleep. Hired girls as a rule are treated like dogs, worse in fact than most dogs, and five dollars a week is little enough for what most of them have to put up with, and sometimes too it is a good deal more than many of them are worth. I have no intention, however, of discussing the hired girl problem at this moment. I do want to say, however, that girls and women who work in factories and any line of employment outside of domestic work, as a rule, badly paid. At the same time, women will rather take up any line of work, no matter how badly paid it is, and have their evenings to themselves and some semblance of a home, where they can retain their independence and have at least a few moments utterly and entirely to themselves, than work out in families where they are at everyone's beck and call from morning until night. I am striving only to benefit humanity, and in calling attention to this case I think I have conferred a favor on the people of Oregon, instead of harming them or their glorious state. Miss Kenney's case is probably an exceptional one, and the Lord knows I hope it is, for I hate wage slavery.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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The Selection of the Incubator

HERE are a great many incubators on the market, some heated by hot air, others by hot water. If you select any one of the standard makes advertised, you will get a good, practical hatch. Printed instructions for setting up and running are sent out with every machine, but they don't emphasize all the important points quite strongly enough for amateurs. Lots of people can't drive a screw home accurately, and fail to realize that if the head is slightly to the right or left it throws the fixture which is being attached to the machine out of plumb, and a hair's breadth makes a difference when such delicate appliances as thermostatic rods (the power which controls the heat) are concerned. A blunder supplies much knowledge. I should never have realized the necessity for such exactness if one of the screws used in attaching the lamp support to our second incubator had not gone slightly awry. It caused the chimney almost to touch one side of the socket into which it fits. That, in turn, drew the flame to one side, and caused it to smoke at night when turned up for extra heat. It was a very little blunder, apparently, but it almost spoiled the incubator, and quite spoiled the hatch.

To be sure that the incubator fixtures are plumb, use a spirit level, the only safe guide. After starting the machine, practice running it a few days before putting in the eggs. When the heat reaches 102½ degrees, with the escape dial hanging the width of a match from the opening, put in the trays, which, being cold, will lower the heat, and should close the dial until the trays become warm, and the thermometer in the machine again registers 102½, when the dial should once more be dangling the match width above the opening. Should the closing and opening not take place as the heat varies, the machine is not properly adjusted, and you must practice until it will bear the test before putting in the eggs. The thermometers are supposed to have been tested before they are shipped, but it is well to buy an extra one and compare them; or get your doctor, who is sure to have an accurate one, to do it for you. The egg tester comes with the incubator. It is a tin, funnel-like chimney that fits over the lamp, and has a projecting opening, bordered with black, before which to hold the eggs. The first test should be made on the seventh day; the second on the fifteenth day. Hold the egg, large end uppermost, in front of the opening. If it looks perfectly clear, it is infertile, and may be used to feed young chicks. If it shows a dark red spot with spidery legs, it is fertile, and must be returned to the incubator. Dead germs are rarely discernible at the first testing, except to the expert eye. By the fifteenth the veriest amateur will be able to detect them.

Ventilation of the Eggs is Important

Ventilating the incubator is quite as important as regulating the heat, and can only be gauged by the appearance when the egg is held before the tester. The so-called "air-cell" is a vacant space at the large end of the egg. In the new laid egg it is very small, but by testing time it will be quite visible, and as evaporation progresses, it increases, until on the nineteenth day it should occupy one fifth of the entire shell. If there is not sufficient ventilation in the incubator, evaporation will be retarded, and there will not be sufficient room in the shell for the chick to twist its head around and break its prison walls; so it will die, though fully developed. The safest and simplest way to gauge this point is to set a hen at the same time that you start the incubator, and then compare the development of the air cell in the egg every few days. If the develop-

removed to the small house (the temperature of which should be kept at six degrees during the night). Remember, incubation only takes twenty-one days, so you must allow at least three weeks to elapse before starting the incubator a second time.

Give the brooder a good coat of white-wash inside before using it. Cover the drum which furnishes the heat under the hover with two or three thicknesses of flannel, to make it soft for the little bodies to cuddle up against. Cover the floor of the hover compartment with a piece of old carpet or felt, and the outside compartment with sweepings from the hay mow. Have the heat running steadily at ninety-five degrees for several hours before the chicks are to be put into it, and keep it at that heat the first seven or eight days. Then gradually let it fall to seventy-five degrees. Of course, I mean the heat under the hover. The rest of the brooder will be—and should be—several degrees lower.

Correspondence

J. C. S.—This is my first visit to this department, and I come for advice on poultry raising. For three years I have been engaged in raising chickens, namely: Plymouth Rocks, Minorcas, White Leghorns and lastly Rhode Island Reds. Am now planning to go into the business more extensively with about five hundred layers, and I am convinced by my own experience and perhaps a confirmed idea of my own, that Plymouth Rocks are my final choice. What do you think about them? I have decided that the Plymouth Rock, firstly, stands all kinds of weather better than other birds (although in winter I am very careful as to their welfare, avoiding drafts, out in the snow, etc.), for they have comfortable quarters and a nice warm stable to scratch in, and on bright, warm days I have a nice running-yard for them. I may not be a graduate at the study, but here is my way of feeding them: I give them corn, least bit of oats, bread, green vegetables and tops that would be wasted, potatoes and peels, table scraps, some meat scraps, mostly cooked; now and then Pratt's Poultry Food, and must say I have excellent returns from my flock. I have thirty laying hens, and just now forty spring chickens, and eleven chicks out the other day. For three years' experience I think I do admirably well, for my chickens are never troubled with any kind of diseases. I use kaffir lime oil to sprinkle around them if I do not think it is necessary; also Pratt's Chloride frequently, for I think an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Many people compliment me on my chickens, but I do not see where there is anything extraordinary about my method, for I don't waste any time on them, for I have my housework to attend to, I have had success raising fowls, and now I thought of enlarging the chicken business. Now, what I want to know is, if five hundred laying hens would really pay as a livelihood? About how many dozen ought they to really bring me in a week? Now my idea is to sell to a commission house, because, counting on private trade, how often one has to wait for pay, etc. I thought this over and over, and had not the courage to risk letting out my hard work for a few cents more, and have to wait until people pay. Cash seems to me the best profit. Eggs in this part of the country (middle states) never go very high, although they go up to forty cents a dozen retail some times, and come down to thirty and fifteen sometimes, but that is retail, not wholesale. Do you think my idea foolish? Considering getting pay quickly, I wonder if I am wrong? I am always ready for advice, and ready to learn the correct way. Another thing is, will a house seventy feet long and ten feet wide house five hundred hens? I calculated that if a house twelve by ten accommodated thirty hens, that seventy by nine would answer for five hundred hens, and allowing two acres for the chicken business; that is: runs, scratching yard, and range. Is millet good for them, and how much would have to be planted for the five hundred? I am allowing the other three acres for house, garden, pasture, etc., for I allow to also buy a cow, and surely a separator, and keep a few hogs.

A.—The Plymouth Rock is one of the best general purpose fowls, especially if you don't intend keeping them after their second laying season, for their one fault is that they put on fat very heavily after that time, become lazy, and poor layers. Sour meat scraps are dangerous; if fed to any extent your hens are liable to get limberneck, and even cholera. I advise green bone instead. One of the best makes of bone mills will cost only eight dollars, and last for years. Fresh bone from the butcher makes good bone meal, a cent a pound, and in many districts can be got for half that. If it is not convenient to get a bone mill, or procure the fresh bone, the commercial beef scraps are safe, and very valuable as egg producers. You will have to change your method of feeding where you have five hundred hens, for the table scraps which have provided excellent variety for thirty hens won't be of any value among five hundred. At a low estimate, five hundred good hens should give you one hundred and forty dozen eggs a week from November to June. From June to November the yield is always uncertain, because it embraces the moulting period. The question of private or wholesale market can only be decided by yourself, for you know the conditions you have to meet better than a stranger can; but when one is able to get good private customers, they are without doubt the most profitable. Is there no hotel or sanitarium in your vicinity which would take

within six inches of the top of the jar. Put a cloth over the lid, and let the ends lie in the water. Cream must be kept so cold that it will not turn until a few hours before churning, when it should be brought into a warmer atmosphere, and have a cup of sour milk added, to start the sour condition which is essential to good butter-making. The starter (as the sour milk is called) must be made by keeping a quart of milk where the temperature will not fall below 78 degrees, so that it will turn to a thick jelly quickly. It is this quick turning of milk or cream which is especially required. When milk or cream is allowed to sour slowly, as it does at a low temperature, thousands of dangerous little germs are bred, which cause trouble when it comes to churning, and spoils your butter. To have firm, well-flavored butter, cream must be slightly sour, and the only way to arrive at that condition quickly is by adding the starter, and keeping it in a warm place for a few hours.

A Subscriber.—For poultry raising, what breed of fowls do you consider the best? What number of fowls would you advise a man of limited capital to start with? Where can I get the best book on the best breed of poultry?

A.—You don't say whether you intend making a specialty of eggs, broilers or table fowls, or merely keeping poultry for general purposes. Leghorns are supposed to be the best when eggs only are desired, but I think the general purpose birds are to be preferred. Personally, I like White Wyandottes best, but Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, or Orpingtons are equally as good. All are heavy layers, and fatten quickly, either as broilers or roasters, so meet every requirement. Another advantage of the heavy breeds is that they can be controlled by a four-foot fence, whereas Leghorns will fly over anything under twelve feet, and sometimes even that won't stop them. The only book I have read on the best breed gave so many reasons for discarding each and every breed, and yet gave so much space to elaborating on the good points of all, that I was convinced, by the time I had finished reading it, that every breed was the best, if it had not some fault which made it the worst, so my advice is to choose any one of the four I have mentioned as general purpose birds, and don't bother with other people's ideas. For real practical purposes there is not a plan to choose between them. Have dry, light house; keep everything scrupulously clean; put plenty of scratching material on the floor; keep the hens busy and well fed, and they will be profitable. Fifty hens are enough for anyone to start with, and when you have learned to manage them, you can increase as rapidly as you like without fear of failure.

E. A.—Your chicks have canker or roup; I can't exactly tell which from your description; but as they are kindred diseases, it will be safe to treat for roup. Remove the affected bird from the flock, and confine in a dry, warm coop, for roup is contagious, and it is better to be on the safe side. Dissolve one tablespoonful of potassium in a pint of hot water, and when cool, add one teaspoonful of the mixture to half a cupful of lukewarm water. Bathe the bird's eyes and face with it, and then thoroughly scrub out its throat with the same mixture. A small syringe is the best means of doing the work, but if you have not one, get someone to hold the bird, and hold its head up in air with your left hand, pour a teaspoonful of the mixture down its throat, close the beak, and put your finger over the nostrils and turn the bird quickly head downwards. It will choke and gasp, and so thoroughly gargle its own throat. Clean out the house from which the hen was taken and disinfect all the feed and water dishes, then add one teaspoonful of kerosene oil to every two quarts of drinking water as a preventive.

Comfort Sisters' Corner
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: In reading my new COMFORT I saw Mrs. Lizzie Thompson's letter and I see she has taken an entirely different meaning from my letter than I intended. I did mean to say that I think it is unfair and unjust to allow every kind of a man to vote and shut the women out just because we are women. The allowance to own land and we pay taxes on our property just the same as a man does, but what say have we about what that tax money is used for? I don't like being classed with the mentally incompetent. There is no good reason why one half of the people should run everything and the other half sit shut out. I know I am far from capable of voting right than lots of men I know personally, but they are men and I am a woman and the law allows them to vote while it doesn't allow me to. There's no justice in it!

Mrs. Flora E. Lane, Mexico, Mo. Try boiling say about two tablespoonfuls of dry flour tied in a bag. Boil about an hour I think and then scrape off all the sticky, gummy part outside and you will find the middle hard which will powder fine. Scrape off about a teaspoonful and mix with baby's milk. My mother-in-law told me of this. She cured one bad case with it when everything else failed. Half a teaspoonful is enough I think for a young baby.

Mrs. E. D. Redmore. Are you living near the Gun- nelson tunnel? My youngest brother worked on that tunnel a while. I have a post card he sent me of it.

Mrs. E. FAIRBAIN, Windom, Box 302, Minn.

MY DEAR SISTERS: I feel that our little town should be represented in COMFORT, especially as it is published in our dear old Pine Tree State.

Why is it I wonder there are not more letters from Maine nearly every family in this place is a subscriber to COMFORT.

Perhaps their reasons are all like mine, each waiting for the other and taking all the good things which every number contains and giving nothing in return.

It is only because I have been afraid I could not write a letter worthy of publication that I have not attempted to have a chat with the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson ere this.

Mrs. Wilkinson is more generous to our mistakes, etc., than Uncle Charlie. I should hardly venture a letter to his corner. But what a noble man and what a grand work he is doing! There wouldn't need to be so very many like him to relieve all the suffering in our country, so far as earthly help can relieve it.

How it is raining! But everything living of mine is safely housed and dry and warm. The youngest little boy was just carried up-stairs and laid in his bed, two others having gone previously with their little lamp, having said their prayers and their good nights down here.

We have three as strong, healthy boys as one could wish. Vaughn, the oldest was five in April, Blair, the next will be four this month, and baby Olive was one year old last March, and has been walking since he was nine months old. They are out of doors all day, every day unless it is pouring. Just a little rain delights them for then they can make just lovely mud cakes. Don't try to keep your boys and girls too clean, sisters, if you wish them to be healthy. Put on their rompers and don't scold if they do get muddy.

Another thing I think very important, is about frightening children either by telling scary stories or trying to scare them to make them good. I think it is a terrible wrong to a child and they are listening and taking in things when you think they're not.

I have never yet got quite over being timid in the dark from listening to ghost stories and the like when a child.

Still another wrong done children is telling their little mistakes or something of which they are ashamed, which they have done. If they are sensitive they positively suffer during its recital.

Try to be companions to our children. We go walking in the woods and take our dinner and go away in the canoe, land in some cool spot and spend a day away from all our cares and worries. Nothing like nature to make you forget!

Must say good night.

MRS. W. H. YROMANS, Wytopitlock, Maine.

Mrs. Yeomans. I feel as if you and I were neighbors when I think how far off most of my COMFORT friends are. When a sister writes about making companions of their children, I feel that she and I would have much in common. To be companionable in its truest sense will form a bond between mother and child that will endure the test of many a temptation, and this should begin, I might say at birth. My best definition of companionship is truth, understanding sympathy and love.—Ed.

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DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have been a reader of dear old COMFORT for seven years and greatly enjoy the corner and Uncle Charlie's letters.

I live in the Western part of the Empire state where thousands of acres of wheat and corn are raised every year. In sight of here is beautiful Conesus Lake surrounded by hundreds of pretty cottages where many city people find rest and recreation in summer time.

I am twenty-eight years old, with dark hair, gray eyes and a sunny disposition. I was married last December and have a pleasant home and a kind-hearted husband, who has no bad habits and is always kind to horses and all dumb animals, and when he meets cripples and old people he thinks are needy, he always lends a helping hand.

Did any of the sisters ever try this remedy for cough and colds? I think it very good. To one teaspoonful of molasses add three tablespoonfuls of sharp vinegar, a small piece of butter and boil down thick. For removing wagon grease from clothing, rub with kerosene oil before washing.

I would be pleased to hear from any of the sisters and with best wishes to COMFORT, I remain,

MRS. A. C. BLACK, Groveland, E. R. 1, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Have you room for another Kansas sister? As this is my first attempt to write to you, I won't be surprised if "Billie the Goat" isn't hungry for some of Kansas' products and makes a meal of my letter.

Mrs. Wilkinson, please tell Uncle Charlie to come out here and then he won't have to live in a chicken coop, or give the sisters' and cousins' letters to "Billie" for his dessert.

I am glad Mrs. Mallory got a wheel chair. How my heart does ache for the poor shut-ins. When one has good health they should be satisfied.

Yes, Mrs. M. A. Barnhart, I agree with you. Be kind to the boys. I have just one child, a boy and he is my sunshine. I am never too busy to play with or try to entertain him in some way or other. For if we do not, as they grow older, they will seek their pleasures elsewhere.

We both love out-of-door life and we simply "run"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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A FLOCK OF INCUBATOR CHICKENS FULLY BROODED IN AN OUTDOOR BROODER.

ment is too slow, open the ventilators at the side of the incubator wider, and air the eggs a little longer each day when you have the trays out to turn the eggs. Reverse affairs if the development is too quick. It is better to run the machine a degree or two above the given temperature than below it, especially during the last few days.

After the morning of the twentieth day don't open the incubator until the hatch is over, or until late on the twenty-second day, and don't get nervous if the temperature runs to one hundred and four or even to one hundred and five; it is caused by the animal heat of the chicks, and will do them no harm. Turning down the lamp slightly will of course reduce the heat; but be very careful not to let it run below one hundred and three during the last twenty-four hours. Low temperature prolongs the hatch, weakens the chickens, and makes them susceptible to all sorts of ailments.

Individual outdoor brooders, I think, are the best, for in very cold weather they can stand in a light out-house. I used to monopolize the summer kitchen from February to April, and then have them placed out in the orchard. Placing an outdoor brooder under cover is really only for the convenience of the attendant, for they are storm proof. If you commence with an incubator that holds one hundred and twenty to one hundred and sixty eggs, you will require two brooders, and if in a cold or Northern locality, some small house which can be warmed during very cold weather, if you propose commencing to incubate in January. A brooder supposed to hold one hundred chickens will accommodate that number comfortably for about nine days, after which not more than fifty should be kept in it. Hence the necessity for two brooders. When the chicks are six weeks old in cold weather, and four weeks old in moderate weather, they can be

a given number of eggs per week at a uniform price all the year round? According to my idea, a seventy by nine foot house would be rather small for so large a flock, but it can be done if the strictest cleanliness is observed. Millet is good mixed with other small and cracked grains to be used as scratch feed, but I don't think that on your restricted acreage it will pay to grow it. Better give up the ground to rape, cabbage or some other green crop, which is more expensive to buy in small quantities, and imperatively necessary for the birds during the winter. What is more, I don't think it will pay to buy a separator, when only one cow is to be kept. Don't you think that a large vegetable garden, feed for a cow and a few hogs, is rather too much to expect from three acres? Of course, like the chicken house, it is possible that the land would have to be very rich and fertile, and extremely good management exercised to keep it up to such a high standard.

C. G. started with six hens, and has had extremely good fortune. She now has twenty-four hens, and got 2000 eggs in eight months, some of her hens having laid right through the moulting season, which, of course, is an extremely good record. But now she is in trouble. Some of her chickens have got wind-puff, and she thinks my advice, to cut the skin, is a very difficult way of curing it, and asks for an easier method. I am sorry to say that I know of no other cure, except to make a slight opening in the outer skin to allow the air to escape. The merest snip will do, and it is not at all difficult, so all I can advise you to do is to take your courage in hand and try it. You won't hesitate after the first operation. Remember, it is not like cutting into the flesh, or giving the bird any pain. It is just the outer skin that it is necessary to cut.

P. A. P.—The trouble must be in the way you keep the cream. If you use pans, let the milk stand for thirty-six hours in cold water; then skim, and put the cream into a stone jar, which should be kept standing in a running spring, or lowered into the well; or if you have a cold cellar, it can be placed in a pan of water deep enough to allow the water to come

A Submerged Mystery

A Detective Story

By Mary R. P. Hatch

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PART I.

THE night was dark and murky on the shore. The waves reared threateningly, with leaps and jumps, as if trying to reach the board walk, deserted except for one or two pedestrians and the policeman, who leaned against a pillar of the Clarendon House, where a gay party were having a supper with Mr. Luce of Annapolis.

Policeman Pierce, as he paced occasionally, between standing naps, past the hotel, had seen through the heavy plate glass window, to the dining-room where, at two contiguous tables, sat Mr. Luce, Mr. Connote, Mr. James Jackson, Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Neal and Miss Scranton—all of Annapolis.

It was accounted fortunate, in the light of after events, that the policeman had felt sufficiently interested in the party to saunter into the office and look at the names on the register. Mr. Luce, he said, had given him a cigar earlier in the evening, and so when he chanced to recognize him in the party with the beautiful young girl and her companion, he had considered it to be a relief to the usual monotony of his duties to look them up and watch their proceedings.

The older lady seemed to be the chaperon, he declared. At about ten o'clock, the party separated in the dining-room. Mr. Connote went away down the walk, presumably to his hotel. Mrs. Hopkins disappeared with one of her charges and presently the other came through a side door in the company of Mr. Luce.

She was cloaked, but wore no hat. Mr. Luce was in evening clothes. His cloak—a somewhat theatrical affair—flew open as the wind flapped against them and the policeman noted that he carried his hat in his hand. It became evident, in the few topics of conversation, that the couple were waiting for a roller chair and presently one appeared, with a pusher in charge. Probably Mr. Luce had telephoned for it, before leaving the hotel interior.

As Miss Neal came forward, the policeman had a complete and uninterrupted view of her face, for an electric light shined out near the exact spot where the chair stopped. He declared, when questioned afterward, that she looked worried. But Mr. Luce appeared happy, for he made a laughing remark about "old fogies" when he stepped into the chair, after having assisted his companion.

The pusher, who was well known to the policeman, gave him a sober wink, as he passed by with his charges and Pierce, supposing the incident closed, stepped back to his place by the column of the hotel, which was in an opposite direction to that taken by the roller chair.

But presently he heard bits of conversation and then a shot, followed by screams of fright, apparently all coming from the party who had just left the hotel. He rushed forward to the spot, but not until a man had darted away down the walk.

"Catch him!" cried the pusher. "He has shot the man!"

Miss Neal stood beside the chair. "Oh, who could it be?" "Why did he shoot him?" were her incoherent questions, while her face, so rosy with youth and health but a few minutes before, looked ghastly now.

As she saw the policeman speeding past, she caught him by the arm and cried, "You must help the pusher with Mr. Luce. He cannot carry him alone."

Pierce blew his whistle to summon any other member of the force who might be about, that stormy night, and then helped carry Mr. Luce to the hotel from where, presently, he was taken in an ambulance to the Hospital of St. Mary's.

Meanwhile Mrs. Hopkins had appeared and taken Miss Neal to her room, for by this time the poor girl was almost beside herself with grief or terror.

The next morning highly conjectured accounts of the affair appeared in all the city papers. According to some, Mr. Luce was the fiancé of Miss Neal; to others, he was a married man with a wife in Annapolis, where it appeared the parties all lived. But in the afternoon a well-written synopsis of the incident made its appearance, to the effect that Miss Neal was unengaged and Mr. Luce was an acquaintance only.

She had come to the Clarendon with friends and, meeting there Mr. Luce and his friends, had been invited to the supper party. Afterwards Mr. Luce had proposed a roller-chair, which Miss Neal alone had accepted.

The holdup was but an ordinary highwayman incident it was stated. The robber wore a mask, but the police believed they knew who he was and that he was a member of a gang which had committed similar depredations. Arrest would follow very soon in all probability.

And that was all the public knew of the matter for several days, except that Miss Neal lived with her guardian, Charles O. Norton of Annapolis and that she had gone with her friend to their home in Boston and so on to Atlantic City. But behind all this apparently simple statement there lurked a great mystery, of which members of the police were probing. They did not believe the wounded man's declaration that he had no suspicion of the identity of the one who had assaulted him. The pusher, detained as a witness, made the statement that when Mr. Luce fell to the sidewalk the assailant declared: "Before God, I didn't mean to, Frank," which statement implied that the assaulted man must know who attacked him, as his name, upon inquiry, appeared to be Frank Luce.

The pusher declared that until that moment, he had no conception as to the personality or names of either the gentleman or lady occupying the chair. He thought it strange that they should wish to go riding on such a night and so late, but fancied it was for a lark. He judged "high flyers" liked to do stunts like that," he said, although he did think the girl uncommonly pretty, modest and young, and wondered a little on her account.

Miss Neal's guardian was interviewed early in the morning, the second day after the shooting, just as he was about to sit down to breakfast. He declared shortly that the young lady mentioned was not in his charge, for she was in Boston, and he handed the detective a letter, which his ward had written to that effect.

"So you see you are greatly mistaken, and may as well let me out my breakfast," he said, nonchalantly breaking a roll and buttering it.

"But she may have changed her mind and gone with these friends to Atlantic City. Do you know them?"

"Never heard their names."

"Do you know all of Miss Neal's friends and acquaintances?"

"Only by hearsay."

"Could they have been using fictitious names?"

"Presumably they might. Undoubtedly they did not. If I were you, I would dismiss the matter from my mind and go to something more promising. My ward is with her friends in Boston. These people are no doubt of that variety christened known as 'no better than they ought to be.' I have work to do, directly I have had breakfast."

The detective, Wilbur Chandler, who had chanced to be at Atlantic City on the night of the shooting, and who considered himself rather clever, went away nonplussed. He had ridden two nights and a day to reach Annapolis to get in some advance work for the police head-

quarters, and he now seriously questioned if he would not better have remained in Boston.

He carried with him a subconscious picture of the magnificent library where Mr. Norton was eating his late breakfast, and of the large mansion set in ample grounds. Every detail carried out the idea he immediately formed of the owner's wealth and high standing.

One thing had taxed his mind for the few seconds of waiting for the appearance of Mr. Norton. It was the rows of books, all of them English classics; from Chaucer to Tennyson, evidently the fact that Mr. Norton was something of a Bibliomaniac.

Mr. Chandler was a University man himself and he had taken to his present vocation as the natural expression of the study of mankind, which interested him above all other matters. Intended by education and supposed natural preference, for a lawyer, he had incidentally unraveled one or two mysteries in which the Detective Bureau proved its inadequacy and as legal business was long in coming, he gradually drifted into the line of detective work. It was in this capacity he was acting at the present time, calling upon Mr. Norton. Although his interview promised no great results, he did not lose his interest in the case. Rather was it augmented by the difficulties surrounding it.

One thing only had he learned, it was that Mr. Norton believed his ward to be in Boston and accordingly was undisturbed by the tragic incidents of the shooting.

But Mr. Chandler knew there could be no mistake in her identity, for he had seen newspaper illustrations made of her at her "coming out" the year previous and recognized at once the newspaper portrait by the enterprising journal the day after the shooting.

He wondered at Mr. Norton's unconcern, but ascribed it to the "pigheadedness" of the scholar for whom, as a class, the young man had scant respect. Since Mr. Norton was hampered by the belief of her having gone straight to Boston, it was not strange perhaps.

Mr. Chandler decided to call at the hospital on the chance of being allowed to see Mr. Luce and this he did, as soon as he returned to Atlantic City.

It was believed now that the wounded man would recover, but for a few days perfect quietude was demanded by his condition, as the detective was informed by the hospital physician who came into the waiting room to see him.

He was a firm, large man, of the genial order, who had been a great man on the gridiron in his college days, and the detective conceived for him instant respect.

"I suppose," he said hesitatingly, "your patient has not talked of the affair to you?"

"On the contrary, he has told me emphatically that he has no idea of the identity of the man who shot him."

"But, the man said, 'I didn't mean to do it, Frank,' and Luce's name is Frank—Frank Luce. How is that to be accounted for?"

"Coincidence and imagination," replied the physician promptly. "Never so rampant as at such times. Of course you have wondered a great many times at the different accounts given at trials by apparently honest people concerning the same affair."

"But this particular policeman is not imaginative and is reliable to an unusual degree."

"Well, you must put that against the patient's assertion that the man who shot him was unknown to him. The very fact of his wearing a mask showed his fear of being recognized. Why, then, should he spoil it all by calling out to 'Frank' that he did not mean to do it?"

"It does seem absurd, but the very unlikelyness of it makes it all the more certain that Pierce did not imagine it," persisted the detective.

"Oh, you detective fellows see mountains in every molehill. But come, say the day after tomorrow, and you shall see Mr. Luce, if he is well enough by that time and I think he will be. That will be the sixth day and after the fifth there is not much chance for a relapse."

Mr. Chandler went away and he decided to see Miss Neal in the interim if possible. All his spare time had been spent in trying to get an interview with her, but in one way and another the matter had been warded off. He had seen Mrs. Hopkins and got the statement that Miss Neal knew nothing whatever of the man's identity, but this did not satisfy him.

So now he went again to the pretty suburban grounds where the young lady and her friend were staying, and turned into the gate which led into a little park, and which he might be pardoned for believing to be public property, although in point of fact he knew perfectly well that it belonged to the private grounds of the Hopkins.

The young man had paid some attention to his personal appearance that morning, and made a good impression upon the young lady who chanced to be at that moment sitting with a book in her hand on a bench, not far from the entrance. The foliage surrounding her was rather dense and gave her the advantage of seeing without being seen.

What she saw was a rather tall, broad-shouldered young man, whose smoothly shaven face was surrounded by a gleaming white Panama, under the brim of which were a pair of fine dark eyes and a closely shut mouth above a determined chin.

His gray clothes were well-fitting and not too new, his shoes well blacked and his hands brown, slim and snowy.

The impelling force of her interested gaze in a few seconds drew his wandering glance in her direction, finally focusing them on the very place where she sat. Next he caught the gleaming of white through the foliage and the girlish figure presently outlined itself and as such, invited his approach, for he hoped it might be Miss Neal herself. He approached courteously, hat in hand and was about to speak to her. But at this she arose hurriedly and retreated, as if poised for flight.

At that moment, Mr. Chandler had a full view of her face. He noted, first of all, its extreme sensitiveness, the mobile lips, the delicate color coming and going, the eyes dilated as if with fear, the flutter of her attitude, the clasping and unclasping of her hands and the structure of the lines of her throat.

"Such a girl," he thought, "must find life a terrible stress." But he was mistaken, for great good sense invariably overruled her emotions. So, on this occasion, she was able to say, evenly, "Did you wish to speak to me?"

"If I may, and if you are Miss Neal."

"I am Miss Neal," she replied with grave politeness, somewhat rare in a young woman.

"My name is Wilbur Chandler," he said, with some hesitation.

"Oh, then—then," she stopped, somewhat embarrassed.

"Yes," he said, smiling slightly, "the detec-



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tive who called upon Mrs. Hopkins, but I hope you will not refuse to talk with me because of that."

"But my friends have told me not to talk with anybody about the shooting."

"Not when it may help to discover the man who shot at you?"

"But he didn't shoot at me, and I don't think he meant to shoot Mr. Luce."

"But a man does not put on a mask and then shoot in that fashion, without intending it. Miss Neal, did he not tell you both to get out?"

"Yes, he said very gruffly, 'Get out of there, both of you.'"

"And did you offer him your purse?"

"Oh, that is a newspaper story. I was too frightened to speak. I simply scrambled out of the chair after Mr. Luce and just as he was shot, I heard the man say, 'I didn't mean to shoot!'"

"Did he say, 'Frank'?"

"I didn't notice."

"I wish you would try hard to remember if he said, 'I didn't mean to shoot you, Frank.'"

"Why, that would mean he meant to shoot me instead, would it not?" she said with a startled look.

This was a wholly new view of the matter and one which the detective, to his chagrin, had not thought of.

"Not necessarily," he said, "unless he emphasized the word 'you.'"

"I do not remember anything but what I have told you. I cannot say whether he did or did not say 'Frank.'"

"Have you ever heard Mr. Luce called by his given name?"

"Oh, yes, frequently. Mr. Jackson always calls him Frank, and so do others."

"Miss Neal," said Chandler with directness, but lowering his gaze somewhat, "will you tell me why you alone of the party went to ride with Mr. Luce that night when the weather was so inclement?"

"I did it because he seemed so taken aback when the others refused rather brusquely. I thought, 'He turned to me and said, 'I trust you won't throw me down, Miss Neal,' and I said, 'Certainly I will not, it will be great fun.' But really—"

"Really?"

"Really, I did not want to go. But you see, he had been most kind, given us a supper, and all that."

"And so you tried to make up for the impoliteness of the others?"

"Why yes, something of that kind, Mr. Chandler."

"It was like you," he said, and it was not an idle compliment, but said gravely, as if stating a fact, "for Mr. Chandler, a good reader of human nature, had seen at a glance the extreme kindness of the young girl and what had seemed so dense to the police was all plain to him now. Indeed, there had been many an innuendo thrown out which she herself would scarcely have understood."

That she had not, was her great good fortune, but it was plain to him now that no question

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of intrigue or jealousy entered into the affair, so far as she was concerned. This, however, only increased the mystery.

A few seconds of conversation regarding the book that she had been reading were yet enough to convince each of a community of ideas and then the young man arose to leave, but not without cudgeling his brain for an excuse to see her again.

None occurred, however, but to his delight she said hesitatingly:

"Did you not say you were to see Mr. Luce soon?"

"Yes."

"Will you—would it be too much trouble to let me know how he is and what he says of the man who shot him? He would know whether the man called him 'Frank'."

"Shall I write or call?"

"Oh, call please."

"But I am afraid they would not let me see you."

"They have no right to prevent my knowing things, but I am usually here at this time of day."

"I will call here," he replied, and he succeeded in making his manner a matter of fact as his words, but his heart thumped in a manner new to the keen young lawyer-detective, as he went down the street, after lightly vaulting the low hedge which guarded the lower end of the park. When he separated from Miss Neal, Wilbur

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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RUBY'S REWARD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

this was going to happen?" and tears of mingled anger and regret rolled over her cheeks.

"Uncle Ralph knew that I wanted to be an architect, Mrs. Coxon, and he was willing I should study for it," Walter said, to comfort her. "Of course; but he would have helped you to it in a decent manner. He never would have thrust you out of the house that has been your home for so many years."

"I know; but really I prefer to go away, Mrs. Coxon."

"I can't blame you, after the way you've been treated; but you wouldn't have preferred to go if the master was alive."

"No, there would have been no need," the young man said, sadly.

"There should be no need now," was the indignant retort. "I tell you, Walter," dropping her voice, and glancing around to see that no one would overhear, "I am almost sure that a good big slice of the old gentleman's property rightly belongs to you. If ever I saw anything that looked like a will, that document that I signed for him looked like one."

"I am afraid you were mistaken, Mrs. Coxon," Walter answered, thoughtfully, "and it does no good to get excited over the matter. No will could be found, you know, but even if Uncle Ralph did make one, he might have destroyed it afterward, thinking it would be wronging Edmund to will his property away to a stranger."

"Stranger, indeed! Why, Mr. Carpenter just set his eyes on you."

"Yes, I think he was fond of me, and I am sure I could not have loved him better if I had been his own son."

"And you ought to have a son's portion. There's money enough goodness knows, for you to have a handsome slice, and wrong nobody."

"Well, regrets are useless. The fact remains, I have nothing. I am only a poor fellow, who will henceforth have to look out for number one," said Walter, trying to smile, but feeling heavy at heart, nevertheless.

"I can't bear to have you give up college," replied Mrs. Coxon, stifling a sob. Then, looking up suddenly, she added: "I've saved up something, Master Walter. If you will only take it, and keep on, I'd be prouder than I can tell you."

"I couldn't," he answered, flushing; but deeply touched by the affection that had prompted the offer, "I should not feel right to take your money, Mrs. Coxon, though I thank you for your kind interest in me. It would put me back in my profession, too, if I should spend two years more at college. I must get at the real business of life as soon as possible. I mean to do the very best that I can, and if there is any talent in me, I intend to make it count for something."

"Of course you will. I am not a bit afraid but that you'll come out at the 'top of the heap' yet," said the good woman with an affectionate glance into the earnest face before her; "and if you ever want any help or ever get into any trouble come to me. I'll always be a friend to you. And mind, you are to bring me all your mending. I'll look out for your clothes—that's the very least that I can do—and 'wouldn't seem natural not to have the handling of them after I'd done it for so many years."

"You are very good to me, Mrs. Coxon, and I know I shall miss you and your many favors every day," said Walter, a tear starting to his eyes.

"It breaks my old heart to have you leave the house," moaned the housekeeper, with a sudden burst of tears; "but you'll come and see me, won't you, once in a while?"

"Yes, of course I will. I have too few friends to be willing to desert the very best one that I have left," the young man answered, heartily, though his lip quivered suspiciously over the words.

It was very hard to go out forever from that elegant home, where he had been so happy—where every wish had been gratified, and spend his future among strangers, who had no interest in him, no affection for him.

But almost anything would be preferable to the treatment he had received since Mr. Carpenter's

death, by which he had been made to feel that he was an alien and an intruder; and the memory of this event went far toward arming him with courage and energy for the hard life which he knew was before him.

CHAPTER V.

THE GIRL OF HIS DREAMS.

At seven sharp on Monday morning Walter presented himself in the office of Mr. Conant, who immediately accompanied him to the block, where he was introduced to Mr. Wayland, the master-builder, and set regularly to work as an apprentice.

We cannot follow him through the year that ensued; one or two incidents will serve as links in our story, and show something of the struggles through which he passed, and the success which he attained.

He did not like the carpenter's trade any better than he had anticipated. It was hard, rough work, and not at all suited to his taste; but Mr. Conant had said that it would be an important stepping stone toward the goal which he was seeking, so he threw his whole heart into the business, determined to master it in all its details, in order that he might apply its principles to his future profession.

The first three months were indeed very trying ones to him, and he found that he did not care for much but sleep and rest after his day's work was done, even as Mr. Conant had said.

He was lame and sore in every joint; his hands were bruised and cut, and scratched from contact with rough boards, and the awkward use of implements to which he was so unaccustomed, and looked little like those delicate members, which for years had been white and soft as a woman's, and of which he had been not a little proud.

But these were minor trials, and being possessed of a strong constitution and a splendid physique, he gradually became more used to his work, and soon learned how to favor himself. His muscles toughened, his sinews strengthened, until at length he began to glory in the new powers that were being developed within him, and to experience something of the dignity and nobility of labor, albeit his tastes were not exactly suited thereby.

After a time he began to feel the old ambition to get on faster rising within him, and one night he presented himself at Mr. Conant's house and requested that he might have something given him for evening occupation.

The architect, who had been watching his progress with great interest, and was well pleased with the way he had conducted himself, willingly complied with his request, gave him a key to his office, where he could work comfortably, and began to initiate him in the more intricate mysteries of his profession.

This was work that just suited our young hero, and as time passed, he became more and more inspired with a love for his business; his enthusiasm waxed stronger, while he began to appreciate the wisdom that had directed him to master the fundamental principles of construction.

Mr. Conant was surprised at the rapid strides that he made, and soon allowed him to assist him upon his plans, and often consulted him regarding points that required a good deal of thought and judgment.

Toward the last of the year Mr. Conant contracted to prepare plans and superintend the building of an elegant new residence, that was to be erected upon the banks of the Schuylkill and not far from Fairmount Park, the beautiful public grounds of the city.

There was upon the plans considerable work that Mr. Conant allowed Walter to share with him, and it was not long before the young man became absorbed in it, and devoted so much time to it that his employer began to fear that his health would suffer from such close application. But his enthusiasm did not abate until the designs were completed, and then he was as fa-

mililar with every detail as the great architect himself.

Mr. Conant had promised that they should be delivered to the owner upon a certain day; but he found that he should be obliged to be out of town at that time, so he requested Walter to take them to a certain street and number, with a message to the effect that he would call upon his return and explain anything that might not appear plain to the gentleman.

The young man was very proud of his commission, and started forth in high spirits; but what was his surprise upon ascending the steps of the mansion to which he had been directed, to find himself before the very door from which had issued the attractive maiden whom he had encountered that day when he had first started forth "to seek his fortune," and who had so entranced him with her sweet song, and whose beautiful face still haunted many of his waking and dreaming hours.

He knew that the name of the gentleman who was about to build was Gordon, but he had not associated him in any way with the lovely girl whom he had often longed to meet, but whom he had never seen since that bright summer day.

He mounted the marble steps with quickened heartbeats at this unexpected discovery, and rang the bell.

A servant answered the call. "Walter inquired for Mr. Gordon, and was shown into the library, where the gentleman sat reading by a handsome table in the center of the room."

He delivered Mr. Conant's message, and handed the plans to him, whereupon the gentleman cast aside his paper and was instantly all attention and interest.

"Sit down a moment, young man," he said, waving Walter to a chair: "I would like just to glance at them; and then I may have some message I would like to send back to Mr. Conant."

Walter obeyed, and took the chair offered him. Glancing around him, he noticed that the room was most luxuriously furnished, and that there were evidences of great wealth all about him. The many books in their rich bindings and elegantly carved cases, the choice pictures upon the walls, and costly busts of great authors, scattered here and there, all spoke of abundant means.

Mr. Gordon had become absorbed in his plans, and the stillness was becoming awkward and oppressive to Walter, when all at once, from somewhere above, there came the sound of a fresh young voice trilling a popular opera air.

He flushed to his temples, and his heart gave a sudden bound.

He instantly recognized the voice, and it made him long to look once more into the lovely face of its owner.

"These plans are certainly very attractive, Mr. Richardson," Mr. Gordon observed, looking up just then; "but I wish Mr. Conant could have come himself this evening, for there are some questions I would like to ask him—some things that I do not quite understand. However, I suppose I can go down to his office any day and he will make everything plain to me."

"Perhaps I can tell you, sir," Walter said, rising, and moving toward the table. "I assisted Mr. Conant about the plans, and am quite familiar with them."

Mr. Gordon seemed well pleased at this intelligence, moved a chair to the table for him, and for an hour kept him busy explaining and talking over various matters connected with the new residence he was contemplating.

Just as Walter arose to go, there came a light step, and a rustle outside the library door; then a gentle tap.

"Robert, may I come in?" queried a sweet voice, and without waiting for a reply, the door swung open, and a vision of loveliness appeared upon the threshold.

Walter stood spellbound.

The beautiful girl of whom he had been dreaming for months appeared like a framed picture in the doorway.

She was clad in a misty dress of white tulle and lace, looking as if she had suddenly dropped to earth from some fairy cloud.

The light, airy costume suited her delicate style of beauty to perfection, and her only ornaments were sprays of dark-green feathery ferns,

that made a charming contrast, and nodded and quivered with every movement of her graceful figure.

"Excuse me, Robert," she said, flushing, and drawing back, as she met Walter's admiring eyes, and recognized him instantly; "I did not know you had company."

"Never mind, Ruby; you know I told you to come to me before you went out," replied Mr. Gordon, turning to the bright vision, with a smile. "You look like a fairy fresh from some mountain dell, and if I were going to Mrs. White's lawn party, I should claim you for at least half a dozen dances. But, pardon me," he added, turning to Walter, who stood irresolute and embarrassed before the beautiful apparition. "Mr. Richardson, allow me to introduce my sister, Miss Gordon."

Walter bowed low, and Miss Gordon swept him the prettiest little courtesy imaginable, while she expressed her pleasure at the meeting.

Then she turned again to her brother and asked, wistfully:

"Can't you come up to Mrs. White's by and by, Robert? You know I enjoy dancing with you better than anyone else, and I'll save half a dozen dances for you, if you like."

Mr. Gordon laughed heartily. "What would all your young admirers say, petite, if they could hear that, I wonder—to prefer a gray-headed elder brother to the gallant beaux of the day?"

"Tis the fashion to admire old things nowadays, you know," she retorted, archly; then added, "but, truly, you always fit your step to mine so nicely. I won't interrupt you any further, though, that is, if you think I'll do," she continued, demurely, but with a shy glance, as if she were half-ashamed to have anyone know that she had come for her brother's approval of her costume before going out.

There was a world of tenderness in the strong man's face as his eyes rested upon her—and, truly, she was as lovely as a dream.

"You always do, Ruby; but, really, I believe I never saw you quite so pretty before," he added, fondly; then added, with a mischievous glance at Walter's earnest face, "and I am sure I am not the only one who will think so tonight. Has Mr. Carpenter come for you yet?"

Walter started at the sound of that name. "No; but I am expecting him every moment. There, that must be his ring now, and I must run for my wrap. Good by, Robert. I wish you would come later. Good evening, Mr. Richardson." And with another bewitching glance and bow, pretty Ruby Gordon vanished from the room.

"You must excuse this little domestic play, Mr. Richardson," said Mr. Gordon, turning to Walter, as she disappeared, while a tender smile still lingered on his lips; "but I have no children, and I have always made a pet of my young sister. I must confess to a weakness for liking to see her at her prettiest, so it has been my custom to have her come to me whenever she is dressed for company. But I thank you for giving me so much of your time this evening. I fear that I have detained you longer than I ought."

"Indeed I am very glad to have been able to explain your plans to you, and I am at your service at any time, if Mr. Conant should be engaged, and I can render you any further assistance," Walter replied, as he bowed himself out and turned to leave the house.

In the hall he encountered Edmund Carpenter face to face.

So it was Edmund, after all, as he had feared, who was to escort Miss Gordon to Mrs. White's lawn party, and a thrill of pain shot through his heart at this confirmation of his fears.

Young Carpenter seemed much surprised to see Walter there, and the old frown of annoyance clouded his face as he recognized him.

He had not seen him since he had told him that he could not accept his offer but had decided to take his future into his own hands.

"Very well," he had coldly replied; "I suppose there is nothing to prevent your doing as you please," and that was all that had been said upon the subject.

Now, however, curiosity prompted him to stop

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

DAVID HARUM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

that he should not go down to the office, and the suggestion had been met with so irritable a negative as to excite his wonder.

It was a day in the latter part of March. The winter had been unusually severe, and lingered into spring with a heart-sickening tenacity, occasional hints of clemency and promise being followed by retrogressions which were as irritating as a personal affront.

John had held to his work in the office, if not with positive enthusiasm, at least with industry, and thought that he had made some progress. On the day in question the managing clerk commented briefly but favorably on something of his which was satisfactory, and, such experiences being rare, he was conscious of a feeling of mild elation. He was also cherishing the anticipation of a call at Sixty-ninth Street, where, for reasons unnecessary to recount, he had not been for a week. At dinner that night his father seemed more inclined than for a long time to keep up a conversation which, though of no special import, was cheerful in comparison with the silence which had grown to be almost the rule, and the two men sat for a while over the coffee and cigars. Presently, however, the elder rose from the table, saying pleasantly, "I suppose you are going out tonight."

"Not if you'd like me to stay in," was the reply. "I have no definite engagement."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Lenox, "not at all, not at all," and as he passed his son on the way out of the room he put out his hand and taking John's, said, "Good night."

As John stood for a moment rather taken aback, he heard his father mount the stairs to his room. He was puzzled by the unexpected and unusual occurrence, but finally concluded that his father, realizing how taciturn they had become of late, wished to resume their former status, and this view was confirmed to his mind by the fact that they had been more companionable than usual that evening, albeit nothing of any special significance had been said.

As has been stated, a longer interval than usual had elapsed since John's last visit to Sixty-ninth Street, a fact which had been commented on by Mr. Carling, but not mentioned between the ladies. When he found himself at that hospitable house on that evening, he was greeted by Miss Blake alone.

"Julius did not come down tonight, and my sister is with him," she said, "so you will have to put up with my society—unless you'd like me to send up for Alice. Julius is strictly en retraite, I should say."

"Don't disturb her, I beg," protested John, laughing, and wondering a bit at the touch of coquetry in her speech, something unprecedented in his experience of her, "if you are willing to put up with my society. I hope Mr. Carling is not ill?"

They seated themselves as she replied: "No, nothing serious, I should say. A bit of a cold, I fancy; and for a fortnight he has been more nervous than usual. The changes in the weather have been so great and so abrupt that they have worn upon his nerves. He is getting very uneasy again. Now, after spending the winter, and when spring is almost at hand, I believe that if he could make up his mind where to go he would be for setting off tomorrow."

"Really?" said John, in a tone of dismay. "Quite so," she replied with a nod.

"But," he objected, "it seems too late or too early. Spring may drop in upon us any day. Isn't this something very recent?"

"It has been developing for a week or ten days," she answered, "and symptoms have indicated a crisis for some time. In fact," she added, with a little vexed laugh, "we have talked of nothing for a week but the advantages and disadvantages of Florida, California, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia at large; besides St. Augustine, Monterey, Santa Barbara, Alhambra, Asheville, Hot Springs, Old Point Comfort, Bermuda, and I don't know how many other places, not forgetting Atlantic City and Lakewood, and only not Barbados and the Sandwich Islands because nobody happened to think of them. Julius," remarked Miss Blake, "would have given a forenoon to the discussion of those two places as readily as to any of the others."

"Can't you talk him along into warm weather?" suggested John, with rather a mirthless laugh. "Don't you think that if the weather were to change for good, as it's likely to do almost any time now, he might put off going till the usual summer sitting?"

"The change in his mind will have to come pretty soon if I am to retain my mental faculties," she declared. "He might possibly, but I am afraid not," she said, shaking her head. "He has the idea fixed in his mind, and considerations of the weather here, while they got him started, are not now so much the question. He has the moving fever, and I am afraid it will have to run its course. I think," she said, after a moment, "that if I were to formulate a special anathema, it would be, 'May traveling seize you!'"

"Or restlessness," suggested John.

"Yes," she said, "that's more accurate, perhaps, but it doesn't sound quite so smart. Julius is in that state of mind when the only place that seems desirable is somewhere else."

"Of course you will have to go," said John mournfully.

"Oh, yes," she replied, with an air of compulsory resignation. "I shall not only have to go, of course, but I shall probably have to decide where in order to save my mind. But it will certainly be somewhere, so I might as well be packing my trunks."

"And you will be away indefinitely, I suppose?"

"Yes, I imagine so."

"Dear me!" John ejaculated in a dismal tone. They were sitting as described on a former occasion, and the young woman was engaged upon the second (perhaps the third, or even the fourth) of the set of dollies to which she had committed herself. She took some stitches with a composed air, without responding to her companion's exclamation.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said presently, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, his hands hanging in an attitude of unmistakable dejection, and staring fixedly into the fire.

"I am very sorry myself," she said, bending her head a little closer over her work. "I think I like being in New York in the spring better than at any other time; and I don't at all fancy the idea of living in my trunks again for an indefinite period."

"I shall miss you horribly," he said, turning his face toward her.

Her eyes opened with a lift of the brows, but whether the surprise so indicated was quite genuine is a matter for conjecture.

"Yes," he declared desperately, "I shall, indeed."

"I should fancy you must have plenty of other friends," she said, fushing a little, "and I have wondered sometimes whether Julius's demands upon you were not more confident than warranted, and whether you wouldn't often rather have gone elsewhere than to come here to play cards with him." She actually said this as if she meant it.

"Do you suppose—" he exclaimed, and checked himself. "No," he said, "I have come because—well, I've been only too glad to come, and—I suppose it has got to be a habit," he added, rather lamely. "You see, I've never known any people in the way I have known you. It has seemed to me more like home life than anything I've ever known. There has never been anyone but my father and I, and you can have no idea what it has been to me to be allowed to come here as I have, and—oh, you must know."

He hesitated, and instantly she advanced her point.

Her face was rather white, and the hand which lay upon the work in her lap trembled a little, while she clasped the arm of the chair with the other; but she broke in upon his hesitation with an even voice:

"It has been very pleasant for us all, I'm sure," she said, "and, frankly, I'm sorry that it must be interrupted for a while, but that is about all there is of it, isn't it? We shall probably be back not later than October, I should say, and then you can renew your contests with Julius and your controversies with me."

Her tone and what she said recalled to him their last night on board the ship, but there was no relenting on this occasion. He realized that for a moment he had been on the verge of telling the girl that he loved her, and he realized too, that she had divined his impulse and prevented the disclosure; but he registered a vow that he would know before he saw her again whether he might consistently tell her his love, and win or lose upon the touch.

Miss Blake made several inaccurate efforts to introduce her needle at the exact point desired and when that endeavor was accomplished broke the silence by saying, "Speaking of 'October,' have you read the novel? I think it is charming."

"Yes," said John, with his vow in his mind, but not sorry for the diversion, "and I enjoyed it very much. I thought it was immensely clever, but I confess that I didn't quite sympathize with the love affairs of a hero who was past forty, and I must also confess that I thought the girl was, well—to put it in plain English—a fool."

Mary laughed, with a little quaver in her voice. "Do you know," she said, "that sometimes it seems to me that I am older than you are?"

"I know you're awfully wise," said John with a laugh, and from that their talk drifted off into the safer channels of their usual intercourse until he rose to say good night.

"Of course, we shall see you again before we go," she said as she gave him her hand.

"Oh," he declared, "I intend regularly to haunt the place."

CHAPTER XI.

When John came down the next morning his father, who was, as a rule, the most punctual of men, had not appeared. He went to the paper and sat down to wait. Ten minutes passed, fifteen, twenty. He rang the bell. "Have you heard my father this morning?" he said to Jeffrey, remembering for the first time that he himself had not.

"No, sir," said the man. "He must generally cooahs a little in the morning, but I don't think I heard him this morning, sir."

"Go up and see why he doesn't come down," said John, and a moment later he followed the servant up-stairs, to find him standing at the chamber door with a frightened face.

"He must be very sound asleep, sir," said Jeffrey. "He hasn't answered to my knockin' for a callin' sir." John tried the door. He found the chain bolt on, and it opened but a few inches.

"Father!" he called, and then again, louder. He turned almost unconsciously to Jeffrey, and found his own apprehensions reflected in the man's face. "We must break in the door," he said. "Now, together!" and the bolt gave way.

His father lay as if asleep. "Go for the doctor at once! Bring him back with you. Run!" he cried to the servant. Custom and instinct said, "Send for the doctor," but he knew in his heart that no ministrations would ever reach the still figure on the bed, upon which, for the moment, he could not look. It was but a few minutes (how long such minutes are!) before the doctor came—Doctor Willis, who had brought John into the world, and had been a lifelong friend of both father and son. He went swiftly to the bed, without speaking, and made a brief examination, while John watched him with fascinated eyes; and as the doctor finished, the son dropped on his knees by the bed, and buried his face in it. The doctor crossed the room to Jeffrey, who was standing in the door with an awestricken face, and in a low voice gave him some directions. Then, as the man departed, he first glanced at the kneeling figure and next looked searchingly about the room. Presently he went over to the grate in which were the ashes of an extinct fire, and, taking the poker, pressed down among them and covered over a three- or four-ounce vial. He had found what he was looking for.

There is no need to speak of the happenings of the next few days, nor is it necessary to touch at any length upon the history of some of the weeks and months which ensued upon this crisis in John Lenox's life, at a time when it seemed to him that everything he had ever cared for had been taken, and yet, with that unreason which may perhaps be more easily understood than accounted for, the one thing upon which his mind most often dwelt was that he had had no answer to his note to Mary Blake. We know what happened to her missive. It turned up long afterward in the pocket of Master Jacky Carling's overcoat; so long afterward that John, as far as Mary was concerned, had disappeared altogether. The discovery of Jacky's dereliction explained to her, in part at least, why she had never seen him or heard from him after that last evening at Sixty-ninth Street. The Carlings went away some ten days later, and she did, in fact, send another note to his house address, asking him to see them before their departure; but John had considered himself fortunate in getting the house off his hands to a tenant who would assume the lease if given possession at once, and had gone into the modest apartment which he occupied during the rest of his life in the city, and so the second communication failed to reach him. Perhaps it was as well. Some weeks later he walked up to the Carlings' house one Sunday afternoon, and saw that it was closed, as he had expected. By an impulse which was not part of his original intention—which was, indeed, pretty nearly aimless—he was moved to ring the doorbell; but the maid, a stranger to him, who opened the door could tell him nothing of the family's whereabouts, and Mr. Betts (the house man in charge) was "out." So John retraced his steps with a feeling of disappointment wholly disproportionate to his hopes or expectations so far as he had defined them to himself, and never went back again.

He has never had much to say of the months that followed. It came to be the last of October. An errand from the office had sent him to General Wolsey, of the Mutual Trust Company, of whom mention has been made by David Harum. The general was an old friend of the elder Lenox, and knew John well and kindly. When the latter had discharged his errand and was about to go, the general said: "Wait a minute. Are you in a hurry? If not, I want to have a little talk with you."

"Not specially," said John.

"Sit down," said the general, pointing to a chair. "What are your plans? I see you are still in the Carleys' office, but from what you told me last summer I conclude that you are there because you have not found anything more satisfactory."

"That is the case, sir," John replied. "I can't be idle, but I don't see how I can keep on as I am going now, and I have been trying for months to find something by which I can earn a living. I am afraid," he added, "that it will be a longer time than I can afford to wait before I shall be able to do that out of the law."

"If you don't mind my asking," said the general, "what are your resources? I don't think you told me more than to give me to understand that your father's affairs were at a pretty low ebb. Of course, I do not wish to pry into your affairs."

"Not at all," John interposed; "I am glad

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to tell you, and thank you for your interest. I have about two thousand dollars, and there is some silver and odds and ends of things stored. I don't know what their value might be—not very much, I fancy—and there were a lot of mining stocks and that sort of thing which have no value so far as I can find out—no available value at any rate. There is also a tract of half-wild land somewhere in Pennsylvania. There is coal on it, I believe, and some timber; but Melig, my father's manager, told me that all the large timber had been cut. So far as available value is concerned, the property is about as much of an asset as the mining stock, with the disadvantage that I have to pay taxes on it."

"H'm," said the general, tapping the desk with his eyeglasses. "H'm—well, I should think if you lived very economically you would have about enough to carry you through till you can be admitted, provided you feel that the law is your vocation," he added, looking up.

"It was my father's idea," said John, "and if I were so situated that I could go on with it, I would. But I am so doubtful with regard to my aptitude that I don't feel as if I ought to use up what little capital I have, and some years of time, on a doubtful experiment, and so I have been looking for something else to do."

"Well," said the general, "if you were very much interested—that is, if you were anxious to proceed with your studies—I should advise you to go on, and at a pinch I should be willing to help you out, but, feeling as you do, I hardly know what to advise. I was thinking of you," he went on, "before you came in, and was intending to send for you to come in to see me."

He took a letter from his desk. "It is from an old acquaintance of mine by the name of Harum, who lives in Homeville, Freeland County. He is a sort of a banker there, and has written me to recommend someone to take the place of his manager or cashier whom he is sending away. It's rather a queer move, I think, but then," said the general with a smile, "Harum is a queer customer in some ways of his own. There is his letter. Read it for yourself."

The letter stated that Mr. Harum had had some trouble with his cashier and wished to replace him, and that he would prefer someone from out of the village who wouldn't know every man, woman, and child in the whole region, and "blab everything right and left." "I should want," wrote Mr. Harum, "to have the young man know something about bookkeeping and so

on, but I should not insist upon his having been through a trainer's hands. In fact, I would rather break him in myself, and if he's willing and sound and no vice, I can get him into shape. I will pay a thousand to start on, and if he draws and travels all right, may be better in the long run," etc. John handed back the letter with a slight smile, which was reflected in the face of the general. "What do you think of it?" asked the latter.

"I should think it might be very characteristic," remarked John.

"Yes," said the general, "it is, to an extent. You see he writes pretty fair English, and he can, on occasion, talk as he writes, but usually, either from habit or choice, he uses the most unmitigated dialect. But what I meant to ask you was, what do you think of the proposal?"

"You mean as an opportunity for me?" asked John.

"Yes," said General Wolsey, "I thought of you at once."

"Thank you very much," said John. "What would be your idea?"

"Well," was the reply, "I am inclined to think I should write to him if I were you, and I will write to him about you if you so decide. You have had some office experience, you told me—enough, I should say, for a foundation, and I don't believe that Harum's books and accounts are very complicated."

John did not speak, and the general went on: "Of course, it will be a great change from almost everything you have been used to, and I dare say that you may find the life, at first at least, pretty dull and irksome. The stipend is not very large, but it is large for the country, where your expenses will be light. In fact, I'm rather surprised at his offering so much. At any rate, it is a living for the present, and may lead to something better. The place is a growing one, and more than that, Harum is well off, and keeps more irons in the fire than one, and if you get on with him you may do well."

"I don't think I should mind the change so much," said John, "but, really, my present life is so different in almost every way from what it used to be, and I think I feel it in New York more even than I might in a country village; but the venture seems a little like burning my bridges."

"Well," replied the general, "if the experiment should turn out a failure for any reason, you won't be very much more at a loss than at

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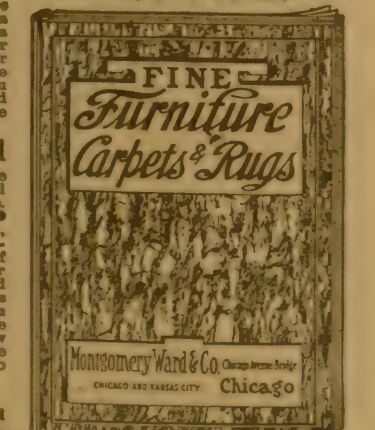
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The Pretty Girls' Club

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Increase Your Chest Measurement

If you wish to have a thirty-eight instead of a thirty-two chest measure, read this article carefully as you will find in it many hints that will be of benefit to you in this battle for a broad, deep chest.

In the first place, it is of the utmost importance that you learn to stand straight. There is no beauty or grace of the body that an upright posture cannot heighten. On the other hand a woman can mar or obscure her good looks by simply standing incorrectly.

A great many women think they are standing straight when they throw the shoulders back and tip the chin up, but totally overlook the fact that they habitually droop the torso at the hips; throwing the abdomen forward. This throws the whole body out of balance, is a great strain upon the spine and gives one an ungraceful carriage.

The physical culture way of standing is to bear the weight of the body upon the balls of the feet, holding the chest high and drawing the abdomen in. The head is held erect and the chin slightly tilted. The arms hang from the shoulders and the weight of the shoulders is not borne by the chest as is the usual way. The physical culture girl does not rest the shoulders on the chest bone as it were. She knows that the backbone is built for the purpose of carrying the weight of the shoulders and arms. In this way the muscles of the chest are developed and the enlargement of the chest itself made sure.

If you will hold the body in this graceful position all the day long, whether sitting or walking, you will find the daily duties will not fatigue you. The reason that so many women suffer from pains in the back and limbs is because they make some muscles do double work and usually in a strained position, while other muscles are left in absolute idleness.

You can easily see, girls, that it is important to cultivate a correct position of the body if you want to have a good bust measurement and be minus unnecessary aches and pains. Incidentally, the little maiden who learns to stand correctly is always extremely graceful!

Now I will give you a few exercises, which, if practiced daily, will be the means of giving you a broad deep chest. These exercises should always be taken with as little clothing on as possible and that entirely loose.

The following chest exercise comes to us from Paris and a well-known physical culture doctor in that frivolous city is quoted as saying that it "does wonders for sunken chests and thin throats and strengthens the vocal cords!" Aren't you anxious to try it?

Parisian Method of Developing Chest

Throw a heavy rug on floor and lie down on it flat on your back. See that your arms and legs are perfectly straight and rest on the floor. Now raise the upper half of your body to a sitting posture, without aid of arms or legs. It will be a great temptation to help yourself slightly with elbows or feet but I can trust you not to "sneak" as the small boys say. If you will go through this exercise ten times every day you will soon note a decided increase in your chest measurement.

Series of Chest Exercises

Number 1. Stand erect with head up, shoulders drawn backward and downward, arms full length at sides, heels together and abdomen drawn well in. Now firmly grip the extreme ends of an umbrella, raise arms high in mid-air and take a deep full breath while counting ten. Hold breath for three counts and pull hard with the hands as though endeavoring to pull the stick apart in the center, pulling the left hand over to the left side until the arm is stretched at its fullest length down at the left side of the body, while the right hand is high over the head in mid-air. At this point exhale and inhale again, counting six. Now repeat exercise, pulling with the right hand this time. Relax and come back to original position, with the stick held horizontally over the head, and exhale through the mouth while counting five. This exercise can be gone through with only four or five times to start with but after you are accustomed to it you can repeat until tired.

Exercise 2

Assume the same position as in exercise No. 1, but this time you grip the umbrella the width of the chest apart, arms stretched rigidly downward at their fullest length in front of the body. Inhale through the nose, counting seven, and while holding the breath for five counts, slowly raise the umbrella straight outward and upward over the top of the head and as far back as possible then, with a downward sweep of the elbows lower the stick until it rests upon the upper part of the shoulders back of the neck. At this point relax and exhale through the mouth while counting seven. Inhale again immediately, and, while holding the breath for five counts, raise the umbrella firmly over the head with an upward and forward movement; then over and downward until the hands reach the original position in front of the body. Now relax and exhale through the mouth to the count of six.

This exercise may be practiced five or six times daily.



REACH AROUND THE BACK AND GRIP THE HANDS TIGHTLY.

Exercise 3

Stand erect as described in Exercise No. 1. Reach around the back and grip the hands tightly at their fullest reach. Now inhale through the nose, counting six, and while holding the breath for four counts, raise the clasped hands straight upward as far as possible (keeping the head erect) and pump them up and down. Now relax and rest for a second before trying it a second time.

While this exercise develops the chest, it also draws every line away from the neck and throat,

and squares and broadens the shoulders. Particular care must be given to the breathing in order to obtain the best results.

Exercise 4

Stand firmly upon both feet in front of an open window and lift the arms. As you do this take a deep full breath. Now lower the arms and exhale. Do all this very slowly. Fifteen minutes of this exercise will prove invigorating. It develops the bust and broadens the shoulders rapidly.

Questions and Answers

E. E.—To make the shampoo you mention, you must hammer the root until it looks like shredded moss. You then throw two handfuls of the crushed root into a china basin and pour over it two and one-half quarts of boiling water. Let stand for twelve minutes, then strain. Shampoo the head with the clear liquid, using no soap, borax or extra water.

Maggie.—Peroxide of Hydrogen will bleach your hair but I hope you will not try it. You might be able to bleach your switch also but I think this work would have to be done by a professional.

M. M. M., Huron Co., Bertine, Mrs. W., Texas.—Massage and a daily steaming over a kettle of hot water will fade the mark slightly. Scars are not easily banished unless electricity is used and this work requires a skilled operator.

Mrs. Fannie, Tessa, Mrs. S., Unhappy Girl, Anxious, and others.—You can easily develop your bust if you are willing to massage it for twenty minutes every day with cocoa-butter. Before the massage bathe bust in very hot water, offer the massage, dash on quantities of cold water. As you refuse to take milk, olive oil, etc., in order to gain flesh, the only thing left for you to do is to develop your limbs by physical culture exercises. If you will read my monthly articles on this subject, you will find exercises that will fill your need.

Mary D., Exie, G. B., Mrs. W. B. S., California Girl and others.—I hardly know what your question was. Do you want to gain or lose flesh? If the former, you should take two table-spoonsful of olive oil after every meal, drink quantities of liquid—milk and water—and cultivate a taste for sweets. If you wish an exercise for reducing the waist and hips, refer to my articles on physical culture now appearing in this department.

Ida, Old Subscriber, Vanity, Miss X. Y. Z., and others.—See my reply to Mrs. Fannie. Yellow hands are not very attractive and I must help you to get rid of them. Every night coat them thickly with the following hand paste and then draw on a loose pair of cotton gloves and run off to bed. In a few days your hands should be beautifully soft and white.

Hand Paste

Myrrh, one ounce; honey, four ounces; yellow wax, two ounces; rose water, six ounces. Melt the white in a double boiler, add the myrrh—powdered—while hot; beat thoroughly together, then stir in the honey and rosewater, and sufficient glycerine, little by little to make a "spreadable paste".

Miss Lottie, Mabel, Rosa Lee, M. F. W., Blue Eyes, B. B. F., Anxious Girl.—Following is a treatment for reducing a large bust but I do not recommend it. Rub the breasts every night with this pomade.

Astringent

Aristol, two grams; white vaseline, thirty grams; essence of peppermint, ten drops. Then cover them with compresses wet with this lotion.

Alum, two grams; acetate of lead, thirty grams; distilled water, four hundred grams. Cover the compresses with oiled silk or other impermeable stuff and keep them on for twelve hours. This treatment must be continued for several months. The following formula is serviceable in removing freckles, tan, etc.

Freckle and Tan Remover

Horseshadish root, one ounce; boiling water, one pint; borax, two drams. It would be well to try this remedy on the arms before applying it to the face. If it seems to irritate the skin discontinue it. It is about the mildest freckle remedy I know of, with the exception of buttermilk, and this you say you cannot obtain.

Sweet Sixteen.—You evidently do your hair up very prettily. I don't believe you could improve upon it. Your measurements are up to the standard. I think your mother is right about your red nose. You should stop squeezing it. Instead, scrub nose every night with nail brush using plenty of hot water and soap. After you have cleansed the skin of the nose, rub in a little boracic powder. Once a week steam the nose over a kettle of boiling water for five minutes, then cover nose with a layer of soap jelly, formula for which is given below.

Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Roll until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted. Always wash face in hot water and finish by dashing on cold water.

Keep this up for a month and your blackheads will be gone. The pimple lotion should be applied only to pimple spots.

Mrs. S. C. D., Exie G. B., and others.—You do not need to make the boric bath yourself. It is best to go to a druggist and ask for a small bottle of boric acid. Solution of boric acid. This will cost about twenty cents.

Blanche, Mrs. Newlywed.—I have never heard that opium would make the face round and plump. Quite the contrary. The use of opium will ruin your mind and your health, so let it alone. You are talking lightly of a horrible, depraved habit.

A Harmless Rouge

Carmine, one half dram; oil of almonds, one dram; French chalk, two ounces. Mix thoroughly. The oil is absorbed by the chalk and carmine, leaving it a dry powder, but adhesive. Sift through silk bolting cloth.

Elaine.—Why not use half water and half alcohol? I do not think this amount of alcohol would irritate the skin and yet there is sufficient to remove oil from the skin.

Present, Nehr, A Subscriber, Anxious Girl and others.—If you really want a beautiful complexion, you must give up eating sweets, candy, macaroni, rich puddings, sauces and preserves. Also pickles, coffee and tea. Drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal, take a bath every day, sleep with your bedroom windows open and take a long walk every day. This is not a romantic treatment, I am free to confess, but it will give you the peach-and-cream complexion that you long for. As requested, some puffy nose, you might try wearing a compression on it all night. This would compress the puffy nose and make it appear less swollen.

Rebecca J.—Washing the hair in water to which you have added one and a half teaspoonfuls of powdered borax will coarsen it somewhat and I imagine that is what you desire.



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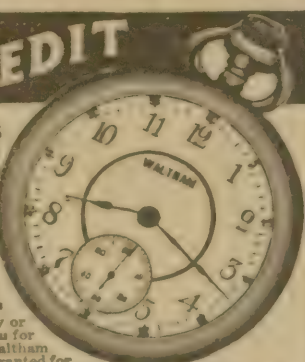
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Blue-eyed Sue, Hainbell, A. M. S.—A good lotion for the marks you speak of, which I assume to be mothy-patches, is a lotion made of one half dram of salicylic acid to two ounces of bay rum. This may be mopped on the spots night and morning. You can easily gain in weight if you will drink three or four quarts of milk every day. The average gain per week is from two to four pounds. Cow's cream is splendid to massage with and is no more liable to grow hair than a skin food. It will not make the skin oily.

Lurline.—Massage that ugly lump at the nape of the neck with aromatic vinegar. Press heavily enough to break down the fatty tissues. I am sorry but I do not know of anyway to straighten crooked fingers.

Sue A.—I would not like to advise you about your throat. It seems to me you should consult a doctor about this matter.

Mary Jane, Arizona Subscriber.—The formula you ask for is printed below.

For Atrophied Breasts

Liquid extract of galaga (goat's rue), ten grams; lacto-phosphate of lime, ten grams; tincture of fennel, ten grams; simple syrup, four hundred grams.

The dose is two spoonfuls in water before every meal. The results are said to be very good. The drinking of malt extracts during meals is also advised.

P. D., Westville, Ill.—I would not like to advise you about the growth on the inside of the eyelids. You should wait until you are longer but consult a doctor. You know the old adage says "A stitch in time saves nine." Moles cannot be stopped from getting larger but they can be removed utterly by the electric needle.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook.—After you have gotten rid of the blackheads you should dampen face with an astringent several times a day. This will prevent the pores from gaping and I suppose that is what you mean by "little holes."

Astringent Lotion

Tincture of benzoin, fifteen drops; hamamelis water, fifteen drops; orange flower water, one ounce.

New Comfort Subscriber.—The cream made of powdered oatmeal and rain water will be better for your complexion than the remedy you mention. See reply to Mary D.

B. B., English Edith, Rosie A., Fat Lady, Plump Elsie and others.—Thank you for your confidence in me. If you will practice the following exercise for twenty minutes daily, your hips and waist will soon be rid of the surplus flesh.

Exercise for Reducing Waist and Abdomen

Stand erect and raise arms over head. Now bend from the waist line until finger tips touch the floor. Do not, on any account, bend the knees. Your double-chin should be massaged heavily every day with toilet vinegar. You should also try raising chin up as far as it will go and then bringing it quickly down on the chest with a snap. While raising and lowering chin you must remember to keep neck muscles as stiff and unyielding as possible.

Dakota Maiden, Rosie A., Blue Eyes, and others.—Why don't you part your hair in front, braid, and wind the plait around the head, just about an inch and a half back from the face. This is called a coronet and is considered very stylish. I am publishing a bleach for a red nose.

Twenty grains of tannic acid, one ounce of glycerine.

Apply night and morning. Why don't you touch pimples with a pimple lotion? The following formula is good.

Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose water, four ounces.

Mop on pimples several times a day. Miss M. F. M., Ohio.—Kindly see my reply to Sweet Sixteen and use same treatment for the face. I think in three or four weeks your blackheads will be gone.

Florence.—As you wish to keep your hair from turning darker apply a cupful of the following wash to your hair and scalp immediately before a shampoo.

Lemon Hair Wash

One ounce salts of tartar, juice of three lemons, one quart of water.

Blue Eyes, Worried W., Va. Girl, Blue Eyes, Illinois, Sundowner and others.—If you wish to rid yourself of some of your "too solid flesh" awathe the entire body in heavy dannel and drink copiously of hot water for six minutes. Do this every day unless you have lost sufficient flesh to satisfy you. You might try wearing hair parted, with braid wound around head about an inch and a half back from the head. As you are fourteen years old you would wear dresses about to the shoe tops.

M. W.—Faradic electricity applied to the nose will obviate the condition you refer to. It has to be carefully and scientifically applied, however, or it will make the condition worse, rather than better; the current should be extremely gentle to narrow the blood vessels, for a strong current will overfill and dilate them. Enamel the face is impossible, it never has and never can be done. Many preparations are called liquid enamel but they could be more accurately described as liquid face powders. I print formula for your satisfaction but hope you will not use it, as it will toughen the skin and clog the pores, causing pimples and blackheads and other beauty ills.

Liquid Enamel

Bismuth oxychloride, one ounce; French chalk, one half ounce; putty powder, one dram; water to make fifteen ounces.

English Edith.—Massage the pimple scars for fifteen minutes every day. Once every other day steam the face before commencing to massage.

F. E. D.—The following is a great neck bleach:

Cleopatra Neck Bleach

One ounce strained honey, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, six drops of oil of bitter almonds, whites of two eggs, enough fine oatmeal to make a fine paste. Spread this thickly on a piece of cotton cloth, three inches in width and tie as a bandage around the throat. Four or five of these applications should bleach neck to a satin whiteness.

Remember this is not a face bleach and that oil of bitter almonds is a poison and must not be swallowed or left in the reach of children.

M. K.—To clear your mucky complexion you must give up eating such things as candy, cake, pie, ice cream, hot breads, sauces, preserves and fried foods. Also forswear tea and coffee. Take a bath every day and sleep in a room with the windows open so your lungs can have good fresh air to breathe. Drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal and before going to bed. If you are at all constipated you might take the following cathartic:

Laxative

Extract of dandelion, one dram; powdered rhubarb, q. s.

Divide into three and one half grain pills and take one every night or oftener if necessary. Troubled One.—Paint the inflamed joint with the following lotion several times a day:

Bunion Lotion

Glycerine, two drams; carbolic acid, two drams; tincture of iodine, two drams.

The joint should be protected from all pressure by a large ring of piano felt or felt and chamois combined. Low-heeled shoes are absolutely essential and the shoe must also be broad enough to prevent all pressure.

Benjamin, Lulu, Mrs. Happy, Iowa Girl and others.—Eyelashes can be made to grow into a bewildering fringe by moistening eyelid edge with warm sweet almond oil daily. Do not get any oil in the eye itself.

Comfort's Friend.—Massage scalp for twenty minutes daily with following pomade, which is a splendid hair grower:

White vaseline, three ounces; Castor oil (cold drawn), one and one half ounces; gallic acid, one and three quarters drams; oil of lavender, thirty drops. I believe that they do curl the hair so it stays in permanently. I do not give addresses in these columns.

Neck Bleach

Strained honey, one ounce; lemon juice, one teaspoonful; oil of bitter almonds, six drops; whites of two eggs. Enough fine oatmeal to make it spread easily.

Spread this mixture thickly on a strip of cotton cloth three and one half inches in width, and fasten securely around the throat. Cover this bandage with another to prevent bedclothes being soiled. Do not apply to face and remember that oil of bitter almonds is a poison. Do not use this bleach if there are any pimples or cuts on neck. Buttermilk taken internally is thinning.

Inquisitive.—Yes, a pair of tweezers.

Evelyn, Gertrude, Mrs. B., Miss S. H. R., and others.—It is said that massaging breasts with aromatic vinegar for fifteen minutes daily will reduce them, but I cannot guarantee results.

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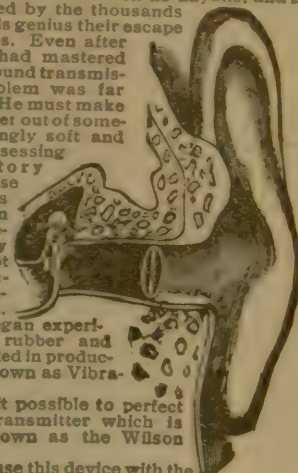
Nobody but a deaf man would have had the infinite patience and dogged determination to study and experiment for years—to perfect the tiny Transmitter. That deaf man was Geo. H. Wilson. Today, he can hear as well as anyone, and is almost idolized by the thousands who owe to his genius their escape from deafness. Even after Mr. Wilson had mastered the laws of sound transmission, the problem was far from solved. He must make the Transmitter out of something exceedingly soft and light, yet possessing great vibratory power. The use of metal was impossible in a delicate device. Ordinary rubber did not possess the necessary vibratory qualities. Mr. Wilson began experiments with rubber and finally succeeded in producing what is known as Vibratory Rubber.

This made it possible to perfect the Sound Transmitter which is commonly known as the Wilson Ear Drum.

Do not confuse this device with the speaking tubes or ear trumpets, or the complicated and expensive portable telephones which make the wearer look conspicuous and feel ridiculous. The Wilson Sound Transmitter or ear drum is so small that it rests completely out of sight in the ear holes.

So soft and comfortable that the wearer forgets all about it. So magical in its results that it makes the deaf hear distinctly, and instantly. So many deaf people have written to Mr. Wilson for information in regard to the Sound Transmitter that he has written a little book about it. And just to make the story complete, he has put in several hundred letters from people of every station in life who are using his Sound Transmitters.

Copies of this fascinatingly interesting book are now being mailed. If you wish one, simply write a post card immediately to the Wilson Ear Drum Co., 145 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky. (9)



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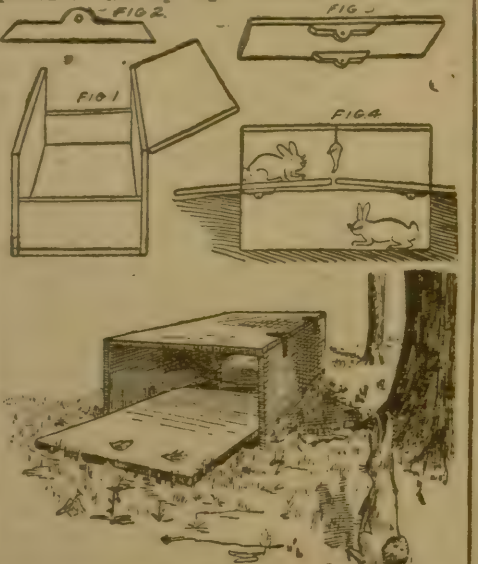
A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

THE gladdest holiday of all the year comes in this month. The birthday of a king. What a mantle of love seems to spread over the earth when Christmas approaches. It is truly a miracle. I hope every boy is very happy and I hope you all have it in your power to make others happy. I have designed some very nice things for you to make during the spare time you will have while out of school. A Happy New Year to all my nephews. If you can find time among all your other duties send me a post card. I will answer it.

A Rabbit Trap

A boy from a Western state that is infested with rabbits sends me an enthusiastic description of the success he had snaring the harmful bunnies with a home-made device like the one pictured here. According to the letter the catch for the season numbered into the hundreds. The trap itself is very simple and may be made by remodeling a large box. The sides are left intact but half the ends are cut off and the top is hinged on as in Fig. 1. A flat board with two small blocks on the under side as in Fig. 3 is then placed on the top edge of the ends so that it



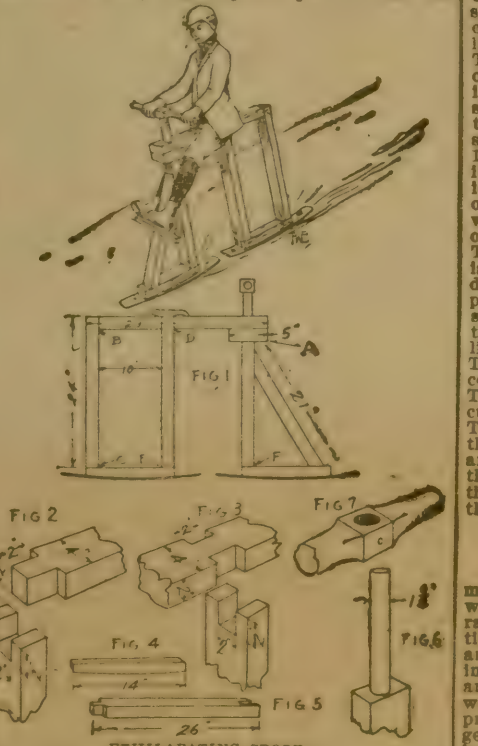
THE DECISION TO ENTER MAKES BUNNIE A PRISONER. will tilt down when the weight of the animal rests upon it. The success of the trap depends to a great degree upon the nicety of this balance. The flat piece must right itself quickly after the rabbit has slid into the pit below. Fig. 4 shows the interior arrangement and the manner of placing the bait. Tell me about animals in your vicinity and give me some trap plans if you know of any good, new ones.

A Whale Dairy

There is a professor in the East who has started and is successfully conducting a dairy in which whales and not cows are the milk givers. He makes butter and cheese from the product of his sixty cow whales and the cream is said to be fine in quality and taste. As you may readily guess the method of milking is different to the ordinary one and something more than a three-legged stool is required for the kick of a whale's tail is something like a train falling off a mountain and hitting you. Special apparatus is used for all the various operations. The herd is kept in an inlet having an opening to the sea fifty feet across, which is closed by iron gateways. Sometimes the keeper lets one of the cows out into the sea for a swim and on two occasions they returned and brought others with them. A fine quality of leather is also obtained from the whales besides the usual products of whalebone, oil, etc.

A Speedy Coaster

Here is a brand new type of coasting sled built on the bicycle principle. It can be used on hills where large wide sleds could not run for of course it requires only a narrow strip of good snow or ice for a track and the steering gear permits you to follow the best path. The barrel stave runners go good on soft or thawing ice but if you are on glare ice you must not try to turn too sharp or you will skid sideways and maybe take a tumble. In the case of hard ice you can take a pretty sharp curve safely by taking the staves off and using the scantling for runners. On any ordinary hill you can use the



coaster just as the boy in the picture is and the harder and smoother the ice is the better will it be. There is hardly a question you can ask concerning the making of it that is not fully answered by the diagrams. The joint shown in Fig. 2 is used at "B," "C," "E," and "F." Fig. 4 shows the runner slightly curved before nailing

NEW

WE GIVE IT TO YOU

THIN MODEL SIZE 16 STEM WIND WATCH

This watch is a beauty of a timepiece with several new features in watch making. Thin model, size 16, (about 1-2 larger than picture) stem wind, stem set, bright nickel case with gold-plated winding stem. White dial has Arabic numerals printed in gold on a maroon background decorated with silver, all inside a circle of gold and silver stars and dots. Case has new double back, protecting works from accident and dust. Each watch thoroughly tested at factory and just the watch to wear every day in the year and know what time it is. Just as good a time keeper as a very expensive watch, will wear for years and it costs you nothing.

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I will give you this fine watch and fob with your initial for just a few minutes of your time. New and easy plan, sure to win. Many friends have earned it in a half hour. Just send me your name and address. Postage for full free outfit of Post Cards, etc.

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the stave on. The long piece that runs across the top and the upright piece in the middle are fastened together as in Fig. 3. The saddle or seat goes on top of this joint. Fig. 5 is the rear upright piece. The handle bar arrangement is clearly shown in Fig. 6 and in the other sketches. The material used to make this sled is good sound scantling. The fastening is done with screws sunk even with the surface of the wood. Bore a small hole for each screw and dip them in beeswax before you drive them. Now for a good time. Get busy and show the natives up your way that they are away behind the times if they do not take COMFORT.

A Puzzling Address

The government employs a number of experts at Washington whose duty it is to decipher the addresses on letters that the other members of the postal service have been unable to read. There are a great many people in this country who cannot read or write English or any other language so you can imagine what a difficult task it is to find the meaning of their signs and pen scratches. Sometimes clever puzzlists try to fool Uncle Sam's experts by such attempts as the one we picture here. For fear that you would not be able to interpret the queer superscription we give you the correct solution here. It is Crosby G. Underhill, Whiteland, Indiana. Simple enough after all.

One Kind of Bath

If you object to taking a cold bath in winter weather you should think of the Esquimaux boys up in the Norton islands. In that cold inlet of the Behring sea the lads are forced to bathe every week, and such a bath it is. In the kashim or hut a roaring fire is built and when it has burned down to a mass of glowing embers, the smoke hole is closed up and the place becomes intensely hot. The boy then enters, wearing a respirator, of shavings over his mouth to protect the lungs. They stay in the inferno, clad only in nature's raiment, until they look like boiled lobsters, then the door is opened and rushing forth into the intense cold, dripping with perspiration, they roll about in the deep snow. Although it seems a very harsh kind of treatment the young natives seem to thrive on it and never take cold.

A Match Trick

This simple trick can be learned in less than a minute and will give you a chance to fool some of your friends. Get a match and



EASY TO DO.

move your hand gingerly around to make believe that you are balancing it. Let your friend try it with a match that has not been prepared and of course he will not be able to balance it. It is great fun to see a group of people trying in vain to do something that you can easily do right before their eyes.

An Aeroplane Windmill

Here is a novel windmill plan that should interest all boys who have been thinking about the problem of flying.

There is nothing new in the principle of this device but it is in accordance with the latest fad. The first step of the work is the construction of the biplane shown in Fig. 1. The bearing (Fig. 2) is made out of cigar box or wood or piece of shingle. The hole "H" is one inch in diameter. The planes proper should be of tin or very light wood. The axle (Fig. 4) has a hole bored through its center so that it can turn on the upright post. The blades of the wheel are of the common type cut out of two square sticks fitted in the center. The cuts show this clearly. To the sides of the bearing blocks long light rods are tacked and to the end of each pair of rods are fastened the piece "A" in Fig. 5. This tail-piece keeps the wheel in the wind. I hope you will utilize this plan. It is simple enough for all.

Permutation

One of the most surprising things in mathematics is this finding out of how many different ways a number of things may be placed or arranged, called permutation. The rule is to multiply all the terms of the given series together and the last product will be the answer. For instance if your family numbers ten persons and you want to find out how many different ways it is possible for them to sit at table, you proceed to multiply according to the rule and get the astonishing answer 3,628,800 ways. It is pretty hard to believe but it is true just the same.

Solid Study

This is the day of scientific methods in farming and any boy who intends to follow that desirable business would do well to study it. One way, explained to me by a college professor in

to take a pint of soil from different parts of the farm and put each sample in a separate glass jar. After drying thoroughly you can experiment with them as to the effects of moisture and plant growth as well. Place pure sand in one, sand mixed with black loam in another, clay and sand in another, then one of clay alone, and one with black soil. Place an equal amount of water in each jar not enough to make a muddy mixture—and observe how long it takes each to absorb the water and how deep the moisture goes. Use the samples also to find out which will grow certain grains best. When the sprouts are a few inches high they can be pulled up and other experiments tried. Keep a note book and mark down all the results of your efforts and before long you will have acquired some facts that may become gold to you.

A Box Chair

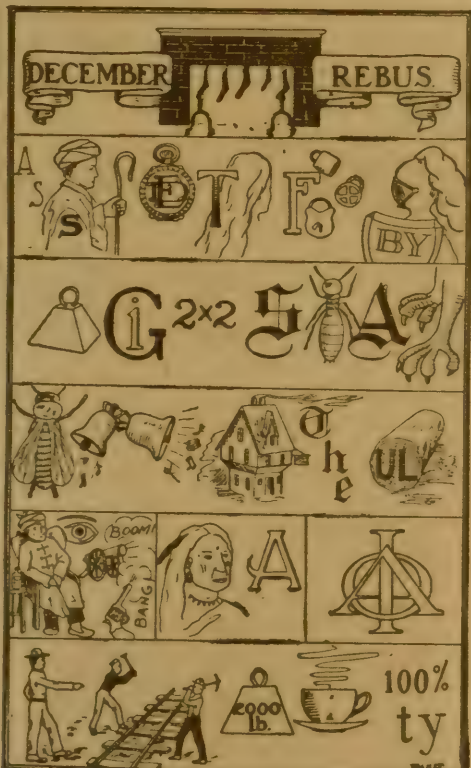
Here is a chair made from an old box. If you have a little sister it will be just the thing for her or for her doll. You can do the cutting out and nailing and she will make the cloth cover and cushion. It is hardly necessary to give any explanation but I will say this much: Before you begin to cut mark out with a pencil every line you will saw on. Doing this will give you an idea of the proper height and proportions and you will not spoil the chair by sawing in the wrong place. I know that many girls read this column and I am going to remember them in the future. Write to me sometime, young sisters, and don't let Uncle Charlie have all your nice letters.



THE BABY'S CHAIR.

December Puzzle

The picture rebuses this month are appropriate to the glad season of Christmas. If they yield a half hour's amusement they will have served their purpose. Here are some hints to begin on.



1. A saying that refers to the first Christmas.
2. A practice common to every Christmas.
3. An old-time New England holiday custom.
4. Three divisions of our country, in the West.
5. An event preceding the Revolution. It occurred in December.

November Answers

Here are the answers to last month's picture puzzles.

1. The melancholy days are come.
2. Turkey, pumpkin pie, cranberries.
3. Battle of Lookout mountain.
4. Birth of James A. Garfield.
5. The day set apart for gratitude.

Problems for December

I am receiving many letters from all over the country from readers who take delight in working the problems. They can be worked if you try hard. I get many neat solutions from boys not over twelve years old and some from younger lads. Get out a pencil and pad and try your luck. It will be time well spent at any rate, and if you fail I will work them out for you.

1. What number must be added to twice itself that the sum may be 57?
2. A lady has two silver cups but only one cover. The first cup weighs six ounces. If the first cup is covered it weighs twice as much as the second, but if the second is covered it weighs three times as much as the first. What is the weight of the second cup and cover?
3. Three times a certain number plus 15 equals twice the same number plus 30. What is three times the number?

Answers to November Problems

1. The time of day is 21 minutes 49.09 seconds after 4 o'clock. 2. In 16 years. 3. 120 of each kind.

There boys I have done all I could for you in the space allotted to me and I wish a very happy Christmas for all. You will have lots of time to work during the Christmas vacation and I hope you will avail yourself of the fine opportunity that is given you through this department to make toys and useful articles. No other paper ever does half this for boys and you should appreciate it and say a good word for COMFORT to your friends.

UNCLE JOHN.



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

MY, my, how the time flies, doesn't it? Here it is December again and another year ended. Why, it only yesterday since I was saying Happy New Year to you all, and now the new year is old and in only a month I'll be saying Happy New Year again, but never again to those who were the same age when I said it before. However, we can't prevent the time from flying and if we make of ourselves worthy of the years, we should not regret their going. And I'm not inclined to be gloomy about it, either, so here's by, by, to the old year, and hello, there, 1911 to the new and may we all get the best there is in it. We'll get work, you all may be sure, so I'll begin right now.

The first on the list, as I gather up your letters, is from Soft Heart of Wild West, Wash., and she has been writing her name on a berry box that went out into the world where a fine young man saw it and wrote to her. At least, she thinks he is fine for she wrote to him in reply and now he wants to come and see her. It sounds like a fairy story, doesn't it? Glad to run great risks in making romances of this kind, but Soft Heart's mother and brothers will also see the Prince when he comes and if he isn't the right kind of a Prince he will not get Soft Heart, because she is wiser than some of the cousins I have. So I guess I can trust this romance to turn out as happily as any other fairy story.

Blue Eyes, Guthrie, Okla.—A sixteen-year-old girl might write three times a week to a seventeen-year-old boy if they showed all their letters to their parents, but not otherwise. (2) I don't know any way to make him stop smoking except to decline to see him unless he did stop. Maybe he wouldn't then even. Can't you get him to stop until he is twenty-one? Smoking isn't so very bad if he doesn't begin too young and smoke too much.

Happy Girl, Rosalia, Wash.—Maybe a married lady should go along as chaperon, but it is largely a party of brothers and sisters and all friends, I don't think your trip to the fair will be unconventional enough to worry about. Hope you have a nice time.

Unhappy Girl, Range, Texas.—Why do you want to be so foolish? The man you think you loved is married and you admit you quarreled with him always when he was your sweetheart. Wouldn't it have been worse if you married him? It would. Now you have a chance to marry a nice man well able to make you comfortable, why don't you make up your mind to make the best of your blessings and try to be happy? I don't think you deserve it, but maybe you can make yourself deserving. You had better be out of the world than in it if you only make it worse.

Kitty and Babe, Graham, Va.—It is very nice of two girls to be so devoted to each other that either is willing to step aside and let the other have the young man who would as soon have one as the other, but what of that kind of a young man? I leave it to you, girls, if either of you would want him, knowing that he didn't care which one he got.

C. E. B., Newark, N. J.—You may do as you please about sending him a real birthday present or merely a card. It is the remembrance that will please him.

Roy Cheeks, Bagdad, Ky.—You must go out and meet people if you expect to have friends, and you must not only meet them, but you must be so nice and pleasant in your manner that they will want to know you and have you around. That kind of a girl never lacks for friends among all kinds of people and the young men are sure to find her and keep her in sight always.

Minnehaha, Stafford, Va.—He couldn't have been a very "perfect gentleman" or he would not have gone off mad and not answered your letter because you declined to give him your picture. He wouldn't bother about him. (2) Keep on nuzzling him; he is the only way I know to get rid of him. He'll quit after a while. (3) Ask the young man to explain why he broke the engagement, before you give him his leave.

Troubled Brown Eyes, San Jose, Cal.—Don't let him kiss you and don't tell him you love him. At least, not until he tells you so, and asks you to marry him. When you are engaged you may kiss him. Young men have a way of telling girls they love them and presume upon that to kiss them and fondle them, but, my dear, don't you be fooled by them. When a man really loves a girl he wants to marry her and he is much more serious than mere kissing and jollifying. Girls are too ready and willing to be deceived!

Wife, Sanford, Fla.—Trust in the good Lord and wait. You are both so young now and just beginning life that it will take time for the adjustment that is almost sure to come if you will only have faith and courage.

Brown-eyed Kitty, Schaller, Iowa.—Well, Kitty, I think it is a very great credit to you that you can truthfully say you are sixteen and have never been kissed. I wish all the cousins could say as much truthfully. Now don't be kissed until you have become engaged to some nice young man.

Flower Girl, Friday Harbor, Wash.—Well, well, knowing as little as you do about beans my advice is that you wait three or four years and learn by observation enough to know the ordinary usage when you begin to have them around. Watch the other girls with their beans and do as the nicest girls do.

Brown Eyes, New Lexington, O.—No matter how good he is and how saving and how nice a husband he might be for somebody else—don't marry him if you do not love him unless you are of that kind of character that can make a business of marriage and ignore all the sentiment that is in it.

Broken-Hearted, Corning, O.—You think you do not love him, my dear, but I think you are mistaken, or don't know your own mind, or you would not let him keep on coming to see you just to find out if you could learn to love him. I think you will learn to love him before you know it.

Lonely, Corsicana, Texas.—Maybe he is too bashful to show his feelings toward you whenever anybody else is around. If he is, you should teach him that he mustn't treat you coldly even if he is bashful. (2) Really I don't know whether he loves you or not when he puts his arm around the back of the buggy. Do you suppose he ever does that with any other girl? My, my, but they are a tricky lot, those young men.

Sweet Alice, Shelbyville, Ind.—So you go to see him where he works and he sits with you but will not talk to you, and you want to know how to make him talk? Well, you are both silly young things now, and when you are older you may know better than to go where he works and he may know enough to have something to talk about. Wait and see.

M. S. L., Vernon, Texas.—He ought to know that giving you a pair of scissors or any sharp thing will cut your love in two. Tell him so, but keep the scissors because they will come in handy. (2) It is only fair to the young man if you are engaged to him to let him kiss you. If you loved him very much, you would. (3) If it is a pretty suggestion if a young man talks to one girl about others, he will talk to others about her. Look out.

Two Girls, Kewanna, Ind.—Wait until you are of age and then, if your parents still object to the men of your choice, you can marry on your own responsibility. Possibly by that time you will be glad your parents objected. I know you will be if the men are the kind who want girls to take all the risk.

Troubled Kid, Calverton, Texas.—The young man is crazy and if you are not careful he will get more devoted some day and kill you and himself. Save people do not act as he does. As to marrying him—it is against the law to marry a maniac.

Cousin Daisy, San Francisco, Cal.—As he does not think you are in love with him at all, and are merely a very good friend, why don't you talk to him as a friend and warn him quietly about the girl who cares

for his money only. Some men are foolish and won't listen to such advice, but maybe this one isn't. Anyway, you might try to show him that he was going wrong. I know it is a very delicate situation, but I don't know any other better plan to save him. In the mean time go with him all you can and let him learn the difference between the girl he ought to have and the one he oughtn't.

D. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—It will be proper to go to his house if his mother or sister invites you, but not otherwise.

In Earnest, Okene, Okla.—Peanuts and candy answer very well as refreshments for your young man if you have nothing else in the house, and many times they are quite as good as anything else, and always better than nothing. (2) Girls with sweethearts and little sisters always have trouble and there is no plan known to escape it, unless you kiss the little sisters, or give up the sweethearts. (3) Unless the girl is dear and dumb she should not marry a man so afflicted except under extraordinary circumstances.

Happy, Humansville, Mo.—You know the rule is that you may ask but three questions and you have asked eighteen, so I won't answer any. You mustn't break the rules if you want replies.

Devoted Reader, Augusta, Ga.—You did exactly right in not answering the note of the young man asking to meet you. He certainly should know better than to write such a note. In a town the size of Augusta, if he is the right sort, he should know friends of yours who would introduce him properly. Really though I think he is not so ignorant as he is romantically silly.

Babe, Hanford, Cal.—As you can't help loving Archie and can't say "no" to Roy, I don't see any other way than to take an east-bound train and get off somewhere in Utah. Seriously, cousin, do you think that a girl who doesn't know which man she loves best, loves anyone very much—that is, enough to marry him? You wait until you do know.

Lonely One, Wolcottville, Ind.—You should have a sensible, grown-up talk with your parents about permitting you to have associates among the young people of your neighborhood and have some pleasure to ease the hard housework you do for them. If they will not listen to you, then go and do housework in some other family where the hired help is allowed some privileges. It is not right or fair not to let you meet the daughters and sons and families of your neighbors.

Waiting Eva, Chicago, Ill.—The next time you see Harold, you ask him why he always waits to be asked before he calls and you'd like to see him oftener. You can do it in a friendly, hospitable way that will not lead him to suspect that you want to marry him whether he wants to or not, though some young men are that silly about calling on girls.

A. C. K., Lima, O.—Even if the man told the truth in the first place about the girl he married, since he has married her he has acted as no decent man should and his attentions to you are simply insulting. If you have the proper spirit you will tell him so and have absolutely nothing to do with him.

Blue Eyes and Curly Hair, Chickaming, Ga.—Love the soldier just the same, but don't marry him till his time has expired, and don't marry him then unless he is sober, industrious and able to support you. (2) Take a farmer. Travelers are restless and won't stay at home, even if they have one.

Brown Eyes, Castlewood, S. Dak.—It is proper to do what you ask about if your mother says you should. Ask her.

Blue Eyes, Langley, S. C.—You have been deceitful and dishonest with him and if he forgives you that is as much as you could ask. You have lost him through your own fault and you must suffer the penalty. It may be a lesson to you, and I am sorry it is such a severe one.

Rainbow, Clinton, Maine.—If he is too bashful to tell you he loves you, I wouldn't bother with him. Love should make him bold. (2) You cannot win a young man's love any more than he could win yours. It must come of itself. (3) A young man of twenty should marry a girl older than himself because he is too young to marry a girl younger than he is, and she would be too young, too.

Weary, Manito, Ill.—Unless you love him well enough to wait for him don't wait for him. Of all things, don't wait for him because you are afraid you won't get anybody else.

Lonesome Lass, Crookston, Minn.—Flances are apt to want to be over-familiar and it is just as well to tell yours that you do not think too much liberty is nice and you will not permit it. (2) The engagement ring should be presented at the time the engagement is made, if the man happens to have it with him, as most of them do not, but if not, then as soon as possible afterwards. (2) When engaged the attentions of other men, except formal attentions, should be declined, and they should be told that you are promised to another.

Worried Kid, Fondra, Ia.—My serious advice to you, Kid, is that you postpone all thought of marriage with older or younger men, until you realize just a little what marriage means.

Troubled Heart, Spencer, Ia.—Don't ever marry to suit anybody except yourself, not even the man you marry; unless you are all head and no heart. People of more head than heart can marry and get along somehow, but those with more heart than head cannot do it. Better not marry at all than merely to suit your parents. (2) A friendly correspondence with a nice young man is very pleasant and I don't see any objection to your continuing it. (3) If you expect to marry the young man, you can, being of age, afford to ignore your parents' consent, but if he is merely "company," I think you might do better by selecting those your parents do not object to.

Mary Ozetta Martha, Louisville, Ky.—You cannot win his love and you are young enough to forget him. Besides who ever heard of a Kentucky girl wanting to win a man's love. It is always the other way, we thought.

Brown Eyes, McCool, Miss.—As you love him with all your heart and have loved him so for three years and cannot forget him and never saw him except once and then for only a few minutes and he didn't speak to you, and he won't write to you, I think, my dear, you are quite warranted in writing him a long letter telling him the whole story. Just how he will take it, or what he will think of you for writing it, I can't say, but such love as yours should be rewarded somehow.

Troubled, Oshkosh, Wis.—Don't become engaged to him, but tell him you will wait the two years he asks you to wait, and if at the end of that time he has abstained entirely from drink, you will consider his proposition. This thing of marrying a young man who drinks is an awfully, awfully risky undertaking.

Darling, Table Rock, Neb.—You should be twenty-one before you marry, anyhow, and so you just wait a year and then you can give up your parents for a husband whether they want you to or not.

Unhappy Brunette, St. Valerio, Minn.—Possibly you are trying to forget, but, dear cousin, you are not succeeding, or you would not be asking me what you should do about your husband. I think, my dear, you are quite warranted in writing him a long letter telling him the whole story. Just how he will take it, or what he will think of you for writing it, I can't say, but such love as yours should be rewarded somehow.

Twenty, Table Rock, Neb.—Wait until you are twenty-one and marry the man you should marry instead of one your parents want you to take. But be sure you are right.

There, dears, all your questions are answered except such as are not for me, and some that were too silly to have been asked. There will never be any more talking between us in 1910 and let us hope that we will get along as nicely in 1911 as in the other years. Now by, by to you for a month and to 1910 forever, and may the good Lord watch over us always. By, by, COUSIN MARION.

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The directions with every box ought to be read by every woman.

RUBY'S REWARD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

him, while he remarked, with something of sarcasm in his tones:

"Really, Walter, I was not aware that you were a visitor to this house."

"I am not," Walter replied; "I merely came upon a matter of business for Mr. Conant."

"Ah! Well, how are you getting on, and how do you enjoy the carpenter's trade?"

The tone, more than the question itself, brought a hot flush to Walter's cheek.

"I believe I have been doing very well; at all events, I am sure that the knowledge which I have gained will be of the greatest practical use to me in the future," he answered, with quiet dignity.

"Indeed! When you graduate, let me know, and maybe I shall have a job that I can give you. Ah! Miss Ruby, you are ready! We have a delightful evening for Mrs. White's party," and Edmund Carpenter turned abruptly from the young man who had shared his home for many years the unpleasant glitter in his eyes, the disagreeable sneer on his lips changing to smiles as Ruby Gordon came tripping down-stairs, enveloped in a long wrap, a "decey nothing" of blue and white wool wound about her golden head.

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Richardson?" she asked, looking a trifle surprised at finding them engaged in conversation.

"I have that honor; our acquaintance dates back ten years or more," Edmund replied, a sarcastic smile revealing his white teeth, while his face clouded again as he noticed the light which came into Walter's eyes as they rested upon the fair girl.

Ruby remarked it, also the hot flush which the words had called again to the young man's cheek, and somehow she felt as if she wished to make amends for it.

"Tell me, please, Mr. Richardson," she said, turning to him, with her most winning smile, "were those the plans for my brother's new house that I saw upon the library table?"

"They were, Miss Gordon."

"And did you make them?"

"Oh, no," replied Walter, with a smile, "I am too young in the business to have such a responsibility upon my shoulders. I merely assisted Mr. Conant about some of the minor details and with the specifications."

"I am very impatient to see them, and I shall make Robert show them to me the first thing tomorrow. Perhaps," she added, with a coquettish little toss of her bright head, "I may not be exactly suited with the arrangement of my rooms. Do you suppose the great architect could be prevailed upon to make any changes at my suggestion?"

"I am sure he would be very glad to please you, if he could do so," Walter responded, his whole face aglow with admiration, for she was so pretty, so sweet, and so natural in her manner that it was a delight to watch her.

"Ahem! Miss Ruby, I am afraid that we shall lose our first quadrille if we linger," Edmund Carpenter here interposed.

He was raging inwardly that Walter should presume to stand there so composedly and converse with the young girl, and he abruptly stopped between them, while he cast a dark look of jealous anger at the young man.

Ruby lifted a pair of wondering eyes to her escort at this rudeness, and she saw at once that he disliked her new acquaintance.

But she was inclined to resent this surly treatment of a gentleman in her brother's house. "I suppose it is time for us to go," she said, a trifle coldly, and drawing her slight figure more erect; then she added, more cordially than she had yet spoken: "Good night, Mr. Richardson. I hope I shall meet you again, soon, then I will tell you how I like the plans," and with a friendly smile and nod, she took Mr. Carpenter's proffered arm and passed out to the carriage which stood waiting for them, while our young architect went back to his humble room in Mr. Wayland's modest house, taking with him a gleam of sunshine that brightened many a subsequent day.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

"wild" at times; saddle our horses, be to the farm nine miles away in Okla., or take our horse and buggy, dog and rifle (as we both are good shots) and go to the woods for an hour or two, or perhaps spend the day if we are so inclined. My pleasures are his and we enjoy ourselves.

I presume nearly all of the sisters have read about the opening of the Cherokee Strip in 1903. This city is four miles from the Okla. line, which was the stopping place of thousands and thousands of people, waiting for that memorable day when it would be opened to settlement.

At noon, Sept. 16th, 1903, a cannon was fired by the U. S. soldiers and the race begun. It was a sight I will never forget, as far as the eye could see, a mass of moving humanity, all eager to get a claim. Of course many had to be disappointed. All now are prosperous farmers.

Kansas and Oklahoma are about the same, but as I have lived in Kansas nearly all my life, I will have to give "three cheers" for her.

I have been somewhat interested in reading the sisters' letters in regard to women voting. I have never, never given it a serious thought, but women are taxed and have to pay taxes just the same as men. I am inclined to believe that it is no more than right that women should have something to say.

With love and best wishes to all the sisters,
MRS. BENIA CHADWELL, Arkansas City, Kans.

MY DEAR SISTERS:

This is my first letter to you, and I certainly enjoy your interesting ones very much. I have been confined to my bed since July 19, 1903, from a stroke of paralysis from my waist down. I cannot move either leg and suffer all the time. It was on Sunday that I was taken and I never shall forget it. I went to bed about as well as usual, but very nervous. I awoke in the night to find that I was a poor, helpless girl, never to walk again on this beautiful earth. The doctor has told us that I never can be any better, but may live for years in this helpless condition. It seems hard to think of, as I was used to living in our little city and going a great deal. Now we have moved onto the farm one and one half miles from the city. I am so very lonesome it seems as if the days would never end, but it is God's will and we have to be brave in our lot. My father died when I was eight years old, twenty-one years ago. It is a long time to think back, my only sister is away from home and my only brother in Nevada. I am thankful that I have my mother to care for me. I lie in bed and do fancy work to pass these lonely hours away.

I think the COMFORT is rightly named for it brings comfort to thousands of homes.

Now dear sisters, I would appreciate a visit by post card, anything to brighten a poor shut-in's life. You can think you are seeing a girl with large brown eyes, brown hair and five feet tall that once enjoyed this beautiful world.

From your loving sister,
MISS FLORAL WALDO, Alma, Michigan.

Miss Waldo. You are sorely afflicted and my heart is full of sympathy for you. I am glad you wrote to our corner, for you will receive words of cheer that will help fortify you against some of those lonely days. Do not lose courage for a brighter day will dawn for you.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I hope you will pardon me for calling so soon again after my first visit. I have received so many letters and cards since my letter appeared that I cannot possibly answer all personally. So I take this method of answering them.

To the ones who remembered me in any way, please do not feel hurt or slighted if you fail to hear from me as we are poor people, but I thank each and every one many, many times for their kindness and am sure the Lord will bless each and every one of you.

I am trying to answer personally those who sent stamps. I know you all will think that fair. To those who sent stamps and have not heard from me yet, just be patient and I will answer as soon as possible. It tires me very much to write long at a time.

As so many have asked what kind of work papa and sister do, will state here that they work in the field. Thine each and everyone again for their kindness to me, I beg to remain your shut-in sister,
OLA C. ABBOTT, Butlerville, Ark.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have come so far, you let me join your circle? I am an old lady of seventy-seven years and live all alone. I take care of my garden, also the milk of one cow and make the butter.

I take four magazines, but I like COMFORT best of all. I enjoy the letters and sometimes read them over several times and think I will write to this one, or will write to that one, but made up my mind I would write to COMFORT instead.

I live in a nice little town (no saloons) but have not been here long and get pretty lonesome and homesick.

I feel sorry for the shut-ins; it must be hard to be confined to the house and not get out in the bright sunshine.

I spend lots of time out of doors in warm weather. Now it will soon be cold with snow storms, and I dread the long, cold winter, and the long evenings sitting alone. You who have families and your children around you do not know the comfort you are taking. Soon, perhaps, your children will be married and gone and you be left alone.

Let me give you a little advice: Always be kind to each other; never speak a cross word if things don't go right; explain it pleasantly, never dispute or get mad, and see how much happier you will be. And be kind to old people; it is hard for them to think they are so old nobody cares for them. Try and make their lives pleasant by kind words.

Do the sisters know that when freshening salt cucumbers for pickles to keep them on the back of the stove where they will keep hot and keep them covered and change the water often, they will be green as when first picked?

If you wish to take a pie or cake off the tin it is baked in put it on the hot stove for a second and it will come out nicely.

If anyone lives alone as I do, I wish they would write me. With good wishes to all the COMFORT sisters and Uncle Charlie, will say good night,
MRS. E. A. MATTHEWS, Warrens, Box 104, Wis.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I enjoy reading your letters very much and although I haven't been a subscriber to COMFORT very long, I now could not do without it. It certainly deserves its name.

I am a farmer's daughter, fifteen years old, and am keeping house for my father, brothers and sisters. My mother died last December. I have four brothers and one sister. The youngest is eight, and the oldest eighteen. I have quite a lot of work to do, but my sister is eleven years old and quite a help, though very small.

We are having cold weather here. The corn crop is very good and the small grain is nearly all good. We live four and one half miles from Winterset, a new town. It has a court house, electric lights and water works and some large buildings.

I am not in school, but received my diploma from the high school a year ago.

I would like to receive letters from the sisters. With best wishes, I remain your friend and sister,
Miss Alice KILVIN, Winterset, R. R. 4, Iowa.

Alice. You are a dear daughter with a brave loving heart to fill so large a place in your home. How fondly and approvingly your beloved mother would speak to you, were she here. Good reading on varying subjects will be helpful to you.

Keep cheerful and rise above the daily obstacles, for you will find your reward somewhere in life.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

Could some of you tell us where and how we could arrange to find a little child in need of a home? We are farmers and have a good chance to bring up one of the many homeless children. It is a good place to live and go to school in. Would like an American between the age of two and five years with blue eyes and black hair.

Mrs. JOYCE E. WILLIAMS, Duncan, R. R. 1, Okla.

DEAR SISTERS:

Will you admit a Missouri girl into your happy band? We live about three miles from town. I have eight brothers and one sister. I being the youngest. My father died when I was four years old.

I want to tell you about the dedication of St. Mary's chapel at Starkenburg on Sept. 14, by Archbishop John J. Glennon, assisted by priests from other parishes in conducting the ceremony. The edifice is sixty-nine by forty-five feet and built of rock at a cost of twenty thousand dollars, the money being do-

nated by the pilgrims who make a semi-annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Sorrow. At 3.30 P. M. the Archbishop administered confirmation to a large crowd. Rev. Father G. V. Egan has been pastor for twenty-three years. This chapel is located in one of the most picturesque spots of Montgomery county.

I would like to receive letters from the sisters. Wishing success to all,
ESTHER DOLIN, Rhineland, Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I cannot refrain from writing a few lines to this corner. I have been reading all those beautiful letters in our September number and have enjoyed them all so much.

One reason why I wish to say a few words is to ask all the cousins to read what our kind editor has to say in the August number about that prize fight. I think it is the grandest thing I ever read. Now boys, if you have not read it, please do, and I know we will do you good and you will never forget its teachings. And please read George Harris' letter, the Syrian boy, and Uncle Charlie's reply; it will do you all good.

And now dear cousins, all who belong to this grand League, let us everyone send in a new subscriber to go toward the wheel-chair fund. If we all do this, just see how many chairs can be sent to those poor shut-ins who will be so happy to get them, and it will make us happy when we read in COMFORT and see how many chairs have been sent out by COMFORT's grand band of workers. I am sending one and hope to get more and now dear sisters, let us all work to get this lovely paper in every home. Our kind editor and Uncle Charlie are striving so hard to improve every number and it certainly is a comfort to us all.

If I have time to only read a few minutes, I find something that does me good and makes me feel more cheerful.

Miss Bernia May Moore. Your COMFORT poem was beautiful.

From a sister who wishes success to all of COMFORT's staff and hoping some of you will write to me, sincerely yours,
MRS. JESSIE BASSETT, Meeker, Colo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have just finished reading your corner in the September number, and oh, the letters! Each one seems better than the last, if such were possible.

Mrs. O. I. Neiser. Please shake hands; I like you and others have worked in a factory, and must say, that like Mrs. Neva Lukens my factory life is a pleasant memory. I am glad to see so many of the factory girls or boys. As for bad conduct that would shock Sister Brothers or anybody else, this is not allowed in the factories of today; they all employ different bosses that look after such, and doubtful characters are expelled as soon as they are found out. But oh, the hard and good will that it takes to find these factories is an object lesson to the outside world. I could write all day on this subject.

I wrote a letter to this corner several years ago and gained many a friend that I still correspond with. We are living on Cape Romano, the only family here. Our nearest neighbors are at Caxambas, Fla., four miles away, which is our post office.

There is a clam factory at Caxambas, making clam chowder and bouillon.

We have five children, three boys and two girls. I am teaching my children to cook, boys and all, so if anything should happen I might be able to carry the work right on. My oldest girl can cook many plain dishes and she is only nine years old. Sometimes she cooks breakfast all by herself which is a help to me when I am in bad health. I have got one of the good "Johns" who loves home and spends all his spare time from work with us.

My children cannot go to school as we live too far from town, so I am teaching them at home. Three of them are in the third grade. Will the sisters that have school books of any description from the second grade up, which are of no further use to them, please send them to me to help me out with my teaching as it is so hard to get books here? I would be truly grateful for such.

My age is twenty-eight and I have been married twelve years, and as I am one of the plain sisters I will not describe my beauty.

I think COMFORT is one of the grandest papers in the world. We have had it in our family ever since I can remember. My love and thanks to the sisters and our good editor for the help I have found in COMFORT.
MRS. BRYANT NEWELL, Caxambas, Lee Co., Fla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am one of the old ones coming back in the ranks. COMFORT was a regular visitor for over fifteen years. When I first began to take it, I could get about like other folks, but had to give my welcome visitor up, as I did other things. Now I am again enjoying my old friend and the sisters' letters are a source of great pleasure to me. My eyes prevent my reading very much at a time. I hope though they will soon be stronger.

Now I am near, you will be interested in my little story. You know I used to be active like the rest of you, but twenty-one years ago this past July, I walked my last step, and about sixteen years ago, I felt the last touch of my own hand to my face, and eleven years ago last Feb. I was left a widow, alone with only a hired girl. We were then living in our Kentucky home. I loved this little home and my flowers, and so hoped I could spend the rest of my days there, but in a few years I grew more helpless, so much so, it took two to lift me. I came here to stay a while with my half sister, so she could take the care of me, but it was the breaking up of my little home that was so dear to me, and for a while it seemed as if my stay on earth would be short.

But God was good to me and raised me to my chair again, and as I began to grow stronger, my heart began to yearn for home again. I grew tired of that room life, and I do so love home, that when I got so I could get along with the help of one, I began to feel that I must be at home again. I took the money I sold my little Kentucky home for, and bought this house. The house is old, and was badly out of repair, but the location is nice, and I am right on the Tennessee river and can see all the boats, so may I say I am a craft. The sunset in summer is grand for me; all of this is beautiful to me, and I never tire of it, and I can never thank God enough for letting me be at home again. Oh, I would rather be at home if I had to live on a crust, and as I can make my home more comfortable I wish as happy as can be.

I have been working this year to put a new roof on it, and with the help that kind friends have given, I hope to have it on by winter. My way of earning is by doing the little things, and I never become discouraged. I feel that God will help me through. I have learned to live on the sunny side, but dear sisters, I did not learn this lesson until I had gone to the very end of the dark way; then I found that God's own beautiful sun was always shining bright. I had closed my eyes to all but my sorrow, now I have no more dark clouds.

I expect if you could come in and see just how I have to manage, you would think it rather dark, but it is not. I have a child I got from the poorhouse and we manage to get along with the work. I wish you all could see me make biscuits. I use a light spoon, and a small pan and a small board, and cut them with a light cutter, then Dollie puts them in the pan. I make splendid butter cakes. It does not take very much for us two, and if it did, we have learned to do on a little. I have good neighbors that help me out. I love to do all of this, and be at home. I named my home Sunshine Cottage and am trying to get a start of flowers again. When I had to give up my home in Kentucky I had to part with all my pretty flowers, my work for over twenty years, and now I am trying to make it look more like home by planting hardy flowers. I have a sunshine bulb bed of hyacinths and tulips, that different ones sent me, and I can never tell the pleasure they were to me last spring. I would sit for hours and feast on their beauty. I had bed of beautiful white lilies at my old home, these were so dear to me, the white Candidum lily is my favorite. I think we will find these pretty lilies all along "The Golden Shore" when we cross over. I do wish if any of the sisters have the Candidum they would contribute to my Sunshine lily bed. I will appreciate any lily I get. I am sending a nice start of roses, have posted a good many cuttings. I will have a good many chrysanthemum blooms this fall and do wish you all could gather in and enjoy the feast with me, for I would have a banquet for each one of you. I wish I could send every lonely shut-in some. I feel sorry for the shut-ins who seem so lonely and some say they are friendless. I wish they could feel as I do about this. It seems that I could not feel either lonely or friendless, with all of God's own beautiful world to feast my eyes on. And this big world full of good people; I feel that many love me, and I am happy in this belief. I will be glad to hear from any of you, but please in-close stamp for reply, as my lines are scarce.

With love and best wishes for you all. Good by, come and see me.
MRS. E. L. FRISER, Clifton, Tenn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you kindly allow me space to tell you how much I enjoy reading so many cheerful letters? They are a source of pleasure to me, as I am confined to the



"And to think, John, our groceries cost no more than we pay at retail stores, and our furniture is not costing us one cent. With this last \$10 order we got this handsome upholstered rocker free. I wish we had known of Crofts & Reed's Factory-to-Home Plan long ago."

This Prudent Housewife is Furnishing Her Home Without Cost
You can do it, too. Read her letter:

"I have been using your products for 8 years. I have received an order recently and everything is as usual. I often tell my husband we would have to quit keeping house if I couldn't get Crofts & Reed products. The premiums are splendid value. I could not buy them here for what I pay for the products alone. I am furnishing our home without cost on your good plan. I have received so far a stylish coat, blankets, a Go-Cart, Music Cabinet, Curtains, Rocker, Carpet Sweeper, Lawn Mower, Silverware, Rugs, and Portieres.
Mrs. W. H. Newbern, Elm and Broadway, Davenport, Iowa, R. No. 1.

The secret of this money saving plan is simply this: Buying your daily home supplies, such as Tea, Coffee, Soap, Pure Foods, Baking Powders, Spices, Extracts—everything in line of Grocery Products direct from our factory, thus cutting out all middlemen's profit and instead get handsome Premiums FREE. We ship on approval—ask

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Chiffonier No. 1055. Well made of golden oak. Five large and two small drawers. Given with \$10 worth of our products.

Couch No. 701. Embossed golden oak frame. Spring seat and cushions. Given with \$10 worth of our products.

Table No. 701. Embossed golden oak frame. Spring seat and cushions. Given with \$10 worth of our products.

House all the time except when my husband carries me about to see my friends in the summer which I do greatly enjoy.

Three years ago I was taken with sciatic rheumatism and confined to my bed two and a half years. The good Lord raised me from my bed, but with the loss of one of my limbs, and I have not walked in three years.

So you can realize that I am a shut-in and need a wheel chair very much, but am unable to buy one for myself. Without one I am confined to my chair.

My only hope of getting a wheel chair is through COMFORT's Wheel-Chair Club and I have often wished I was able to get enough subscriptions for our good paper to earn one. My neighbors have become interested and have advised me to try to get subscribers, and I have the promise of ten already and I think I can get more by the time this is printed, but at that rate it will be a very long time before I get enough to get a wheel chair. Will some of the sisters please help me by sending subscriptions for the Wheel-Chair Club?

I am thirty-seven years old and the mother of five children. I can deeply sympathize with those who have lost their loved ones for I have a dear father and mother and my little boy companion of six years in that blissful clime and hope some day to meet them never to part and then all tears will be wiped from our eyes.

"When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first began."

This blessed thought ought to encourage us on our way.

I have one of the best husbands in the world and he has been so good to me all through my afflictions.
MRS. MARTHA B. McELROY, Cottage Grove, Henry Co., Tenn.

The Red, White and Blue
Let us honor the dead of our nation,
The sailors, so brave and so true;
The lads who now sleep in the ocean,
Who died for the red, white and blue,
The battleship Maine is their casket,
Their souls are with God in review;
And widows and orphans are mourning
The loss of the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.
Three cheers for the red, white and blue;
Three cheers for the sailor boys true;
Three cheers for our loyal White Squadron,
And three for the red, white and blue.

The Ironclad Maine, at Havana,
Like a monarch of absolute rule,
Undreaming of war or disaster,
Undreaming of knave or of fool,
Lay at rest and at peace in the harbor,
The stars watching o'er her brave crew;
When death and destruction o'ertook her,
And sullied the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.
Then honor the dead of her crew;
Then honor the living, so true;
Then honor the loyal White Squadron,
And cheer for the red, white and blue.

If treachery's hand held the missile
That shattered our noble ship Maine,
America's grieving population
Will discover it even in Spain;
And the God of our fathers, in justice
Will guide us in wiping dishonor
From our beautiful red, white and blue.

CHORUS.
The above song was sent in by H. W. Rhineland, Freedom, R. R. 1, Pa., and will prove of timely interest owing to the decision of the government to raise the battleship Maine and determine the cause of her destruction.—Ed.

Requests
Miss H. A. McNally, Garnettville, R. R. 2, Box 69, Meade Co., Ky., song, "Life on the Ocean Wave," sent direct to her.
Mrs. Sallie Creed, Porterville, Miss., remedy for neuritis.
Mrs. C. D. Whitfield, Vera, Okla., words and music of "Climbing Up The Golden Stairs."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.

Words by HARRY H. WILLIAMS.

Music by EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE.

Andante.

1. The o - ri - ole with joy was sweet-ly
2. I've real-ly come a long way from the

sing - ing, The lit - tle brook was bab - bling its tune, The vil - lage bells at noon were gai - ly ring - ing, The
cit - y, And though my heart is break-ing I'll be brave; I've brought this bunch of flow'rs, I think they're pret - ty, To

world seem'd brighter than a har - vest moon; For there with - in my arms I gen - tly press'd you, And blush-ing red, you slow - ly turned a -
place up - on a fresh - ly mould-ed grave; If you will show me, fa - ther, where she's ly - ing, Or if it's far just point it out to

way, I can't for - get the way I once ca - ressed you; I on - ly pray we'll meet an - oth - er day.
me, Said he "She told us all when she was dy - ing, To bur - y her be - neath the ap - ple tree."

Chorus. Falso lento.

In the shade of the old ap - ple tree, Where the love in your eyes I could see, When the voice that I heard, like the

song of the bird, Seem'd to whis - per sweet mu - sic to me; I could hear the dull buzz of the bee, In the blos - soms as

you said to me, With a heart that is true, I'll be wait - ing for you, In the shade of the old ap - ple tree,

Home Dressmaking Hints

Suggestions That Will Help

By Geneva Gladding

How to Be Well Dressed

It has often been remarked that "good clothes are an asset to any woman." However this may be, it does give a certain poise and a feeling of self-assurance to be neatly and tastefully dressed, that is perhaps attained in no other way.

Does this sound costly and difficult? In fact it is not, but simply means that you should study the colors and styles best suited to you, and whatever you buy, be it ever so little, select with care and an eye to your needs. If

any particular color pleases you or is just then fashionable, do not choose it regardless of whether it is becoming, but rather select the color that will make your skin the clearest and your eyes the brightest. People with sallow skins should never wear brown, neither should people with gray hair unless their skin is very bright.

A well-hanging skirt two and one half or three inches from the ground and a plain, neat fitting coat worn with a becoming, not over trimmed hat is bound to make an attractive figure and one suitably dressed for many occasions.

Waists that have well-fitting and well-boned collars are a necessity to the well-dressed woman, and an important feature. Many waists are seen matching the skirts, and these

are often trimmed with a contrasting color, effectively used as side platings, pipings or bands. Skirts are scant and narrow, but the season advances they are declared graceful, comfortable and easy to walk in.

A blue and green Shepherd check was worn with a plain blue coat with collar and cuffs of the check. A plain green waist finished a smart costume, suitable for street, calling or church wear.

No. 6826 shows a long, loose protective coat that fills many needs. Double faced cloth, in fact any of the cloakings will be found suitable for this model. A feature of this coat is found in the collar. It can be rolled open with the fronts or it can be buttoned up closely as shown in the small view. The patch pockets are a great convenience and at the same time they give a stylish look to the coat. It may be worn with or without belt. Cut in six sizes, 34 to 44 bust, medium sizes requiring four and three quarters yards of material 44 inches wide.

Many of the newest skirts are those made in three circular founces, and they promise great vogue. Especially becoming to slight or medium figures, they can be fashioned from any material. If a more elaborate effect is desired the founces may be trimmed with braid or a narrow band of contrasting material. The lower founce is joined to edge of foundation and the two upper arranged over. The closing is habit style and the pattern gives a smart skirt without either of the upper founces. Cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 waist measure, medium size requiring three and one quarter yards 44 inches wide.

Nos. 6704 and 6754 illustrate a gown that is extremely chic. The blouse is one of the newest shown and is cut in one piece with the sleeves, while the skirt combines full side portions with a circular founce and plain front

panel. It will be found appropriate for all materials that are thin enough to tuck, and this season a great many are to be worn. The blouse is closed at the back and the skirt may be worn either in walking length or with a slight train. The blouse is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 bust, medium size requiring two and three eighths yards 32 inches wide. The skirt is cut in six sizes, 22 to 30 waist, medium size requiring five yards of material 32 inches wide.

New Cloths for the Miss

Nos. 6805 and 6790 show a handsome gown which embraces many of the newest features. Pretty soft wool makes an ideal material for this model and it may be trimmed with braid or bands of silk. The yoke and undersleeves may be made of net, lace or finely tucked silks. The waist is adaptable to evening wear, or it may be made with long sleeves for more general use. The skirt has a panel front with side and back plaited portion and habit closing. The waist and skirt are cut in three sizes, 14, 16 and 18 years of age. Size 16 requiring for the waist, two yards of material 36 inches wide, and the skirt five yards of the same width.

Another extremely neat and becoming model is shown in Nos. 6784 and 6434. A crepe finished material was used with satin folds. The little yoke is of all-over lace and buttons are covered with satin. The cuff is as pretty as it is odd. The plaited skirt is cut in seven gores, the plaits stitched flat over the hips. The waist is cut in three sizes, 14, 16 and 18 years of age, size 16 requiring one and three quarters yard 36 inches wide. The skirt is cut in two sizes, 14 and 16 years, requiring seven yards of same width.

The two-piece skirt No. 6835 is much in demand. This one is trimmed with braid in a most effective manner, but can be treated in any way that may suit individual taste. Buttons are being much used, and arranged at each side of the seams are always pretty. The skirt is a simple one, easy to make, smart and satisfactory in effect. Cut in three sizes, 14 to 18 years of age, size 16 requiring two yards of material 44 inches wide.

For Your Little Daughters and Sons

Simple dresses such as No. 6807 are always needed and every new and pretty design finds a place. The skirt is straight and plaited, and the body portion is novel and attractive at the same time that it is simple. Plain material makes this one, and the trimming is soutache braid, but striped or plaid material trimmed with itself, cut on the straight or bias, would make a pretty effect. Cut in three sizes, four, six and eight years of age, six years requiring three and one eighth yards of material 36 inches wide with 12 yards of braid.

Capes are being much worn by the younger

children just now, and No. 6775 is pretty and simple and easy to make. Any cloth such as serge, broadcloth or cheviot is suitable, or it may be made of cravanne and worn as a storm cape. It may be finished with a rolled-over collar, but most mothers find the hood a great protection against storm and cold. Cut in three sizes, one, two and four years, medium size requiring one and one half yard of material 44 inches wide.

No. 6810 is a little coat that closes snugly at the neck making it comfortable for cold weather. It may be made dressy by using trimming as illustrated or finish plainly with rows of stitching. The big armholes and panel effect at the back are attractive features. The coat consists of lining and outside. The lining is faced at the armholes, and the sleeves are inserted in it. The outside is left loose and its edges are trimmed. Cut in three sizes, two to six years, medium size requiring one and three quarters yards of material 44 inches wide.

No. 6815 is another one of those popular models having the sleeves and body cut in one, and they are very becoming to the younger girls. They are graceful and mean the least possible labor in making a frock. The little tuck which you see laid over each shoulder gives a bit of fullness which gives softness to the lines. Plaid with plain bands would be pretty or bordered challis can be used with good effect. Cut in three sizes, six, eight and 10 years, size eight requiring two and five eighths yards of material 44 inches wide.

A little coat such as illustrated in No. 6786 is exceptionally smart for younger children. It may be made of cloth and trimmed with velvet, or of all velvet, velveteen, corduroy or fur plush any of which are much used this season. Cut in three sizes, two to six years of age, size four requiring two and one eighth yards of material 44 inches wide.

Unusually pretty and childlike is model No. 6841 with the becoming bertha which may be simply edged with lace or additional trimming of rows of insertion. The waist and skirt are joined by a belt, and for dressy occasions a sash of ribbon is very smart. Cut in three sizes, four to eight years of age.

A well-fitting blouse suit is one of the best styles for boys' winter suits, and being so simple to make they are favorites with the busy mothers. The suit consists of blouse and trousers. The blouse is made with front and back, and center-front portions. The sleeves are cut in one piece. The trousers are in regulation style and drawn up by means of elastic at the knees. Cut in three sizes, six to 10 years of age, medium size requiring four and one quarter yards of material 44 inches wide.

No. 6838 is a nobby little suit in Russian style for the younger boy. The blouse is cut with plain back and front and fastens at the center-front through a plait which may be braided, as well as the belt and cuffs. The fullness at the bottom of sleeves is confined by small tucks stitched to place. Cut in three sizes, two to six years of age.

Transfer Patterns

Tailored effects acquired by braiding are one of the styles that is always smart and in good taste. The one illustrated under No. 643 is especially graceful and can be easily and quickly done, the pattern includes collar, cuffs and front. It is best applied by basting securely through the center and sewing from the back (if done by hand), following the basting line.

No. 546 is another transfer waist design in a combination of lace and embroidery. It is simple and effective and may be done either in solid or eyelet, and if all embroidery is preferred, the lines indicating lace may be outlined, and here is an opportunity to work in a bit of color effectively.

Braided belts hold their popularity, and often

make a plain waist and skirt appear a little more dressy by this bit of decoration. Design No. 545 may be done on silk, wool, linen or cotton, and as shown in the upper pattern, eyelet work may be effectively used.

No. 448 illustrates a dainty pattern for a baby's bib. The scalloped edge is to be padded and buttonhole, the ribbon effect and flowers worked in a solid embroidery and the dots in eyelet work. Bibs made from linen or fine cotton are the most becoming to baby, but of course readily wet through and a good plan is to have an under bib of two thicknesses, slightly padded with cotton batting to use while baby is drooling.

No. 471 illustrates the fashionable wrist or chatelaine bag. To wear with light dresses, linen is a suitable material all in white or in colors to match gown, and for winter or heavy materials, silk in either colors or black is extremely pretty, and older ladies find it an indispensable receptacle when fastened to the waist, for handkerchief, glasses, thimble, etc., and therefore is a very suitable gift for all ages.

An embroidered photograph frame in a wheat design as shown in No. 454, makes a beautiful setting for a beloved face. They are done on linen and easily mounted on pasteboard, then covered with glass and the edges fastened together by pasting over a strip of linen or paper.

Questions Answered

CHILD'S NIGHT DRAWERS.—MRS. PIERRE SAWYER, for a child that gets uncovered during the night I would recommend using the night drawers pattern No. 6111 in the October COMFORT. In cutting this garment, use a pattern that is amply loose, two sizes larger than required for a dress, as they should in no way restrict the motions of the child and should be long in the seat. This pattern is cut for children between the ages of two and eight years. Another method for young children is to make a night-dress twelve inches longer than floor length and draw up the bottom edge by running a draw-string through the hem.

CORSET COVER.—MRS. T. L. D., as you cannot wear corsets, make a fitted corset cover of light weight drilling, put casings on all the seams with an extra one each side of the front plait and insert bones. These may be removed when garment is washed.

MATERNITY GOWN.—MRS. A. D. W., No. 6706 is extremely pretty and suitable for your purpose. While it is simple, it is dressy enough to wear when calling on a friend. You will need four and three quarters yards of material forty-four inches wide.

TRAVELER'S APRON.—MISS CAMEBON, a suitable and useful gift to your traveling friend would be a traveler's apron in which to keep her toilet articles. It saves carrying a heavy leather bag into the dressing-room each time, and its strongest argument is that it's put on like any apron, thus avoiding the laying about of toilet articles where others have been before. Make an apron twenty inches long and without fullness at top, from rubber cloth. Make four square pockets, for the corners, one long one and another large one made into three compartments by stitching lengthwise. Bind apron with cotton braid, using braid to finish top with ends long enough to tie about waist. It is well to make a flap for the pockets after the style of an envelope, finishing it with the braid and buttoning it over to prevent articles from falling out.

SCHOOL DRESS.—MRS. COLEMAN, your blue and white Shepherd's check will be ample for pattern No. 6807 by putting a plain blue band four inches deep at the bottom; also making the shoulder pieces, belt and cuffs of plain. The idea would be prettily carried out by using buttons covered with plain material.

MUFF AND COLLARETTE.—MISS REYNOLDS, as you are limited to a few dollars for your furs, why don't you make you a muff and collarette of one of the pretty fur cloths, using pattern No. 6847. Velvet is also used with fur edge. Interline your collar with outing flannel and the muff by putting a layer of cotton batting or wool between two thicknesses of muslin.

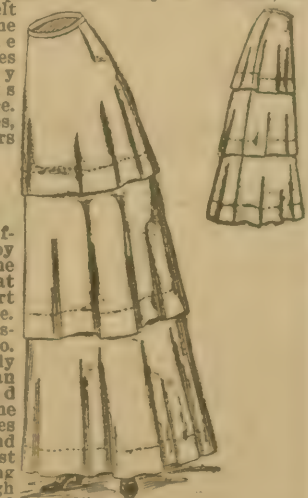


6780-CHILD'S COAT.



6704-TUCKED OVER BLOUSE.

6754-SKIRT PANEL EFFECT.



6791-CIRCULAR TRIPLE SKIRT.

6794

6434

6283

6808

6823

6758

6835

6293

6790

6807

6810

6832

6847

6117

546

6828

6778

6826

6727

6838

Winter Fashions

6826—DOUBLE-BREADED COAT. 34 to 44 bust.
 6794—MANNISH SHIRT-WAIST. 34 to 44 bust.
 6784—FANCY WAIST. 14, 16 and 18 years.
 6434—MISSSES' SEVEN-GORED PLAIATED SKIRT. 14 and 16 years.
 6283—GIRL'S YOKED APRON. Six to 12 years.
 6815—GIRL'S DRESS. Six, eight and 10 years.
 6808—BOY'S SUIT. Six, eight and 10 years.
 6823—BLOUSE WAIST. 34 to 42 bust.
 6758—INFANT'S SET. One size.
 6835—TWO-PIECE SKIRT. 14, 16 and 18 years.
 6805—FANCY WAIST FOR MISSSES. 14, 16 and 18 years.
 6790—PLAIATED SKIRT. 14, 16 and 18 years.
 6706—MATERNITY OR HOUSE GOWN. 34 to 42 bust.
 6293—CHILD'S NIGHT-GOWN. Two to eight years.
 6778—GIRL'S CAPE WITH HOOD OR ROLLED OVER COLLAR. One, two and four years.

6828—SIX-GORED SKIRT. 24 to 32.
 546—WAIST DESIGN for embroidery and lace.
 6727—HOUSE DRESS or nurse's costume. 34 to 48 bust.
 471—TRANSFER PATTERN for a-chatelaine bag.
 6838—BOY'S BLOUSE SUIT. Two, 4 and 6 years.
 6117—CHILD'S CAPE. Two, 4 and 6 years.
 6847—MUFF AND COLLARETTE. One size.
 6832—CHILD'S BATH-ROBE. Two to eight years.
 6810—CHILD'S COAT. Two, four and six years.
 6834—CHILD'S ONE-PIECE APRON. Two to 8 years.
 6758—GIRL'S DRESS. FOUR, SIX and eight years.
 448—TRANSFER PATTERN for a baby's bib.
 6524—PLAIN WRAPPER or bath robe. 34 to 46 bust.
 6814—GIRL'S UNDERWEIST AND DRAWERS. Six to 12 years.
 454—TRANSFER PATTERN of a picture frame.
 643—TRANSFER PATTERN for braiding blouse.
 645—TRANSFER PATTERN for braided belts.

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Children's Jolly Hour

With Uncle John

MERRY CHRISTMAS to the little ones. If Christmas is joyous to anybody it ought to be made the more so to the children, for as you have all learned at Sunday school, it is the birthday of our Lord and Saviour who loves you all. When He was on earth He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." I hope Santa Claus will remember you generously; but while enjoying your presents share your pleasure unselfishly with your brothers, sisters and playmates and your own happiness will be the greater. That is the lesson which Christmas teaches and we should all remember to be unselfish on Christmas and on every day in the year; and if we do we shall realize the fulfillment of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven."

And now for a merry, good time.

The Snowflake

I think the prettiest thing in the world is a snowflake. It is so white and pure and if you look close it is like the dearest lace. The next time it is snowing take a piece of dark cloth or paper that has been outside and hold it so you will catch a few large flakes. You will be surprised to see how wonderfully shaped they are. And each one is different. You can never find two that are alike. The first one that falls touches your cheek and melts away, then another comes and then another. Soon the ground is all white. You go indoors and stay by the fire. In the morning the great white heaps are against the door, you can hardly trudge around, horses move slowly, mighty engines are delayed and perhaps stopped altogether. Do you not learn from the snowflake the beauty of God and His might?

Baby Rhyme

Fret-ay little baby, come to mamma's lap.
Pet-ay little baby, take a little nap.
Romp-ay little baby, pushing chairs about;
Fun-ay little baby, all tired out;
Darling little baby, shut your little eyes,
Little baby bunting go to sleepy byes.

The Happy Christmas

See the poor little boy just waking up on Christmas morn. He never got anything from Santa Claus because he was too poor and besides he never heard of him. But when he did find out about him he hung up his stocking. He



THE KITT'S CHRISTMAS.

wanted a kitten and asked Santa for one. He did not care for toys. He wanted something to love for he had no brothers or sisters. Although it was cold he left his window open so Santa could get in. A little kitten was out in the cold and snow and seeing the open window climbed right up and into the boy's stocking. When he woke up he could hardly believe his eyes for there indeed was the longed-for present in his stocking. Jumping up he clapped his hands and cried, "Oh, this is the best and happiest Christmas I ever had!"

Blowing the Book

Lay a paper sack that is free from holes and leaks on a smooth table and place two large books on the enclosed end just as the picture shows. Now place the open end of the sack in your mouth and blow. If you have pretty good wind the books will raise up and topple over. Keep adding more weight until your limit is reached, then let someone else try it and you will soon be engaged in an amusing contest.



A TEST OF STRENGTH.

It may happen that the smallest and puniest child in the crowd will prove to have the best lung capacity.

Help a Little

If you are a good child you will not leave your things thrown about the house. Hang your hat up, put your shoes where they belong, have a special place for your toys. Then your belongings will never get lost and your mother will delight in telling what a good child you are. The best way to help your mother is to help yourself. Whenever she goes to do something for you, say "No, mother, let me do that," and don't stand there as though you don't mean it but pitch right in and do the thing and do it so very good that your mother will be pleased. Some children are more of a help at five or six years than others are at twelve. I hope you love your parents enough to be always planning to help them in some way.

Musical Glasses

It is easy to play a tune on wine glasses if you have any talent for music. Place eight glasses in a row on a level firm table and fill in a little water in the first, a little more in the second, still more in the third and so on. Wet your finger and rub it around the rim of the glass and a hollow, bell-like sound will result. Keep changing the quantity of water until you can play the common scale nicely and then with a little practice you can pick out any simple tune.



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

to give a prize to the boy or girl who can play the best. The judge should be some older person and then each must attempt the same tune such as "Yankee Doodle" or "Dixie."

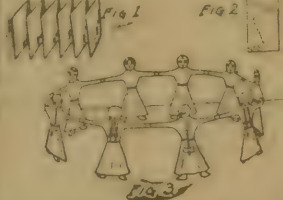
A Dream

Johnny was lying down on the couch when all of a sudden it started to move as though someone was pushing it. He tried to yell and get up but he could not. Straight through the door went the couch and down the road like an auto. He was awful scared and had to hold hard to keep from falling off. There was no one pulling the couch but it seemed to fly along like light-

ning. Up over trees and houses it went and straight for the sun. "Maybe I'm going to heaven," thought Johnny, "but I want to go home first." His eyes were blinded with the light and his flesh began to feel awful hot. On and on he shot and at last he struck something and there was a loud crash. With an effort he managed to yell, "Mother, oh, save me!" "What's wrong?" said his mother's kind voice, "did you fall off the couch?" Johnny looked around and found he was at home. Then he kissed his mother and told her of the awful dream he had.

Paper Dolls

Here is a very old way of having fun. Take a nice white piece of writing paper and fold it up as shown in Fig. 1. Make the marks shown in the cut marked Fig. 2 and cut it out with the scissors. When it is unfolded you will have the circle of dancing dolls and to make them look more natural you can mark eyes and mouth and hair and buttons on the figures. It only takes a minute to try this plan but it will be interesting to little tots who are too small to read this piece so you better try it for their sake. I will write a letter to any little boy or girl who writes to me.



AMUSING FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

To Color

The simple outline sketch shown here will suggest some nice fun to the child who has colored pencils or chalk. See how pretty you can make the picture by filling in the colors. As a hint I would say to make the girl's dress a bright red, the grass and tree tops green, the tree trunks



GOING TO SCHOOL.

gray, the path brownish black, the sky blue and pink, the house white. You can change this if you wish but have all tints as near like real life as possible. When the coloring is finished write a little story telling what you think the picture is intended to represent.

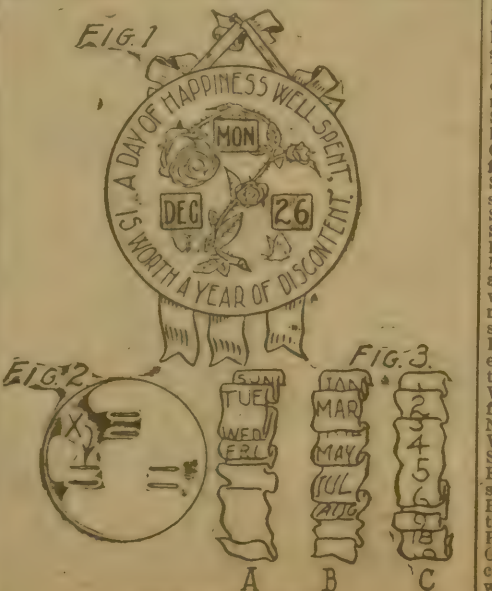
A Dolly Song

What will I name my dolly?
I really do not know.
I've one whose name is Polly
And one whose name is Flo.
And then of course there's Teddy
Who stands where he is put.
And never yet has run away
Or moved a hand or foot.
I asked my Irish neighbor
He said to name it Pat.
But this new dolly is a girl,
And so I can't do that.
Now all our folks are trying
To help me in my plight.
They told me many different names
But none of them seems right.
Last night I laid there thinking
As hard as I could think.
When I got up my mamma said
"You never slept a wink."
But I don't think it funny
For where's the rest to find.
When one is awful worried
And has trouble on their mind.

J. L. D.

A Calendar

Here is a new design for a calendar. Any boy or girl can make it, especially a girl. Get a pasteboard box and cut a circular piece as in Fig. 2. With a sharp knife cut six slots as shown. Before going any further you can decorate this piece of cardboard any way you choose, by covering with fancy cloth, by pasting pictures on it, by coloring with crayons or painting. We next prepare three tapes or ribbons. The first



ARTISTIC AND USEFUL.

has the days of the week marked on it, the second has the names of the months and the other the numbers from 1 to 31. Thread them through the slots so that only one name or number will come to view. Hang it with a bow of ribbon and each day pull the tapes one space. You can put a lot of work on this article and make it to last a lifetime.

Riddles

What occurs once in a minute and not once in a thousand years? Ans. The letter "M."
Why is the nose in the middle of the face? Ans. Because it is the center (sceneter).
Why do the desert people no fear of starvation? Ans. Because of the sand which is there (sandwiches).
How came the sandwiches there? Why the tribe of Ham was bred there and mustered into a large nation.
Now, good by for another month, and although it will be only a month until we meet again it will be in another year. If you don't understand this ask some of the older folks to tell you what it means.

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Please mention COMFORT when you write.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for December

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by references from postmaster or physician will be destroyed.

Wm. T. Harrah, Beckus, W. Va. Broken back. Has four children. Wife died recently. Care of family rests on shoulders of delicate girl of fourteen. One child of twelve almost an invalid. Lovely family. Interest yourself in them. Send them food and fuel. Be their Santa Claus. Tom Lockhart, Wellington, Mo. Tom's body is ossified. He has been lying on a mattress grave for over twenty years. This heroic soul earns the support of himself and nurse by selling books he has written. Send twenty cents for his "Twenty-one Years on a Mattress Grave." Better send a dollar and tell him to keep the change. We are Tom's main reliance. Send Santa Claus to the bedside of this poor martyred soul. Lafayette Swanson, Boomer, R. R. 2, N. C. This poor soul is bedridden and helpless. Pitiful case. Is very worthy. Send Santa his way. Mrs. Phoebe Beard, Westfield, Iowa. Husband has consumption. Has seven little children all under twelve years of age. For months Mrs. Beard was without shoes. The children all need clothing, but unless you can send good clothes, and prepay freight and express send nothing. To send rags and expect people to pay freight on them is a ghastly, wicked joke. This joke has been already played on Mrs. Beard. A stone is not bread, rags are not clothes. People who unload their rag bags on others and think they have done a charitable act may fool themselves, but they don't fool God. Help this brave little woman all you can. Send them the sympathy that buys bread. Henry Stewart, Bingham, Ky. Needy invalid. Has two children. Wife has epilepsy. Food and clothing needed here. Send Santa to them. Mason L. Tart, Benson, R. R. 2, N. C. Helpless invalid. Poor and needy. Very worthy. Send Santa to him. Rovella Lee Dunn, R. R. 2, N. C. Invalid. Grateful for any assistance. Send Santa her way. George Kendrick, Spencer, R. R. 3, Va. His doctor writes that he is a deserving young man, and suffers from tuberculosis of the left hip and thigh, also of right ankle joint. He will never be well. Open your hearts and pocket-books here, he is greatly in need of help. Very sad case. Mrs. Maggie L. Cook (21), Jacktown, Ky. Terrible sufferer, entirely helpless. Has baby two years of age, husband dead. Heart-rending case. Please take an interest in her. Send her the sympathy that buys bread. H. Stanley Bent, 37 E. Phil. Elena St., Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa. Too sick to longer struggle for a living. Stanley is poor, needy and very much alone in the world. Send Santa to cheer his lonely life. Mary Latterell, Oriskany, N. Y. Send her orders for crochet and cross-stitch work. Mary has been helpless for many years. She is a good soul and worthy of encouragement. F. E. Sartor, Marie, Texas. Crippled. Needs a pair of surgical braces. They are costly and she has no means of getting them. Could go to church and Sunday school if she had them. Who will help her? Highly recommended. J. D. McLennan, Guilford, Fla. Poor and needy invalid. Grateful for any help. Mrs. D. S. Grogan, Spencer, Va. Sick and needy. Will be grateful for any assistance. Would like some clothing. Very worthy. Send Santa to her. Mrs. A. Wallis, 215 Audobon St., New Orleans. Poor colored woman. Would like a Bible, too poor to buy one. Mr. and Mrs. Moses Cooper, Uree, N. C. These poor old souls are over eighty years of age, sick and unable to work. They are in great need. Highly recommended by both physician and postmaster. Send Santa Claus to them. It may be his last visit. Pierce Wilson, Talent, Ore. Made blind by an explosion of dynamite. Would like cheery letters. Mrs. Deborah Robinson, Sidney, Ohio. Would like cheery letters. Has been an invalid for seven years. Mr. B. E. Cobb, Copenhagen, N. Y. Invalid. Wants postals. John H. Keaton, Winston, R. R. 2, Ga. Invalid. Very worthy. Send him some Christmas cheer. Mrs. M. J. Kline, Benton, R. R. 4, Pa. Wants some rubber stockings. Mrs. Kline is in very poor health. Husband also sickly. Her life depends on having these stockings. See she gets them please. Annie Pedvy, Roanoke, Ala. Helpless for many years. Great sufferer. Wants cheery letters and any cheer you can spare. Postals not wanted. Annie writes beautifully and is a dear, sweet girl. Clarence E. Weldie, McKean, Erie County, R. R. 2, Pennsylvania. Invalid. Would like cheery letters. No financial assistance asked. Lulu Thornburgh, Patterson, Missouri. Shut-in for years. Helpless young woman. Grateful for any help. Postals not wanted. Send her some Christmas cheer. Spencer Holder, Quebec, Tenn. Shut-in—helpless. Send Santa to this poor soul. Lee Mabry, Albermarle, R. R. 1, N. C. Dead from waist down. Grateful for any help. Send Santa to this poor young man's bedside. Mrs. Annie K. Brom, Spencer, R. R. 3, Va. Has consumption and other ailments, needs milk, cannot get it. Very needy, very worthy. Send Santa to the bedside of this poor soul. L. B. Tinsley, 18th St., and Washington Ave., Huntington, W. Va. Broken back. Has wife and little boy. Lovely little family. Please send Santa Claus to them. They need him badly. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, Ohio. Helpless invalid. Needs fuel, food and medical treatment. Highly recommended. Send her some help. Hoke Smith (9), Bremen, R. R. 1, Ga. This poor little boy is helpless. Father has consumption. Seven in family, oldest only twelve. Send Hoke some toys and picture books, and anything you can spare. Lizzie Monton, New Lisbon, Wis. Crippled with rheumatism.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Readers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, give full name, and direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

BONE TUMOR.—I have a four-year-old mare that has had a lump, three months below the right eye. It feels hard. About ten days ago it broke and discharged freely. L. B. R.

A.—Home treatment will not avail in such a case. It no doubt will be necessary to have the place trephined by a veterinary dentist who may find a decayed molar tooth needing removal. Until this can be attended to you may carefully paint the lump each other day with tincture of iodine and inject a very little of the same tincture into the discharging place.

SCRATCHES.—My horse suffers with what appears to be scratches. I washed feet with Castile soap, and then rubbed them well with axle grease for a couple of weeks, but it did not seem to help much. A. C.

A.—One good washing to be followed by a perfect drying with sawdust is all the washing permissible for a case of scratches. Washing always aggravates the disease. Keep the leg saturated with a creamy mixture of flowers of sulphur and sweet oil to each pint of which add half an ounce of coal tar disinfectant.

DECREASED MILK FLOW.—I have a fine Jersey cow, eight years old, that is falling in milk without any apparent cause. She is in fine condition. Calf about four months old; generally raises calf every ten months. She used to give six quarts and let the calf have some too, night and morning, now she gives about half the amount. Her milk is very rich in butter fat. Mrs. T. M. R.

A.—Three times a day thoroughly massage the udder and at night rub with brandy. Stop all fattening food, such as corn and oatmeal and substitute bran, middlings, gluten meal and dried brewers' grains along with best of mixed hay and silage. Make the cow take plenty of exercise every day.

RABIES; CATARRH.—My dog became hoarse and lost his voice and began to slobber. It was thick, slimy and partly bloody. His mouth and throat grew sore, he couldn't eat or drink water and his mouth turned green before he died. (2) I have a cow with a cough; she had discharges at the nose of a yellowish color. She gives rich milk; her cream is foamy at times. L. S.

A.—We strongly suspect that the dog died of rabies (hydrophobia). This is incurable and any dog showing suspicious symptoms should be securely chained up and the disease allowed to develop so that it can be diagnosed with certainty by the expert and if rabies is present bitten persons then will know to take the Pasteur treatment. (2) Have the cow tested with tuberculin. Tuberculosis is a very probable cause of the catarrhal condition described and it is incurable. Milk of a tuberculous cow should not be used.

LAMENESS.—I have a horse that was cut by wire last June, under the pastern joint. He ran in the pasture and got poison in it. Calomel killed the poison, and it healed up, but left him lame and with a large ankle. I worked him last month a few times when it broke out and ran again. L. S.

A.—Clip the hair and perfectly cleanse the parts. Twice daily inject peroxide of hydrogen into discharging places and then cover with a mixture of one part each of calomel and subnitrate of bismuth and six parts of boric acid, cotton batting and clean bandage. When discharge ceases should lameness persist blister the parts with cerate of cantharides and if necessary repeat in a month.

PERITONITIS.—Can you tell me a remedy for keeping calves from dying after an operation? My neighbor (Worley) operated on a calf when it was five months old and there was no inflammation from the result, although there was a swelling along the belly. Nearly every calf that he operates on dies. H. A.

A.—Care is not taken to do the operation with a perfectly clean knife and hands. Cleanse the seat of the operation with a two per cent. solution of coal tar disinfectant and soap the knife and hands in the same solution before operating. After the operation insert in wound a mixture of one dram each of iodoform and turpentine to the ounce of lard and trouble will not be likely to follow. See that the calves are put on clean grass pasture after the operation. If they are turned into a dirty pen they will be likely to die of blood poisoning. The wounds in the scrotum must be made large to allow of free drainage.

INDIGESTION.—My three months' old calf eats heartily, and is in good condition, but sometimes it staggers, and trembles, while walking, after getting up, and at other times it is all right. B. L.

A.—At time of each attack purge the calf with a few ounces of Castor oil shaken up in milk. Mix linewater with its milk at rate of one ounce to the quart of milk. Allow free range in yard or on pasture.

LAMENESS.—The hind legs of my mare swell up when she stands in the barn. The right leg swells more than the right one and she goes a little lame in the left leg. There are scars on the left leg that look as though it had been blistered for spavin. What is the cause? Do you think the spavin has been killed? M. S.

A.—If the mare lumps when made to "set over" in stall and when backed out of stall and the lameness disappears when she trots for a few minutes but returns on standing for a time, it is spavin lameness and it would be well to have the joint fired and blistered by a veterinarian and then give six weeks' rest in stall. If the symptoms described are not shown, simply bandage the leg when she comes into stall and see that she does not stand a single day idle in the stable.

COUGH.—I have a four-year-old colt that had the distemper last winter; he got over it all right but now when I drive him he has a little hard cough; he has a slight discharge at the nose. D. H.

A.—Give an ounce of glyco-heroin three times a day and wet all food. See that stable is kept clean and well ventilated. If this treatment is given the cough should soon subside.

WEAK STIFLES.—We have a two-year-old colt that has swellings on both hind legs and his hip slips in and out of joint at every step. He is healthy and in high spirits. This does not bother him much only when I ride him, which is seldom. J. H.

A.—Evidently it is the caps (patellas) of the stifles and not the hip joints that slip out and in as colt moves. Blister the stifles with cerate of cantharides once a month or rub daily with a stimulating liniment, and see that colt is generously fed on oats and bran in addition to hay.

INTERFERING.—I have a horse four years old that strikes his left fore ankle with the toe of his right fore foot. Mrs. E. W.

A.—Trim the feet perfectly level and put heavy weight on the inside quarter of the right fore foot. This is about the opposite of the usual way of weighting to prevent such striking. The weight may have to be shifted near the toe, but a little experimenting should soon show whether it will do most good.

PERILOUS FIBRINA.—I have a pup two months old with very large swellings. It is soft. It seems as though his entrails are in it. He is a fine bird pup. S. M. C.

A.—A qualified veterinarian could successfully operate for cure of this rupture, but home treatment would not be likely to succeed. Sometimes such ruptures disappear as the animal grows; especially so where a colt or calf is affected. You might try effects of a truss put on to keep pressure upon the part.

INDIGESTION.—I had a mare twelve years old weighing fifteen hundred pounds. She was taken suddenly ill, would lie down quietly and remain so for a time then get up with her head half way bowed, breathing short and quick without sweating and would not touch grain or hay. The next morning she would eat a few bites of hay and look up from the manger. The oats I fed her were heated in the stacks. The afternoon she was sick she was bloated a little but in the morning was thin in flesh, would pass manure in small amounts a little thin, and in afternoon began to eat all right. E. W.

A.—The unfit food disagreed with her and it is a wonder that she did not die of enteritis (inflammation of the intestines). At time of attack she should have had a pint and a half of raw linseed oil and along with it an ounce of turpentine and half an ounce of fluid extract of cannabis indica. Better not feed the damaged oats.

WARTS.—We have a young cow and about last December warts began to grow on her head. Now they are so bad we can hardly milk her. E. W.

A.—Thoroughly rub the wart covered parts with best cold pressed Castor oil and the warts will soon disappear. Any wart that has a narrow neck may be snipped off with scissors. The oil will work best on masses that cannot be removed by operation.

BLINDNESS.—I have a horse that has been blind for nearly two years. His eyes are slightly milky and his eyeball shrinking away. E. C. B.

A.—There is no cure for a blind horse and none has been published here. It is not uncommon, however, to see some quack advertising a remedy which he claims will cure any case of eye disease. We have not seen such an advertisement in COMFORT. Such things are of course humbugs. The horse no doubt went blind from periodic ophthalmia (moon blindness) and the present condition is "cataract."

WOUND.—I have a three-year-old filly that got her right foot cut on the wire over one year ago, cutting about one third of the hoof off of bone and even with the frog. It has healed all but a place two inches across, one inch below the top of the hoof there is a growth. The bone grows out like a tumor. I have cut it off twice, but can't stop growth of bone. I have been using biniodide of mercury and cantharides mixed in lard. E. C. C.

A.—Using a blister like biniodide of mercury and cantharides will do much more harm than good in such a case. While it is questionable whether the sore will heal it may do so if you keep it covered with a mixture of equal parts tannic acid, calomel and boric acid, cotton batting and bandage. Renew this dressing once daily. Your second question is unintelligible. Please write fully as to what is the matter with the stallion.

THICK WIND.—I have a Percheron stallion that is a little thick in the wind. The affection came on him last spring; he does not cough and can do any kind of ordinary farmwork; it is only when out on the road at hard pulling that he shows it much. Will be eight years old in the spring, is in good flesh and eats heartily. F. A. R.

A.—The disease (roaring or laryngeal hemiplegia) is incurable. He will not show it so badly if you keep him in work condition and well checked up when at work.

PARALYSIS.—I have a hog that drags on his hind legs. It is in good condition, and eats well. H. G.

A.—Better kill the hog for meat as it is unlikely that it will recover and if you let it drag about it will gradually lose flesh and be unfit for use. The trouble usually comes from overfeeding and lack of exercise. It is most apt to attack hogs that are stuffed on corn. The bones are too weak to support the body and the disease is known as "rickets." Give the other hogs free range; do not feed heavily on corn. Feed mixed rations and give linewater in slop at rate of one pound per quart of slop. Digester tankage and bone meal fed to hogs tend to prevent this disease.

INDIGESTION.—I have a saddle mare with foal three months old. The colt every few days lies down, groans, stretches his legs and seems to be in much pain. After a while she gets up, eats heartily, runs, jumps, and seems to be all right. Sometimes these spells occur three and four times a day. E. M.

A.—Give the colt two ounces of Castor oil shaken up in milk the next time it has a pain and at same time keep the mare up and reduce the rations. Better feed the mare dry hay before turning her on green alfalfa.

INFECTION FROM NAVEL.—My colt when foaled seemed to be all right; when six days old got cut in the wire on fore leg, and across the back and a few days later his ankles began to bend and swell and seemed to be sore. Now his ankles are large and hard but not sore, but still bent; her kidneys act most all the time especially when she lies down. She is in good shape, hearty all the time. F. W. E.

A.—The condition of the joints no doubt came from infection of the navel at birth. This might have been prevented by wetting the navel with a 1-500 solution of corrosive sublimate at birth and then twice a day until the cord dried up, dropped off and no raw spot could be seen. Clip the hair from affected joints and rub them with iodine ointment each other day. Mix together half an ounce of tincture of echinacea and distilled water to make the half with a 1-500 solution of the foal two teaspoonfuls three times a day and if necessary increase the dose until the urination is normal.

DEPRAVED APPETITE.—I have a dog about eight months old, a Scotch Collie. She never seems to be satisfied but wants to be eating all the time. Do you think she has worms? Mrs. E. H.

A.—Worms would be a most likely cause and it would be well to give treatment. Worm medicine for dogs may be bought at any drug store with full directions for use.

SALIVATION.—I have a mare that foams a great deal at the mouth, and has small pimples on her neck and sides. She seems to be healthy. J. J. T.

A.—Have the teeth attended to by a veterinary dentist as irregularities there no doubt cause the salivation (slobbering). Have mare clipped and then wash the affected parts of skin with 1-500 solution of coal tar disinfectant and at once rub in flowers of sulphur. Repeat this treatment as often as found necessary. Keep her where poultry cannot infest her with chicken lice.

SUMMER ITCH.—I have a four-year-old horse, perfect in every way except in warm weather he has pimples or small bunches on his right side. In winter they do not show. S. S. H.

A.—Every spring before this horse clipped, but let him begin to shed. Then do not feed corn, but let him have light rations of oats, bran and hay. Green grass often induces the trouble. Let him do without. Wash affected parts of skin with a 1-500 solution of coal tar disinfectant and then rub in flowers of sulphur; or keep the parts saturated with a creamy mixture of flowers of sulphur and sweet oil to each pint of which add half an ounce of coal tar disinfectant.

DISEASED TEETH.—My horse has something on her upper jaws like a pocket. Every time and anything she eats (grass or other food) makes her upper jaws swell both sides. This can be taken out by fingers at any time, and the odor is very offensive. She can hardly eat. It is not the teeth, as the only one pocket which absorbs feed and makes her upper jaws swell both sides. B. G.

A.—Depend upon it that this condition is entirely due to irregularities or disease of the upper molar teeth. Most likely some of the molars are missing. One has been removed or broken off. Nothing can be done in that case, but if diseased teeth are present they may be removed by the veterinary dentist. We have seen such conditions present in bad cases of glanders and it therefore would be wise to have an examination made by a qualified veterinarian.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

Send her some cheery letters. Frank G. Lenx, 233 South 4th St., Salina, Kans. Paralyzed from waist down for the last fifteen months. Wants cheery letters only. T. C. Collum, Mulberry, R. R. 1 Ark. Shut in fifteen years. Begs for wheel chair. Who will help her get one? Miss Annie M. Morr, 325 W. 5th St., Bedford, Pa. Helpless invalid for twenty years. Would like unbleached muslin squares, twelve by twelve inches, with name and address on. Send her orders for bedroom slippers, children's socks, and saucers, ladies' knit Sheridan dress shawls. Help her to help herself. Victoria Butler, Deaturville, Tenn. Victoria and her mother are both invalids, and in great need. The last appeal only brought her thirty cents. Do better this time. Rosa E. Joyce, Spencer, Va. Shut in. Poor and needy. Send Santa to her bedside. Lena L. Harwell, Lawrenceburg, R. R. 2, Tenn. Lena has been a cripple for fifty-one years. Has no means of support. Mother is eighty-two, and able to do little for her. Last appeal was a failure. Gladden her heart this time. Rebecca Thomas, Tuckertown, N. C. Wants invalid lifter, and quilt blocks ten by ten, red calico. Sender's name worked in white thread. J. A. Effe, 27 Poplar St., Atlanta, Ga. Invalid. Well educated. Can anyone give him a home in a dry climate? Writes beautifully. Used to be a cowboy. Interest yourselves in him. Mrs. Minnie F. Fenton, Mill Shoals, Ill. Invalid. Does all sorts of beautiful needle and fancy work. Send for her price list. Has little girl to support. Don't let Santa miss them. Mrs. Alice B. Fahl, Auburn, Box 56, Pa. Bedridden invalid. Writes beautifully. Send Santa Claus

her way. Her life is hard and lonely. James E. Hauey, 118 Shawnee St., Lawrence, Kans. Helpless invalid. Begs for a home. Send for his mail order price list of a number of useful articles. Wants tobacco tabs, only those with patent paper on back, like the horse shoe and Granger twist wanted. Highly recommended. Mrs. W. C. Hall, Tivoli, Pa. Invalid, has consumption. Would like good magazines and other high class reading. Too sick to write. Financial aid not wanted. Mrs. Martha Carter, Finchport, Va. Worthy shut-in. Send her some Christmas cheer. James Wortham, Letona, Ark. Worthy invalid. Could engage in a little business and be self supporting if someone would give him a start. Who'll help? F. B. Showers, Wayland, N. Y. Shut-in. Worthy of your help. Send him some Christmas cheer. Flora Barnett, Piqua, Ky. Helpless, motherless girl. Grateful for any assistance. Miss Emma Miller, Laurel Springs, N. C. Invalid for eighteen years. Wants cheery letters only. Priscilla Tillery, Elm City, N. C. Asks for aid for her helpless mother. They are poor colored folks. Well recommended. Mrs. Lillian Perkins, Hunlock Creek, E. R. 1, Pa. Helpless invalid. Sufferer for many years. Poor and needy. Send her some cheer. Martha Richardson, Selma, N. C. Shut-in. Poor and needy. Make her Christmas bright. Mrs. Harriet Williams, Fort Edward, N. Y. Shut-in. Would like cheery letters. Miss Nora Harris, Buena Vista, E. R. 2, Ga. Invalid. Would like cheery letters. Financial help not needed.

That's a long and sad list. If you knew the history of all those lives as I do, you would not sit down to your Christmas dinners until you had provided a meal for at least one of them. Scatter your sunshine as much as possible. Play no favorites. All are hungry, all are needy. Don't send shut-ins a dime and ask them to spend five cents of it on you in stationery and postage. Also many painful hours answering a hundred questions. That is not charity. That's paying ten cents for a dollar's worth of attention. The most Christlike of our givers never even mention their names. As the poet said "Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame." Now dearlies, with a heart that is torn with many emotions, I've got to say by, by for 1910. I hope I shall meet you all in this corner, everyone of you in the New Year, and I hope that New Year will be one of happiness and prosperity for us all. You have stuck to me nobly, and nobly done all I've asked you to do, and my heart is full of loving appreciation and gratitude for all your kindness. There's a big lump in my throat as I write this. God bless everyone of you, and may your Christmas be full of merriment and unalloyed joy. May Santa Claus remember everyone of you. Once more God bless and be good to you all. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins Its Benefits and Purposes

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the young, but COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admission into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a mid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT for 18 months. A League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do, to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 18 months. If you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if you desire a subscription paid in advance, you can take a friend's 18-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 18 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League number forty-five for the year 1910, is the same by sending a 18-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can have the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

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Three Wheel Chairs in November 65 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Bravo! The Wheel-Chair Club is doing nobly; it has earned the three chairs which I am putting out this month (November) and has nearly squared up the balance of subscriptions due on the extra chair announced in November COMFORT for October. So we start practically square to work for the December chairs, and we must make them four at least in the Christmas month; ought to be half a dozen.

The recipients of the three November Chairs are Mrs. LeRoy Cowles, W. Derby, Vt., 28 years a sufferer, besides being a cripple her eyesight is now failing, and her husband is an invalid; Marion Moore, West Point, Tenn., 64 years of age, 40 years an invalid, a very lonely shut-in; Mrs. Alice Kornberger, Glen Gardner, N. J., crippled for 19 years.

I am much impressed by the pitiful condition of Mrs. Martha B. McElroy whose letter appealing to COMFORT for a wheel chair appears in the Sisters' Corner this month, and I have decided to include her among the four to whom I hope to send wheel chairs in December, and I want to do it before Christmas. She makes a special appeal to the "COMFORT Sisters" to help her by sending subscriptions to the Wheel-Chair Club for her benefit. Please read her letter, and then if you will take hold with a will for her as you did for Mrs. Mallory the wheel chair will be shipped to her before Christmas. Send the subscriptions direct to COMFORT, of course, and thus avoid delay.

The other candidates are equally deserving but I cannot spare the space to print their letters. Everybody boost the Wheel-Chair Club this month and see how many other shut-ins besides Mrs. McElroy we can make a Merry Christmas for.

You will be interested in the good letter of thanks from Esther Rasner for her wheel chair and in the big November Roll of Honor.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas, Sincerely yours, W. H. GANNETT, publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain, that for each and every 200 new 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers; but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each. COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair a Godsend to this sufferer. ROCKFORD, ILL.


DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my beautiful COMFORT wheel chair. I cannot tell you how delighted I am with it. It will be a perfect Godsend to me. I cannot find words sufficiently strong to express my gratitude. I trust however, what I have said will give you a slight idea of what your kindness means to me. God bless every one of you. Gratefully yours, ESTHER RASNER.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Lenora Steele, Calif.; 8: Mrs. Mary Duncan, Kans. 10: Miss Ethel Miller, Iowa; 5: Mrs. E. C. Batterton, Oregon; 5: Anna Stahl, Ohio; 5: John M. Boyer, Pa.; 5: Miss Tavia Gifford, Ark.; 42: Mrs. Jennie Forsyth, Mass.; 6: Mrs. Master Gount, Wash.; 6: Elmer E. Harkins, Ohio; 7: Mrs. Nellie Howe, N. Y.; 5: Mrs. W. A. Williamson, Iowa; 5: Mrs. G. W. Hogsboom, Mead; 5: Mrs. Carl Johnson, Kans.; 5: Mrs. Laura (Blythe) Barry, Texas; 6: Miss Ole Lawler, N. C.; 5: Mrs. John F. Mead, Mo.; 5: Mrs. Sophia Suedtke, N. Y.; 5: Mrs. W. W. Shock, Texas; 5: Mrs. Geo. A. Culver, Kansas; 6: Mrs. D. C. Gamble, Okla.; 5: Mrs. S. DeVore, Calif.; 5: Mrs. Leo Foster, Maine; 7: Mrs. Julie Taitman, Calif.; 5: Mrs. Ella M. Bassett, Pa.; 5: Bar Thompson, Okla.; 5: Miss Julia Hoyt, S. Dak.; 5: Mrs. Gail Hargrave, Mich.; 5: Mrs. J. J. Starnes, La.; 6: Mrs. Julien Liotard, Nev.; 10: Mrs. Thos. Bettsworth, Iowa; 5: A Friend, Missouri; 5: Mrs. J. L. Wood, Tenn.; 5: Mrs. Geo. Bacon, Wis.; 6: Maggie Wells, Neb.; 5: Mrs. Mabel Lewellen, Mo.; 5: Mrs. Jesse Davis, Calif.; 5: Mrs. Raftery, N. Y.; 6: Mary E. Shuttles, Kansas; 5: Miss C. E. Helton, Texas; 5: Mrs. Pearl Wells, N. Dak.; 6: Mrs. John A. Williams, Kansas; 5: Emma Cox, Ill.; 17: Mrs. William G. Bancroft, N. H.; 5: Jennie Antill, Ohio; 5: Ollie Kerr, N. C.; 5: Mrs. Wm. J. Finlay, Mass.; 5: Mrs. Martha Chapman, Idaho; 5: Mrs. Grace Hines, Kansas; 10: Mrs. Charles Hays, Texas; 5: Fannie Kelley, Nebraska; 14: Mrs. Jennie Hamilton, Florida; 5: Miss G. E. Bell, Arkansas; 5: Mrs. L. H. Weiman, S. C.; 12: Nellie Sherwood, Michigan; 5: Mrs. Roy S. Pass; 5: Mrs. W. B. Youngblin, Indiana; 5: Mrs. S. C. Smoot, Mo.; 5: Addie Martin, Ohio; 5: Mrs. Kate Sanches, Ga.; 6: Gerlie Gibbels, S. Dak.; 10: Mrs. F. Wasson, Iowa; 5: Edith Lind, Washington; 5: Mrs. S. C. Colburn; 5: S. C. S. Miss Willie Collier, Miss. S.

The Family Doctor



So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A. V. B. Apex, N. C.—You can never remove the effect until you get rid of the cause and after having had eighteen years of catarrh and twelve of hay fever and asthma in the climate where you now are, we should think you would be pretty nearly convinced that you should get out of it. You are young and a good farmer and out in the dry cold air of Colorado or the dry hot air of Arizona you ought to be as good a man as is out there. You have taken enough medicine to choke a horse, and now, suppose you quit the medicine and try common sense a while in a better climate.

Mrs. A. H. W., Hebron, W. Va.—Just what the climate is in the particular part of California to which you expect to go we cannot say, but any change of climate will benefit you temporarily. If you find that where you are going is not good for you, you can change again to some region good for weak lungs. You are very wise in getting away from where you now are. Car sickness is not unusual with many travelers and there does not seem to be any sure remedy for it except to get it over and done with as quickly as possible. Most sufferers seem to find that fresh fruit is about the best thing they can eat.

Reader, Saville, Neb.—You are young, just on the threshold of young womanhood and a fair start along what may be a troublous journey means a very great deal to you. For that reason we advise that you go to a physician and have a long talk with him and get such instruction as he will gladly give you and which will be of value all your life. There are too many ignorant people struggling along with what they don't know anything about and paying the penalty in suffering.

Subscriber, Hesterville, Miss.—Persistent boils have at last come to be considered a disease and home-made remedies are no longer considered of any value. Up-to-date physicians have learned in the last few years of a course of treatment which is permanently curative and you should see such a physician. The treatment is by inoculation and can only be administered personally. If your physician doesn't know about it, ask him to write to Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, New York City and get information.

W. N. T., Campville, Fla.—You had better take your doctor's advice and have the operation performed. It is not painful or difficult and will afford relief when other means fail.

G. A. J., Grannis, Ark.—We think you are more scared than hurt and if you will go around and have a heart-to-heart talk with your doctor he will soon have you in good shape. You are a husky individual and there is no reason that we know of, why you shouldn't continue just as good as you ever were.

Subscriber, Conway, N. Dak.—Physical culture exercise is worth a lot more to you than a specialist doctor. Forget your past and brace up for the future. Keep in the open all you can, eat good food, breathe fresh air and associate with cheerful company. That's enough for you to do.

Miss M. W.—Not knowing the cause of your itching feet we can hardly suggest a remedy. Have they ever been frost-bitten? Have you ever consulted a physician who could examine your general condition?

M. E. V., Alexandria, S. Dak.—We hardly think it possible. What did your physician say after the operation? If you did not ask them, why didn't you?

Anxious, Osceola, Mich.—Catarrh can and does do a very great many queer things in the parts it affects. Suppose you let a doctor look into your throat and treat it as it should be treated. It is poor economy to try to cure yourself.

L. J. McN., Morgantown, N. C.—Poor circulation seems to be the trouble, which is the result of poor digestion and consequent nervousness. You should bathe your feet in hot water night and morning and rub them thoroughly with a dry towel and then rub rubbing up toward the knees so as to assist the circulation. Drink milk instead of coffee, hot milk, and eat only such food as you can digest without feeling any uncomfortable effects. Chew every mouthful of food thoroughly before swallowing it and do not overeat. (2) The child is all right.

Very Sorry, St. Louis, Mo.—You have escaped serious trouble, but not by any wisdom or prudence of your own and it ought to be a lesson to you.

L. E. S., Charleston, Mo.—It is not doctors and medicine that you need, but the exercise of your will power to throw off your melancholy and dried feeling. You have a nice home, husband and children and you owe it to them to be well and cheerful and put as much sunshine into life as you can. If you find that you are too weak to help yourself to health try Christian Science. That sometimes works wonders with women who are in exactly your condition.

J. H. G., Greenville, S. C.—Write to Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, and to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill., asking for lists of such books with prices.

J. G. H., Tupelo, Miss.—The Mississippi climate is too much for you, at least during the summer, and you should get out of it, either permanently or during the hot weather. Why don't you try one season out in Colorado or Idaho up high enough to have it cool all the time? Your catarrh would be greatly relieved if not cured entirely and that air would set your blood going till your liver would wake up and be as active as you wanted to be. Try it next summer and see what the result will be.

Mrs. D. H. J., Julesburg, Colo.—Infantile paralysis is a disease, particularly affecting children in the first year, the greatest number of cases being in the third and fourth years, and occasionally adults have it. The earliest case known in the United States was in 1841, though it has been known elsewhere for many years. As an epidemic it was not especially noticeable here until about fifteen years ago. There have been epidemics in the past three years in New York, Minnesota, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Massachusetts. The majority of cases occur in July, August and September and more frequently in cold than in warm localities. It is contagious and a germ disease, but the germ has not yet been discovered. It is not known how the disease is communicated though some authorities believe it is taken from dust which gets it from excretion, the virus being found in the mucous membrane of the throat. At first the seat of the disease was not definitely known, but it is now thought to be in the spinal cord and the small blood vessels leading to it. The disease appears in from three days to a month after exposure, usually before the tenth day. The first symptoms are headache, drowsiness and weakness of the limbs with loss of appetite. Then comes fever with pain in stomach and intestines and vomiting. Sometimes there is brain trouble with spasms. Paralysis follows, sometimes in the legs, arms and back of the neck. At other times only one limb, or both legs, are affected. Paralysis is complete within three or four hours, though in rare cases as many days.

After the patient begins to improve until little of the paralysis remains. If the paralysis continues for a few months, it is likely to become permanent. More or less deformity may follow, unless the physician is competent and knows what to do to prevent it. The death rate varies in localities from five to twenty per cent., but the after results are much greater, only ten per cent. of complete recovery being reported in one instance of 628 cases in Boston. Early attention is most important as it is in the fever and paralysis condition where treatment is most needed. Parents with children who show symptoms of infantile paralysis should remind the physician of it, if he does not mention it himself. No specific cure is now known. Boys and girls are equally subject to it and the only redeeming trait the disease has is that it does not attack a patient the second time.

Mrs. C. B. A., Belle Alliance, La.—Epilepsy, in any form, is not to be cured by correspondence, or by newspaper treatment. Whether it may be cured at all or not can only be determined by physicians who can examine the patient and prescribe accordingly. Have you ever tried any of the New Orleans hospitals? The cost there would be at the lowest and the patient would have the advantage of many competent physicians. Your local physician should be able to tell

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ping Us
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you how to get in touch with the N. O. hospital authorities.

Mrs. F. T. H., Pueblo, Colo.—Your daughter is defective from birth, and you can do nothing yourself to help her. She may improve as she grows older, but now she should have the attention of a physician who could see her often and could advise with both her and you. She will never be well otherwise.

Sorrowful Mother, Northwood, N. D.—As yet the determination of the sex in a child is among the things which scientists are hoping to settle definitely. Some years ago it was believed that the question was settled and mothers might have boys or girls as they wished, but experiments failed and the problem yet remains to be solved. You will have to trust to Providence, as usual.

H. N., Dettbridge, La.—As bladder troubles are the result of various causes which can only be determined by examination personally, we can only advise that you stop treating yourself at once and consult a physician if you do not wish to aggravate your condition until it is not relief. You say it is only a "small matter." If it is allowed to continue you will find it a very serious matter.

E. S. E., Kallispell, Mont.—In our opinion there is some malformation which causes the trouble, as other conditions appear to be moral and favorable to what you wish. The physician who examined you some time ago was right in his diagnosis, we believe, and we think a slight operation would rectify the defect. In any event it is worth consulting a physician about and getting a direct opinion.

H. B., Concord, Mass.—We have no patience with sufferers of your kind. For three or four years you have let this run on without telling your own family about it or seeing a physician until now you are almost past curing. You have youth, however, in your favor and a good constitution, presumably, and will no doubt get strong again, but only by going at once to a physician and telling him everything, and taking his treatment and advice. Usually a girl has more sense about herself than you have shown and we hope we are not too late with our suggestions.

S. S., St. Vincent, Cal.—Wash the itching part with a strong solution of borax in cold water. Ask your druggist for a preparation for itching piles. Usually it will be found efficient. (2) See answer above to "H. N., Dettbridge, La."

Loma, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.—Yours is such a very peculiar pathological condition that we advise you to go out to Dett Creek, Mich., and put yourself into the hands of those wise health promoters out there. Maybe you might marry one of the physicians in attendance and then you would have a home and health and happiness and could forget your Mt. Vernon miseries.

Dewdrop, Gladbrook, Iowa.—Nothing better or cheaper for cold feet at night than a hot water bottle, or bag. Get one and if you have the water hot enough you will not have any cold feet. An aluminum bottle which is said to retain the heat is one of the latest foot warmers.

A Submerged Mystery

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

Chandler was in love for the first time in his life and he did not deny the allegation to himself in the brief walk which he took to the elevated station.

He had experienced the usual fancies of young men several times, but nothing like the turmoil of the present had ever visited him. It was not merely the beauty of her face and form and the charm of her manner, but the appeal of her personality to his. There was a dependence, a call—if it may be so described—of her nature to his, as if for the first time each had discovered in the other what was most needed to complete the chain of existence.

If at that moment, the young man had been asked to select for his own companionship on a desert island the young woman to be his, and his only, so long a life should last, he would have unhesitatingly have chosen the young girl he had just seen for the first time and parted from. And yet but a half hour ago he had gone to see her with a partly formed belief that she was implicated in a questionable affair which, if proved, would show features of clandestine meetings and unprincipled flirtation. Now, he shut his teeth hard together at thinking of a young girl's innocence and kindness being the cause of a tragic happening and a newspaper scandal.

On the Thursday after his return the detective called for the second time at the hospital and was admitted to see his patient by the doctor himself who, on leaving, said, as he looked at his watch: "I'll give you just fifteen minutes. If you should need me meanwhile, I shall be in the nurse's sitting room door."

"I will remember," said Chandler.

As the doctor left the room, the detective took his second look at the head on the pillow, for the first glance on entering the room, had revealed nothing, except a feeling of disappointment.

Why had he no pity for this low-browed, pallid man, whose eyes sought his own, questioningly?

Chandler's gaze was searching, taking in the color of the eyes, blue-gray and the hue of his scant, dark locks. His face was round, even in its thinness, his head round also, his face decidedly handsome, and yet the detective did not like his looks and now he knew why his feelings only beat on the instant. But he brought himself to say nothing.

"How do you find yourself this morning?" "Wretched! I want to be up and go about finding the villain who shot me," "He called you 'Frank,'" said the detective, "so he knew you and you should know him, in which case you can easily discover him. But it would simplify matters if you would tell who the man is, so that the authorities will not let him escape."

While he talked, the detective was watching the man's face, but he could make nothing of the blank, scared look, which gradually verged into one of apparent wonder. At last he exclaimed: "Let him escape. If I won't tell! Why, I would give ten years of my life to have him run down. Lying in here, like a wet rag, on my back! I would have him put behind the bars for a lifetime if I could."

"Have you no suspicion who it is?" asked Chandler.

"No, none whatever."

"But he knew you, he called you, 'Frank.'"

"I didn't hear him. Even if he did, it might have been a dodge, such as is common enough with rascals of his order. I do not believe he knew anything of me except my name. Perhaps his motive was robbery. That is the only explanation of the hold-up."

"But, why did he shoot before getting your money?"

"That is what puzzles me. My own idea is that he had his pistol as a means of intimidation and that it went off, by reason of his incautiously pressing the trigger. Knowing my name to be Frank, he used it at that moment, impelled thereto by some occult process of the mind, 'subconscious working,' I believe they call it. It is claimed we all possess it to protect our own lives. He may have spoken truly when he said he did not mean to shoot me, if he did say it. The name 'Frank' in that case might have been added for the reason I have mentioned."

Mr. Chandler was greatly interested now, at all events, in the man before him, who appeared to have built for himself, while dangerously wounded, an ingenious hypothesis which, if to be believed, detracted somewhat from the guilt of the man who shot him.

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tightly clinched teeth, were a revelation to the acute young man, of craft and duplicity such as he had never seen before.

There was nothing to be made out of the man. He could see that. Even when ill, he was a match for any questioner, unless previously loaded with plans and modes of procedure, such as Chandler had not thought it necessary to provide himself with.

So he arose, saying pleasantly that he hoped the patient would soon be out again and was going to leave the apartment, when it occurred to him to say that Miss Neal had asked to know how he was.

"Miss Neal? O, and how is she? I forgot to ask. She is a fine girl."

"You speak as if you knew her well," remarked Chandler carelessly.

"I don't, or rather I do, for I have heard a certain man of my acquaintance rave over her perfections for hours."

"Who? If I may ask?"

"O, you may ask all right, but I am too tired to tell you. Call the doctor, if you will, please, and tell him I am too tired to talk any more."

There was a provoking challenge in the blue-gray eyes of the invalid, as he yawned sleepily, that irritated the young detective beyond measure. But there was nothing left for the detective to do but to go away with his question unanswered and this he did, walking away from the hospital with quick, impatient strides, as he cogitated over the words of Frank Kane.

One thing appeared certain. There was no affection between him and Miss Neal—neither on her side nor his. Instead, there was another man in the case. To find the man, would appear to solve the mystery of the shooting, but Luce knew him well evidently and yet did not seem to connect him with it. Or was it a slip of the tongue? If he only dared ask the young lady herself if she knew of anyone who was deeply in love with her, for if as deeply in love as Luce suspected it; he did not know her well enough to broach the delicate question yet, whatever he might know later? But that was lodged in a future which might spell happiness, or the reverse, for him. Where, then, could he go to find out?

TO BE CONTINUED.

Who committed the crime, and why did he do it? Was it for robbery, through jealousy or by mistake? Don't miss the solution of the mystery and the surprising result told in January COMFORT. Renew your subscription today for only 30 cents and take no chance unless you are sure you are paid in advance.

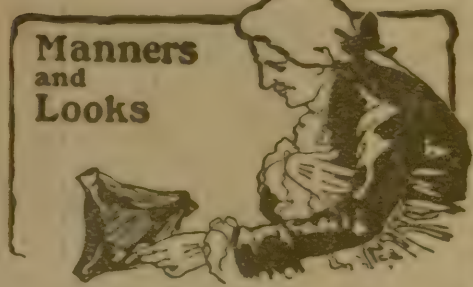
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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

H. K. Sturges, Ky.—Whether an extra couple should stand with bride and groom at the wedding depends upon what the bride wishes are. There is no rule requiring it. (2) Usually before the couple goes away after a day wedding, a wedding breakfast, or less formal refreshments are served. Which it shall be is for you to decide. (3) At a small wedding at home, some friend usually plays the march and no pay is expected. If someone is employed, then whoever it is sets the price. Of course, if you wanted to give the friend some little token as a souvenir you might do so, making your own selection of what it should be.

Lonesome, Crookston, Minn.—In passing on a narrow sidewalk, the man should lead the way, if it is crowded. If there is a woman to be polite, he can let the lady go before. (2) In view of the fact that the girl, not her parents, is to live with the man she marries, we should say, that it was her right to choose the man. It won't be much of a happy married life if she does not.

Fluffy Ruffles, Elk Creek, Neb.—It is not improper for a lady to accept as escort from a dance a nice man she has met there. It is not improper, though that is not the custom in formal society. You may do as you please about continuing the acquaintance.

Sweet Sixteen, Okene, Okla.—We believe more brides wear white than any other color, if white is a color. The bride, however, may dress as she pleases. (3) With three in a one-seated buggy etiquette has nothing to do. Fix yourselves in the most comfortable fashion, that's enough. (3) A lady may write as long a letter to her "gentleman friend" as she wants if her G. F. will stand for it, as most of them will.

Anxious Reader, Big Rock, Va.—At a wedding table serve the bride couple first and then the minister. (2) When a man introduces himself by saying to the lady: "This is Miss B., isn't it? I am Mr. D.," she should tell him she is Miss B. and that she was glad to meet him, unless she was not. In which case she should say nothing and turn away. Self introductions are not unusual, but it is better to have some one else do the introducing. (3) If a man asks a girl if he may kiss her and she doesn't want him to, she may tell him anything she pleases that will make him feel that a fool he was not to know the girl better than to ask her.

M. E. S., Blackwater, Mo.—If he is so jealous because you went to church with another young man that he will get mad and want you to take your ring back, take it back, quick, and thank goodness you don't have to have anything more to do with him. That's the only way to treat his kind. (2) Words are inadequate to express what we think of the young man engaged to one girl who will kiss another. And so many will, we are pained to state.

Brown Eyes, St. Francis, Ark.—The regrets should be sent to the person sending the invitation to the wedding, as they are the ones who want to know who is coming and who is not. They may be sent to the bride, if she is a near friend. Congratulations, written, should be sent to the bride and groom. If the invitation is general the head of the family may reply for the whole family. Presents are in order whether there is a reception or not, but you don't have to make presents unless you want to. P. S. Prompt answers to questions are not possible.

M. E. B., Steubenville, Ohio.—Don't make your announcement luncheon too formal. A luncheon is preferable to a dinner, but we cannot undertake to make a menu for you. Use your own judgment and taste. We might give you one that would cost far more than you are able to pay. The simplest way to make the announcement is in the simplest way. Make it in the invitations to the luncheon, and your guests will do the rest. They all know about it anyway, don't they? Cards announcing the wedding are to be sent, notwithstanding the engagement announcement. Sometimes there is no wedding though the engagement may have been announced. They are to be sent to the nearest as well as near friends. You should wear gloves. Only one ring, that to the bride, is the rule. If you are not married by the ring, you may exchange rings whenever you want to. That is not a public function. We extend our best wishes.

Baby Doll, Chesterfield, Mo.—Etiquette provides no rules governing an engaged young man's failure to tell his fiancée when he goes out to take other girls. You have to make your own rules for that. Do as you please. (2) The length of engagements depends upon what the two people most at interest think about it, but they should not make it too short or too long, say, three months or so. (3) If the lady wants the man to take her arm while walking on the street, no matter what the weather is, he may do so with propriety.

Sorrowful Western, Nebr.—Wear the regulation mourning of a widow, except the heavy veil, which is unhealthy and fearfully gloomy to look at. Our private opinion is that regulation mourning should be abolished, but custom is not as far advanced as we are. People will talk if a widow, especially a young one, you suggest would be quite mourning enough, but what would the other women in your town say? Wear a small hat. These big, black ones are about the gayest of the gay.

Sara, Detroit, Mich.—Really we can't say why the young man stopped putting his arm around you and that, too, when you wanted him to. It was bad manners to say the least of it, but etiquette has no rule applying to it. Ask him. P. B. Maybe he has got another girl.

Hossier, Pendleton, Ind.—Etiquette does not sanction a man meeting a lady unless he is introduced by someone who knows them both, and therefore makes no rule of action. If you have no mutual friends, you will have to wait until chance brings you together, unless you can find a better way. (2) The unmarried man should be just as polite to the married lady as to the unmarried, and extend to her every courtesy that a gentleman owes to a woman.

H. M. Ray, Ill.—If you are going to the city and don't know what to wear, why not wear your best country clothes, and get your new things in the city? Unless the people you expect to visit are rich and fashionable, what makes you look pretty and attractive in Ray will do very well for the city. We believe you are quite capable of choosing best for yourself.

Admiring Girl, Ansonia, N. Y.—A girl of seventeen and a boy of nineteen should not become engaged, though they might have some understanding that they would later and marry when they are old enough. Put it off until you are twenty-one. By that time both of you may be very glad that you are not engaged. (2) The young fellow who writes as slovenly and carelessly as you do, and writes letters that are full of mistakes, is not worth acquainting with until he improves. He is bright enough, but he is too careless to be reliable. Mark this copy of COMFORT and send it to him.

Old Maid, Chester Hill, Kans.—As no power on earth can win a love which is not to be won, etiquette cannot tell you how to win this one's love. Why don't you throw a net over him and drag him in by force? (2) It is quite proper to ask him to call though he has taken you out for the first time. (3) Backwardness may be overcome to a great extent by associating with people and cultivating all your powers of self-possession.

Brown-eyed Betty, Houlton, Maine.—Sorry we are too late, but we have said over and over again we cannot give immediate answers to inquiries. We hope you were a beautiful bride, and you have our best wishes.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

Miss B. A. Nelson, Balwin, Box 81, Wis., wants good homestead land.

Mrs. D. V. Shafer, Herndon, R. E. 2, Va., song, "The Little Brown Church in the Dell," sent direct to her.

Mrs. John S. Fleming, Walhalla, R. E. 2, N. Dak., light colored wool pieces for log cabin quilt and print pieces four by four.

Mrs. Anna Tobin, Prentice, Wis., shower from sisters as she is lonely.

Miss Annie Blackwita, 1429 W. 19th St., St. Louis, Mo., shower in January.

Mrs. Cora Compton, Crooked Creek, letters.

Mrs. W. D. Meyer, Yankton, Oregon, instructions for doing sea-foam work sent direct to her.

Mrs. Susie Robertson, Price, R. E. 1, N. O., reading matter and letters.

Mrs. Emma Wilson, Cloverdale, Ore., song, "Hang Up the Baby Stocking."

Mrs. W. B. Haver, Lebanon, R. E. 1, Box 8, N. J., correspond with sisters living in or near Wichita, Kans.

Mrs. Jennie C. Anderson, Cumberland, R. E. 3, Wis., birthday letters, Dec. 25th.

Mrs. Onie Granke, Harwood, R. E. 1, Texas, flower seeds.

Miss Mona Newton, Millersburg, Ohio, a shut-in and great sufferer, twenty-four years old, cheerful letters, also a subscription to COMFORT.

Mrs. J. N. West, West Plains, Mo., how to make everlasting yeast.

Mrs. Harriet L. Crawford, Three Oaks, R. E. 1, Box 42, Mich., old-time song, "William Riley."

Helen Dick, Eagle Lake Farm, Mt. Lake, R. E. 4, Minn., sample of center-table cloth in crochet sent to me.

Mrs. Margaret Baldon, Story, Wyo., sick and helpless, letters and silk pieces.

Mrs. Lizzie Koch, Felton, R. E. 1, York Co., Pa., cancelled stamps.

Remedies

BEURNS.—Beat white of egg light, add equal part of melted lard and apply. I have never known it to fail to relieve at once.

Mrs. M. L. QUINN, Mahl, Texas.

CORNS.—Corns may be removed by applying the milky juice of common dandelion.

Mrs. WM. L. KINCH, 332 Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ECZEMA.—Take one teaspoonful of flour of sulphur and make into three doses, a dose before each meal.

Take this for three days in succession and then omit for two days. For external applications, take pure lard or olive oil and stir in enough flour of sulphur to make a paste. Before applying, thoroughly bathe affected parts. While using sulphur do not get wet as it stiffens the joints.

Mrs. ESTELLE GRIGSON, Texarkana, R. E. 4, Box 69, Ark.

CHILBLAINS.—Bathe the affected parts freely in witch-hazel and you will soon be relieved of chilblains. Witch-hazel is also excellent for sore throat. Bathe outside four or five times a day, and dilute one half with water and use as gargle.

Mrs. VINNIE JOHNSTON, Nekoma, R. E. 1, Kans.

FOR CHILDREN.—If a child has a very bad cold and cough, take melted lard and grate a good amount of nutmeg into it and rub on the child's throat and lungs; also soak a cloth in it and put on lungs. It will stop the cough in a short time.

Mrs. EVELYN BROWN, 715 S. Cory St., Findlay, Ohio.

WORMS.—For a child troubled with worms, give one teaspoonful of sage tea to a dose. It is made more palatable by sweetening.

Mrs. SADIE PRATHER, Chandler, R. E. 6, Okla.

SUMMER COMPLAINT.—For the sister who asked for this remedy: Dig up the wild rose bush and take the roots and make a tea by boiling in water. Give baby a teaspoonful every two hours, or oftener if necessary. I have seen babies cured in a few days.

Another remedy for the same condition with vomiting is to put rice in the oven and brown well. Make a strong drink from this and take as often as you wish. It can be retained when everything else fails.

Mrs. S. S. L.

NURSING SORE MOUTH.—A dentist gave me the following remedy: Pour one cup of boiling water over as much boracic acid as will dissolve. When cool, take a mouthful at frequent intervals, holding it and rinsing about the mouth.

Mrs. T. G. MARLIN, Covington, Tenn.

LINIMENT.—One quart of vinegar, one gill of turpentine and yolks of two eggs. Mix together and shake often. Excellent for lameness and pains. For external use only.

Mrs. HANNAH ROGERS, So. Royalton, Vt.

BRITTLE SQUARES.—To three cups of brown sugar add butter size of an egg and two tablespoons of water. Cook without stirring until when tested in cold water it will snap, then add a pinch of soda and cook two minutes longer. Pour into buttered tins and when partly cold mark into squares.

Mrs. CHARLEY S. SMITH, Little Rock, R. E. 3, Ark.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed, so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notices to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Mrs. Florence Rines, Nowata, Box 213, Okla., wants to know whereabouts of her brother, C. E. Johnson, last heard from in Montana.

Anyone knowing whereabouts of Mrs. Itze, last heard from in St. Paul, Minn., in 1876, please communicate with Mrs. Geo. Graff, Hollenberg, R. E. 1, Kans.

Information of Mary Jane Scott (colored), last heard from in Greenwich, Conn., with family "Meades" (white), Rosa B. Scott, Fredericks Hall, Box 23, Va.

Heirs of D. Blaylock and others who knew Margaret Dillingham (nee Summers) or C. C. Summers, write Frankie Moore, 362 West 117th St., New York City.

Comfort Postal Requests

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Miss Ola Downing, Westville, Adair Co., Okla. Chas. Bolton, Zeigleville, Montgomery Co., Pa. Benjamin B. Munday, 94th Co. C. A. C. Fort Flagler, Wash.

Mary E. Osborn, 9 Taylor St., Bridgton, N. J. Edward Reichert, Hobart, R. E. 1, Ind. Miss Edith Murch, 1904 Hollins St., Baltimore, Md. Mrs. Viola Osterhoudt, 106 Albany Ave., Kingston, N. Y. Miss Bessie Dixey, 17 Merritt St., Marblehead, Mass. Miss Armina Skiles, Licking, Mo. Miss Ella Dollman, 913 East 7th St., Muscatine, Iowa. Miss Nellie Herford, Gilliam, R. E. 1, Saline Co., Mo. Miss Winifred Johnson, Muskegon, R. E. 1, Box 91, Mich. Mrs. Emma Westcott, Cedar, Colo. Mr. J. E. Adams, 1085 Pine St., Beaumont, Texas. No comics. Miss Lola Etheredge, 1085 Pine St., Beaumont, Texas. No comics.

Miss Catherine Sigus, Saint Johns, R. E. 5, Clinton Co. Mich. Mr. Harvey E. Sentman, Newark, Del. Samuel L. McGuckin, 2711 E. Cumberland St., Philadelphia, Pa. Miss Winifred Mottor, German Valley, R. E. 1, Ill. Miss Stella Rhodes, 931 Garfield Ave., Salem, Ohio. Miss Lizzie Holstein, Little York, R. E. 19, Ind. Miss Elizabeth Buchholz, 540 17th Ave., Moline, Ill. Lizzie R. Reed, 708 French St., Wilmington, Del. Views. Ellen Bullock, Basin, Mont. No comics. W. R. Armstrong, Union, R. E. 3, Ind. Miss Fannie Taylor, 39 Pine St., Gainesville, Ga. Mrs. Addie Dodley, 18 Forest St., Greenwood, Mass. Views and scenery. No comics. Rose Barnum, 8 Stone St., Binghamton, N. Y. Miss Rose Vida, 2416 Bridge Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Buildings and views. H. H. Pleasant, Buck Creek, Ind. Miss Ethel Creech, Hallaboro, R. E. 1, Box 69, N. C. Miss Georgie Shafer, Hunnewell, R. E. 20, Mo. No comics. Mrs. Wylie E. B. Rosemont, Cal. Mrs. R. H. Allen, Holland, Fla. W. G. Knader, Berkeley Springs, W. Va. No comics or leather. Joseph W. Riedel, Boyne City, R. E. 4, Box 56, Mich. J. S. Dick, Zurich, E. E. 1, Kans. Miss Mary Moore, 305 Banker Ave., McKeesport, Pa. Miss Marie Buntzen, Logan St., Lemont, Ill. Mae E. Chadbourne, 29 Melville St., Augusta, Maine.

DAVID HARUM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

present, it seems to me, and, of course, I will do anything I can should you wish me to be still on the lookout for you here."

"You are exceedingly kind, sir," said John earnestly, and then was silent for a moment or two. "I will make the venture," he said at length, "and thank you very much."

"You are under no special obligations to the Careys, are you?" asked the general.

"No, I think not," said John with a laugh. "I fancy that their business will go on without me, after a fashion," and he took his leave.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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JANUARY COMFORT

our bright, interesting New Year's number with seasonable special features which you will regret if you miss it by not subscribing at once.

THE STRANGE MYSTERY

of the detective story begun in this paper is unravelled in January COMFORT where surprising developments transpire.

KINDLY LOOK THIS PAPER THROUGH. It will interest you, and every member of your family will find something of special interest in it.

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December 1910.

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A Simple Safe, Reliable Way, and it Costs Nothing to Try.

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His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

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and satin dressed dolls, never tiring of these as they can be dressed in many different ways to suit the taste. They can be filled with more or less cotton just as the weight is preferred, as the material they are made of enables you to sew them together easily, so as to have a good, fat, plump doll or one of lighter weight. We have arranged to give these dolls for club raising and will send one, all charges fully prepaid, if you send the name of 5 new 15-mo. subscribers at 25 cents each.

Remember. We send this magazine a year in advance to the subscribers you secure and send the dolls to you as a premium. Will send 2 dolls for securing 3 15-mo. subscribers at 25 cents each. 4 sets dolls free for a club of 5 15-mo. subscribers at 25 cents each.

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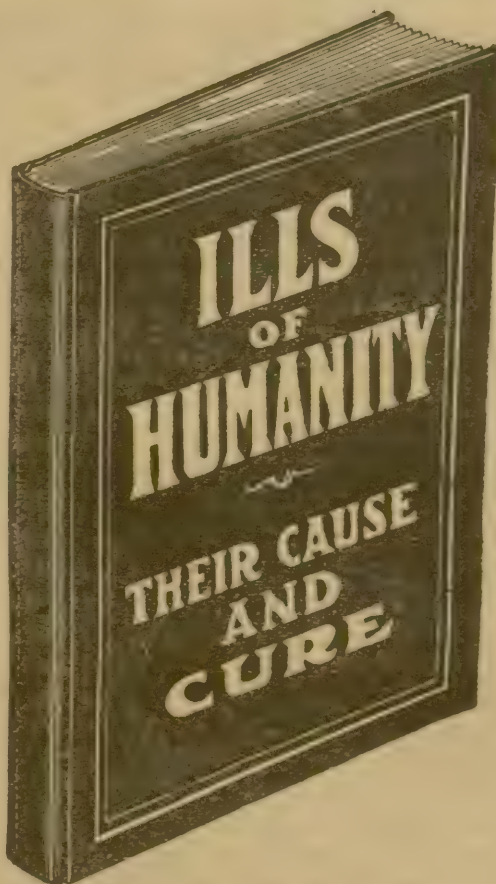
As soon as I receive the coupon below, besides sending the prescription and my big medical book, I will write you a long letter of advice telling you exactly how to take the treatment. I will refer you to pages in my book which will tell you all about **your** case. If you follow the advice in this letter it will be a great help to you in becoming absolutely well and strong. Other specialists receive hundreds of dollars for verbal advice, this is sent to you **FREE**, plainly written in plain words so it can be remembered and followed.

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Fill out the coupon, or if you wish, give me a description of your case in your own words. Send the coupon to me and by return mail **FREE** and postage paid, in a plain sealed letter, I will send the prescription, my 192-page medical book and a personal letter of advice. I ask no pay—**NOT ONE PENNY**.



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Dr. Kidd's name and fame are world wide. Wherever civilized man can be found, there his wonderful skill and success are known. He has cured thousands of desperate chronic cases, many of which had been declared incurable by other doctors. Much of his remarkable success has been due to the wonderful remedies used. No time—no expense—no trouble has been spared in bringing together these healing, curative, life-giving medicines. Asia, Africa, Australia, the islands of the sea, the uttermost parts of the earth have been searched for the rare roots, herbs, fruits and precious minerals from which these remedies are made. These private prescriptions have been improved year after year as new drugs were discovered. They have been tried and proven in thousands of cases.

Dr. Kidd now has a private prescription for nearly every disease to which flesh is heir—prescriptions that are the result of years of study, years of experience—prescriptions that have cured where all else has failed—prescriptions that are making marvelous cures every day. His offer to send a special prescription to any sick or afflicted person is a most generous gift to suffering humanity from one of the world's greatest doctors.

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Dr. Kidd says: "I have been successful not alone in curing the sick; my professional success has brought me financial success. I can afford to be generous, but in offering to give to the world the many wonderful prescriptions I am giving the very secrets that have made me successful. These prescriptions are not receipts for patent medicines or 'cure alls.' I offer to send a special prescription for your case—suited to your condition. No matter what your disease—no matter how many diseases you may have, the prescription will tell you exactly what you should take to get well. It will cover all your afflictions and best of all it will be a prescription which has been successfully used in hundreds of similar cases.

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Send me at once, all charges paid, your free prescription for my case and your 192-page medical book—all entirely free to me.

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Age..... How long afflicted?.....

If your disease is not on the list opposite write the name here.....

My Principal Trouble Has Been:
(Make a cross X in front of your trouble. Two crosses XX in front of the one from which you suffer most.)

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Rheumatism | <input type="checkbox"/> Kidney Trouble |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lumbago | <input type="checkbox"/> Bladder Trouble |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Eczema | <input type="checkbox"/> Heart Disease |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Scrofula | <input type="checkbox"/> Impure Blood |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Catarrh | <input type="checkbox"/> Female Trouble |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Indigestion | <input type="checkbox"/> Pimples |
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FREE

Prove the results of this great discovery for nerves FREE. It speaks for itself. A trial package of this great nerve awakener will be sent free in sealed wrapper, by return mail, to every man or woman who sends his or her name and address, as instructed below. Do it today. A revelation is in store for you.

FOR MEN. Nerve-force gone! You are what your nerves are, nothing else. If you feel all run-down from overwork or other causes, if you suffer from insomnia, "caved-in" feeling, brain fog, extreme nervousness, peevishness, gloominess, worry, cloudy brain, loss of ambition, energy and vitality, loss of weight and digestion, constipation, headaches, neuralgia, or the debilitating effects of tobacco or drink, send for the free trial package of Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.

FOR WOMEN. If you suffer from nervous breakdown, extreme nervousness, "blue" spells, desire to cry, worry, neuralgia, back pains, loss of weight or appetite, sleeplessness, headaches, constipation, and are all out-of-sorts, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers will make you feel that there is more to life than you ever realized before. Send today for the free trial package.

No more need of dieting, diversion, travel, tiresome exercises, dangerous drugs, electricity, massage, or anything else.—Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers do the work of each and all give you nerve-force, and make you love to live.

Send Coupon Today
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A trial package of this great discovery will prove that they do the work. They are guaranteed—every wafer. Send your name and address today for the free trial package of Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers, to F. J. Kellogg Co., 146 Hoffmaster Block, Battle Creek, Michigan, in the city of peace, happiness and health.

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Send me by return mail, free of charge, a trial package of the wonderful discovery for nerves, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.

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READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend, a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy for the treatment of women's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to use it yourself—right at home without any inconvenience—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you, and I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonials at hand, so quickly and surely cured women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Uterine Displacements, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

This 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50-cent boxes free. So, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many, who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merits. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a 50-cent box of this remedy absolutely free.

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NO TWO ALIKE—LATEST DESIGNS
Lovely assortment of 20 Artistic Christmas, Friendship, Good Luck, Bored and flowers in exquisite colors, all for only 10 cts. If you answer this ad immediately.
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How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds

Wouldn't You Like to Feel Real Good Again?

To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all Free and plainly mailed the necessary **OXIE REMEDIES**, consisting of one 25 cent Oxien Porous Plaster and samples of the Oxien Pills together with a free Sample Box of Oxien Tablets the WONDERFUL HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to

Current Events

ROCKING STONE DISCOVERED.—There has been discovered in Tandil, Argentina, one of the largest rocking stones in the world. It is on a large highland, standing on one of its points as if it were nailed to the mountain and is more than 700 tons in weight. When the wind blows the stone rocks like a pivot.

"REMARKABLE."—Though weighing but half a pound, a roe herring will lay 45,000 eggs at a time. This is absolutely known to be true.

THIS OYSTER HAD FIFTY-FOUR PEARLS.—The most valuable oyster ever opened in Atlantic City was found recently by a local restaurant owner. It contained 54 pearls, all of small size, but good quality. Experts say that eight is the highest number ever before found in an oyster.

TO MAKE FLOUR OUT OF POTATOES.—The first plant in this country for making flour out of potatoes is now in operation at Hallwood, Va., with machinery imported from Germany. It uses cull potatoes, both Irish and sweet.

PROPELLER-DRIVEN AUTO.—At Indianapolis an auto which was driven solely by means of a propeller acting on the air, and with the engine disconnected entirely from the wheels made a record which beats the best record of machines fitted in the ordinary way. It covered five miles in only 20 seconds more than five minutes. Thus making nearly a mile a minute.

GROWS TOO FAST TO PHOTOGRAPH.—Probably the most remarkable fungus in the whole world is one which grows in the jungles of Java and which has been called to the attention of American scientists. The fungus actually grows so fast at one period that an instantaneous exposure must be made of it with a camera unless the picture is to be shown blurred. At the critical moment it pops into full size.

WEIGHING A PENCIL MARK.—Short-weight cheating will be easy to detect if a new scale invented by a California jeweler named J. L. Leblond should come into general use. These scales will weigh you the lead that comes off an ordinary pencil, when you make a mark only a quarter of an inch long. They will also tell the weight of a fly's soul, and other things equally interesting.

NEW EGG PRESERVATIVE PROMISED.—A well-known Italian scientist is on his way to America and it is announced that he intends to present this nation with a discovery of his for keeping eggs fresh indefinitely. He has not yet divulged his secret so until then consumers will have to depend on the cold-storage product. This scientist has eaten eggs one year and a half old treated by his process, and says that they are equal to the average market eggs.

BRITISH ARMY USES MECHANICAL STEEDS TO TRAIN CAVALRY RECRUITS.—The embryo cavalryman now takes his first lessons in riding on a rocking-horse. The mechanical steed is said to provide most of the sensations yielded by the horse of flesh and blood—certainly all those that are necessary to the preliminary training of the recruit—and none of the dangers. Its head is hinged and so cunningly fitted with springs that its rider soon learns how to feel its mouth. Further it is guaranteed to be docile while it is being harnessed.

A PERPETUAL CLOCK.—A man living at Burton-on-Trent, England has been working for years on the problem of producing a clock that will run until worn out without ever being wound. He has been awarded a gold medal in 1902 for a clock which has not been wound for 10 years, and is still going. His latest achievements is a clock which, as he claims, is run by electricity derived from the earth. Wires extend to it from different depths and it is supposed that in some way there is enough difference of electrical potential set up to keep the pendulum going.

THE TELESCOPE OF GALILEO.—Very few people are aware that the first practical telescope—the one which Galileo used in discovering the satellites of Jupiter, in 1610,—is still in existence and preserved at the Museum of Physics and Natural History in Florence. It is 300 years since this instrument was first turned toward the heavens. Unlike the present astronomical type, it has a concave instead of a convex eyepiece just like the opera glasses now in use. It was first thought that the instrument would give the soldiers and sailors of the republic a great advantage over their enemies.

AN OCEAN BOTTOM PROMENADE.—Seeing the sea at its bottom is a novel amusement recently given at a California ocean resort and now being contemplated as an adjunct to the beaches along the Atlantic coast. A long iron tubeway containing tracks for small cars, leads from the seashore outward along its bed into quite deep water, where a room, provided with numerous large glass portholes, gives the visitors a chance to see the ocean's underworld. An elevator within a vertical shaft is provided to ascend from the room, as an exit, making the depth of the water at the point of observation doubly real to those below.

ITCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL

(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—CURED, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TO-DAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 77 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

Reference: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.

Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

SUBSCRIBERS CAN WIN PRIZES

Choice Christmas Cards Free

A Beautiful, New, Artistic and Useful
COMFORT Calendar for 1911
A GREAT OFFER TO EVERY
PAID-IN-ADVANCE SUBSCRIBER



This Calendar is embellished with an exquisite picture of mother, baby and little sister all intently engaged with "baby's first shoes." It is exquisitely lithographed in ten colors perfectly reproducing the color, action and wonderful expression of the original painting. A decoration to any home.

A Prize to Everyone that Tries to answer the new prize question as directed on back of the calendar.

Two Prizes Secure and a Chance to Win Four if you send in two answers to the calendar prize question.

744 Cash Prizes are included in the list,—six of them \$10.00 each. Send for the calendar so to take your chances on these prizes.

The call for calendars is so great that they are going fast, and we know many of our subscribers who have already paid months in advance want one. They can have a calendar by sending us one subscription or a club; if they send a club they get their club premium, too.

Special Quick
Christmas Card
Calendar Offer.

Knowing that many paid-in-advance subscribers who cannot now get up clubs, want a Prize Calendar and some sample Christmas Cards, we are making an offer for their special benefit. For a two-cent stamp we will send an assortment of four of our latest style Christmas and New Year's Cards and the beautiful 1911 COMFORT Prize Calendar. This gives a chance to win some of the many Prizes offered therein and you can have the cards to send to friends for Holiday Greetings. Send the two cents today to pay postage and get all FREE.

Address **COMFORT D PRIZE, Augusta, Maine.**

Special Holiday Premium Announcement

With the approaching holidays the Christmas Present Problem looms up large again, especially this year of high and rising prices.

Get Your Christmas Presents of Us Free

So many of those whose generosity is bigger than their purses reach a happy solution of this problem by earning one or more of the attractive premiums which make such acceptable Christmas presents, and incidentally win cash prizes too, that we have arranged and announce in this number of COMFORT, the following Special Holiday Premium Offers, for their benefit and that of others who are quick to see and pick up a good thing.

Our great combination offer of hundreds of liberal cash prizes in addition to valuable club premiums contained in this paper, with other prize and premium offers in COMFORT'S beautiful 1911 Calendar, presents by far the richest opportunity you have ever had to turn your spare time and idle moments to profitable account and cash them up for big money, besides the large value in useful goods which come to you free as club premiums.

These premiums are all strictly high-grade goods, in every respect fully equal to what they are pictured and described here in COMFORT.

This choice assortment of useful and ornamental articles, including the most up-to-date novelties, has been selected and assembled with the utmost care to cover a wide range of utility for personal needs and for the home, and to suit the tastes and requirements of both sexes, old and young.

Doubtless you will be surprised at their value and will wonder how we can afford to give them for so few subscriptions; and you are right, for at the retail price which you would have to pay for them at the stores we could not; it is only because we buy in enormous lots at manufacturer's lowest cash prices, and often procure bankrupt stocks below cost, that we are able to hand you out so much in value for so little of your time.

Among them you will surely find something to gratify a long-felt desire, some luxury which you thought you could not afford; and you would jump at the chance to buy it of us at the bargain price we paid. We never sell them, but we do better for you.

You can have any of them without costing you a cent, just by a slight effort and a little of your spare time, and the same club subscriptions which earn you the premium will count towards winning you a good cash prize too.

Read carefully our big offer (on another page) of 863

Cash Prizes which we pay to club-raisers in addition to club premiums, not less than \$1.00 nor more than \$1,300.00, and see how well it paid our club-raisers last two seasons.

December is one of the best subscription months and besides that thousands of COMFORT subscriptions are expiring every day now.

None of our old subscribers wish to drop out, and lots of others want to begin the new year right with COMFORT in the family.

How to Earn the Premiums and Win the Prizes without an Effort

When you make a call or have a caller, instead of talking gossip, show your COMFORT Calendar and this copy of COMFORT. Mention some of the stories, departments or topics that are of especial interest, and you have a subscriber before you know it—without half trying.

The children all like COMFORT and are very successful in getting subscriptions. Lots of premiums and special prizes for children.

We permit old subscribers only to renew or extend their subscriptions two full years for only 30 cents. This is only a little over half the regular price, and is good only to those who are taking COMFORT, but not to anyone who used to take it and has dropped it. Undoubtedly there are many COMFORT subscribers in your neighborhood whose subscriptions are nearly expired, and who will gladly renew two years for 30 cents as soon as you call their attention to it. It is a soft snap to get these two-year renewals at special 30-cent rate, and they count you one point toward winning Cash Prizes, same as 25-cent subscriptions.

Look in COMFORT each month this winter and coming spring and see the names of the monthly prize-winners. Get your name into that list, it pays.

Select a premium and begin at once so to be early in the field, and enter now with a small club, at least, for this month's cash prizes.

It is a great opportunity so don't let it slip by you.



Tableware in Fine Silver Plate

We have an extensive line of silverware and from the assortment selected a few of these sets of Six Knives and Six Forks to give away. These knives are made of the best of silver plated steel, usual shape and length, and the Forks are the handsomest ones we ever saw, being finished with a continuous row of small silver beads round the entire edge. This bead effect in silver goods is the very height of fashion, is extensively used on all solid silverware, in fact is used on most every article made of silver for dainty finish, ornamentation and attractiveness.

SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER. Send us a club of only thirteen 15-month subscribers at 25 cents each, and we will send you a complete set of Six Knives and Forks, 12 pieces in all, as a premium and send each subscriber our magazine, COMFORT. Or we will give you your choice of Six Knives or Six Forks for a club of only 8 at 25 cents each for 15 months.

EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER. We have also a family size Tea Spoon to match the Knives and Forks and can give you as a present a set of Six Spoons, Six Knives and Six Forks, 18 pieces in all, for a club of only 15 subscribers at 25 cents each for 15 months. On this last offer you get a full set of silverware, sufficient for the family, absolutely free, as we pay all shipping charges. Send for samples of COMFORT and further information.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



MRS. E.D.E.N. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW SERIES

Any Woman who wants a Beautiful Book here is the chance to get the handsomest and most artistic many colored cover, in the best of cloth binding Free. Not only this new edition of Mrs. Southworth's Novels, the best bound that have ever been offered, but they are printed from all new type on good paper. As years go on there are none of the modern authors who can touch the pathos and true to life vein put into the stories of Mrs. Southworth. Her works are now more popular than for a long time and the publishers are getting out this new lot of her novels to meet the ever growing demand for the real good love stories written many years ago, but which cannot for their kind be equalled in these days. We only show a few titles in our illustration and they are necessarily reduced so small you can get no idea of the full size books we are able to send you. We are sure if you meet the over growing demand for the real good love stories written many years ago, but which cannot for their kind be equalled in these days. We only show a few titles in our illustration and they are necessarily reduced so small you can get no idea of the full size books we are able to send you. We are sure if you

get up a club of only three 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, until you own the whole lot of twenty-two books yourself, Decide today just what books from the following list you desire. To start with send in 75 cents to pay for a club of three names. You thus begin your work of club raising for the full list of Mrs. Southworth's books:

Allworth Abbey.
A Beautiful Friend.
The Bride's Fate.
Th. Madcap Capitols.
Charged Brides.
Cruel as the Grave.
The Curse of Clifton.
Desereta Wife.

Discarded Daughter.
Hidden Hand.
India.
Ismael; or, In the Depths.
The Lost Heiress.
Miriam, The Avenger.
The Missing Bride.
The Mother in Law.

Mystery of a Dark Hollow.
Retribution.
Self-Raised; or, From the Depths.
The Three Beauties.
Tried for Her Life.
Victor's Triumph.
Vivia.

Select the book you want to read most from above list of titles and we will send it post-paid as soon as your club order is received.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

14,000 BEADS & LOOM OUTFIT FREE

PROFITABLE BEADWORK AT HOME MAKING BAGS, CHAINS, NECKLACES, PURSES, BELTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS, SHIRT-WAIST SETS, SLIPPERS, WATCH CASES, FOB WATCH CHAINS, CARD CASES, POCKETBOOKS, WRIST BAGS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, ETC., ETC.



The great revival in Art Beadwork has brought about a Wonderful Loom Invention for easily doing this fascinating work. The product of the Penobscot Indians of Maine as well as the Apache Tribes, has made them famous the world over. For thousands of years Venice has produced wonderful beads. Columbus first brought articles of Venetian Beadwork to America that completely fascinated the early settlers. Now the most dainty and artistic costumes are not complete without a dash of beautiful color such as can only be gotten from these same exquisite shades of artistically arranged beads. That beadwork is entirely practical can be proven by its thousands of years of usefulness. No art in existence has given the world more profitable employment or genuine happiness than Bead working; the articles that are now being made with beads sell for many times the cost of material—all that is necessary is a little time and patience for any one to become proficient in the art. With the invention of this Bead Loom, the mechanical possibilities of which are nearly unlimited, the simplicity of weaving the beads is at once astonishing and rapid. The old-fashioned work was mostly knit after the beads were strung yards at a time, when the miscount of even a single bead would reproduce with half the expenditure of energy and nerve force. Another wonderful help is the use of the regular Bead Needle. These are long and slender and have a very long eye built especially for holding a lot of beads at one time and doing the work easily and rapidly. The Kanibas Loom as illustrated shows the method of working; the hands holding the needle and thread, giving an idea of the progress of the work in making a Belt or Woven Chain. The outfit consists of 1 Kanibas Loom, 5 Bunches Black Beads, 2 Bunches Green Beads, 3 Bunches White Beads, 2 Bunches Pink Beads, 3 Bunches Blue Beads, 1 Paper containing a dozen Special Bead Needles, 1 Gold Swivel Snap for chain, 1 Spool Special Strong Bead Thread, and the Apache Beadworker of Instruction and Design. This great book was gotten up especially to show some of the wonderful possibilities of Artistic Beadwork. It has a beautiful photograph cover and contains just what color beads to use and how to work them; it shows some of the Lady Washington Bags of dollars. It shows how to make all sorts of Chains, Bags, Collars, Cuffs and Dress Trimmings, Purses, etc., etc., giving full directions for all designs. All the popular Secret Order Emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for Fish Chains, etc., and this book shows Masonic, Odd Fellow, Royal Arcanum, and other styles with directions. Some of the Bag designs shown bring \$12.00 or \$15.00 when worked out and the extra beads cost so little that very large profits come from doing the work. It only requires your time to make a lot of money doing these designs. You get in fact, the entire outfit above described absolutely Free. So popular and instructive has beadwork now become in teaching color schemes that the educational boards have adopted Loom Bead instruction and introduced it in all large city schools.

Club Offer. For a club of only five 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver the entire outfit free. Get up your club now.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Holly Gift Boxes of 50 Christmas and New Year's Post Cards

Santa Claus and Greeting Cards in Embossed Gold
The glad Christmas time with its cheer and happiness is the popular and proper Post Card season. We offer you an assortment supply of very beautiful embossed, Gold and Colored Cards in neat, Holly decorated Holiday boxes.

Two Boxes Absolutely Free

25 CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARDS in each box, the PRETTIEST set you ever saw, new designs all exquisitely done in BRIGHT, HARMONIOUS COLORS and SPLENDID GOLD effects, and beautifully EMBOSSED.

The idea of remembering friends near home or at a distance at Christmas and New Year's is not a new one but with the aid and use of the now popular Post Card, it more than ever is a fixed part of the season's festivities. To remember all one's relatives and friends usually requires a large number of cards and consequent large expense. All this is avoided by using our cards which come in two assorted boxes, each containing a different varied assortment.

We can only show some of the many styles in much reduced form in this illustration. There is OLD SANTA CLAUS or KRIS KRINGLE with his long GRAY BEARD, CHRISTMAS BELLS, CUTE LITTLE FOLKS, VERSES, HOLLY, POINSETTA, EVERGREEN, SNOW, BIRDS, and each card conveys a Merry Christmas or Happy New Year greeting, also contains separate calendar pads for the twelve months of the year 1911.

THEY COST YOU NO MONEY YOU GET BOTH BOXES FREE

For a CLUB of only TWO fifteen-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each we will send you the TWO above described HOLLY HOLIDAY BOXES of 25 ASSORTED CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARDS.

As each box of 25 is made up as a distinct and separate assortment it gives you a large variety of beautiful cards which your friends will be delighted to receive from you as tokens of good cheer, or you can easily sell some of them to people you know and not only make money but have enough for your own use also. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

REMEMBER YOU GET TWO COMPLETE BOXES FREE FOR A SMALL CLUB OF ONLY TWO SUBSCRIBERS.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

GET HOLIDAY GIFTS FREE Look over these SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFERS. BEST GOODS GIVEN FOR SMALL CLUBS.

Three-Piece Bed Set FREE



CLUB OFFER

For a club of only ten subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for fifteen months we will send by mail or express at our expense one of these Nottingham Lace Three-Piece Bed Sets. This is an exceptionally liberal premium offer.

Three-Piece Nottingham Lace Bed Set

Beautiful Peacock Design Pillow Sham and Spread
The full-size spread is 85 inches long and 90 inches wide. Made of fine quality material in this most beautiful pattern. Then two handsome and effective Pillow Shams to match, made of same material in same manner and 38 x 33 inches in size. Such a Bed Set as this must appeal to your good taste. They are very, very desirable, extremely fashionable and are something every good housekeeper is anxious to possess.
The beautiful White Lace Spread covers the entire bed, the Shams cover the pillows, and the graceful peacock design distinctly stands out, completes the picture and enraptures you. The Peacock on the spread is very large, very stately and graceful, the spread of tall feathers is natural and effective. No lace design ever more striking than this. Suitable for standard size bed and pillows. You should have a set

for each chamber. If you happen to be one of our thousands of agents who have our Lace Curtains in your home, you will at once feel that you must have also one of these three-piece Lace Bed Sets. They harmonize splendidly.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SPLENDID THREE-PIECE SILVER SET

The Smaller Round Dish for Candy, Olives, Nuts, Whipped Cream or Pickles.



The Seven-Inch Dish for Salad, Fruit, Nuts and Candy.

The illustration represents only the general style of the three-piece set. One gets no idea from this of the unusual beauty, nor of the effectiveness of this ruffled silver effect. The whole set or single pieces will prove exceptionally useful. A cream pitcher, sugar bowl and the large dish make up the set. The large dish may be used for berries, fruit, nuts, whipped cream, jelly, preserves or other purposes, or if preferred as an ornament for the table or mantle, but the pitcher will be useful daily on the dining table, or may be kept for best, and the same with the sugar bowl, which will oftentimes be of use for other things, such as olives, nuts or whipped cream. These sets are unusually large, full size, practical size, the big bowl is seven inches in diameter, four inches high, with capacity of at least three pints, the sugar bowl and cream pitcher are of just the right size, have four feet and handles. Each piece is gold lined and will positively wear for years and give entire satisfaction. Send only 8 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for this Gold Lined Silver Set Club Offer. of three pieces, which will be sent by mail or express prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

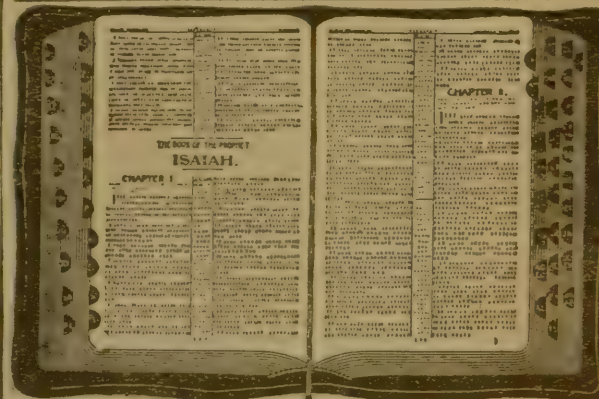
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With 32 full-page half tone pictures and 16 full-page colored maps-

GOLD EDGES

Containing the King James, Version of the Old and New Testaments.



These Bibles are unsurpassed for clear print, extra quality of paper, handsome flexible bindings, superior workmanship. Our illustrations show the Bible in various positions; laying flat open you see just how distinct is the type, the thumb index and the expansive leather binding, also the closed Bible with elastic band which protects the same when not in use, and in lower right-hand corner we show how the Bible may be rolled absolutely without injury.

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This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a practical, useful Bible, a new edition in a beautiful, durable and flexible leather binding, with gold stamped title on back and cover.

CLUB OFFER.

For a club of only ten subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for 15 Months we send one of these above described Bibles, post-paid.

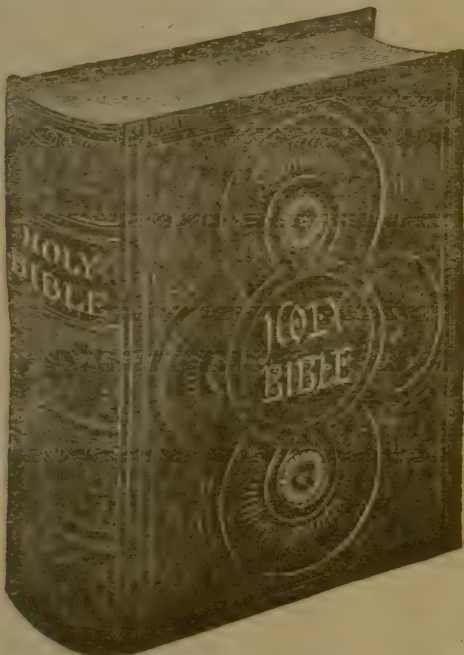
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A FAMILY BIBLE

THE WORDS OF CHRIST PRINTED IN RED

WITH

Marriage Certificate, Family Record and Colored Maps.



Printed from new plates cast from new type set this year. New Self-Proneouncing Family Bible containing: The Authorized Version of the Old and New Testaments; The words of Christ are all printed in red in this new 1904 edition and although much more expensive to produce is an added feature free of any cost to you. The Standard Concordance; A Self-Proneouncing Dictionary of Proper Names; Maps in Colors; Over 100 Full-Page and other illustrations; Index to Old and New Testaments; Marriage Certificate; Family Temperance Pledge; Family Record, etc., etc.

The largest and best illustrated Bible ever produced for the money. Size 12 1/2 x 10 1/4. This edition excels all others in the excellence of paper and exquisite typography, being printed from an entirely new set of plates costing many thousands of dollars. The size of the pages is 12 1/2 x 9 1/4 inches the print large and clear and over 100 full-page and other illustrations. The colored maps of the points of Biblical interest and a feature not found with the ordinary Bible and are of great help to Bible students and teachers. These and the other features mentioned above make this edition an invaluable one and it should appeal to those who are in need of a thorough and complete Bible. These Bibles are bound in Morocco Buckram Paneled Sides, with the words, "Holy Bible," on the side and back, stamped in gold, combed edges. Contains over 1,000 pages and weighs over 5 pounds. Specimen page showing size of sheet and type free upon application. Remember the Red Letter feature.

Club Offer. We will send by mail or express at our expense one of these 1,000-page Bibles exactly as we have described it for a club of only 12 subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Extra Heavy Silver Plated Spoons Engraved Handles Polished Bowls

This new design and pattern in spoons has been called the new COMFORT assortment. Each spoon is EXTRA HEAVY, is full standard length, the bowl is EXTRA DEEP, the embossed and engraved handles are finished with the effective frosted finish now so much preferred, also it greatly enhances the appearance of the embossing. The heavy embossed design, in relief, extends entire length of handle on both sides.
For every-day service and special occasions these Spoons embody every requirement; they will withstand constant use, yet they are so delightfully attractive they will materially dress up any DINING-ROOM TABLE. Each Spoon is made up of a GOOD GRADE METAL and SILVER PLATE is quadruple, the bowl is bright polished and the handle finished in the rich frosted effect, a combination at once in accord with the very highest priced STERLING SILVER.

You may think you have enough silverware now; even if you have a variety there is always use for more Tea Spoons, especially such very Beautiful Spoons as we now offer you, and COMFORT is such a great monthly, people readily subscribe, so you actually will obtain these Spoons for but a moment's time.

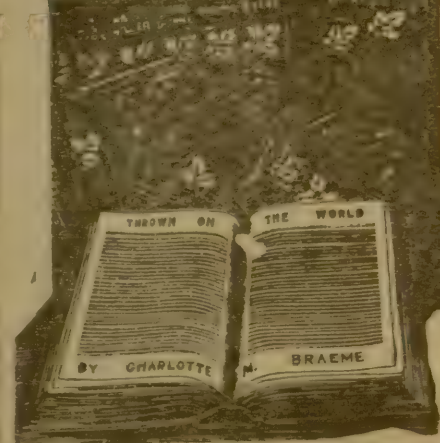
CLUB OFFER

As a special inducement to have you send now for a set of SIX OF THESE SILVER PLATED TEA SPOONS as we now offer you, and COMFORT is such a great monthly, people readily subscribe, so you actually will obtain these Spoons for but a moment's time.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE BEST BOOKS FREE

Cloth Bound



Marie Corelli, Augusta J. Evans, Charles Garvice, Mary J. Holmes, G. A. Henty, Charles M. Sheldon, Charlotte M. Braeme, Mrs. Southworth.

The works of the popular authors above mentioned, also a large number of other popular authors' best efforts, are included in our new list of gift books. From an assortment of over 400 titles we have selected the most popular and desirable works of these famous American and European Authors.
Each book is printed on good quality paper, from large, clear type, is 7 1/2 inches long, 5 wide and varies in thickness, all one inch or more, and weigh about one pound each. Cloth Bindings are genuine Linen Cloth of several attractive and striking colors, especially made for this series. Each cover has an ornamental design, shown in the illustrations, and the titles are done in genuine gold and two-colored inks. Each cover design is by some well-known artist, and the high quality of this alone makes the outer appearance of each book more attractive, as it gives the book a rich appearance for shelving or when lying on the table. Taken all in all this series of books is an excellent edition and we are pleased to have the opportunity to place them before you at this particular season of the year and at such liberal terms.

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Thelma
Vendetta
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Broken Wedding Ring, The
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Evelyn's Reply
Her Only Sin
Her Mother's Sin,
Mad Love, A
Prince Charles's Daughter
Shadow of a Sin
Struggle for a King

Miscellaneous

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Young Outlaw
Young Seafarer
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Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
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Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush
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Evangeline
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Our Rascal
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Wide, Wide World
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Minister's Woe, The
Mehawks, The
My Guardian
Old Man's Secret
Old Myddleton's Money
Only the Governor
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Under Two Flags
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David Crockett, Life of
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House of the Seven Gables
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Kit Carson, Life of
Patriot's Child
Samantha at Saratoga
Sketch Book, The

Subscription Offer. For a club of three 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we send you any book in this list free, post-paid. For a club of four subscribers at 25 cents each, we send two books free, or a club of five at 25 cents each, we send any four books you may select. For a club of 7 at 25 cents each, we send five books of your selection. We now have every book listed in stock and can fill orders same day received. Every book is fully guaranteed in every respect and we send all orders at our own expense. Just think what a chance for book clubs. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Any Book in this List Free to You See Offers

Here's an opportunity to get a winter's supply of reading. Over 500 titles comprising detective, fiction, love, adventure, religious and children's stories. Read carefully announcement below.

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304 Chester Ransom.
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Nicholas Carter

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382 A Broken Trail.
168 Brought to Bay.
326 A Bundle of Clues.
346 The Cab-driver's Secret.
478 A Case Without a Clue.
318 The Cashier's Secret.
14 Caught in the Tolls.
272 The Chain of Evidence.
19 A Chance Discovery.
276 A Checkmated Scoundrel.
45 Check No. 777.
254 A Cigarette Clue.
316 Circumstantial Evidence.
75 A Clever Celestial.
320 The Cloak of Guilt.
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425 The Crime of the Camera.
310 The Crown Diamond.
85 A Dead Man's Grip.
226 A Deal in Diamonds.
21 A Deposit-vault Puzzle.
186 A Desperate Chance.
328 A Detective's Theory.
71 The Diamond-mine Case.
250 A Double-handed Game.
68 The Double-shuffle Club.
336 Driven from Cover.
444 Dr. Quartz Magician.
450 Dr. Quartz's Quick Move.
23 Evidence by Telephone.
62 A Fair Criminal.
364 Following a Chance Clue.
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159 Framework of Fate.
442 From a Prison Cell.
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126 A Game of Craft.
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2 The Great Enigma.
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860 A Missing Man.
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13 The Mysterious Mail Robbery.
348 The Mystic Diagram.
141 Nick Carter Down East.
484 Nick Carter's Fall.
147 Nick Carter's Retainer.
482 Out of Death's Shadow.
308 The Photographer's Evidence.

Bertha M. Clay

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63 Another Woman's Husband.
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- 287 Beyond Atonement.
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152 A Bitter Courtship.
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131 A Bride from the Sea and Other Stories.
266 Bride of the Manor.
147 The Broken Trust.
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192 A Coquette's Victim.
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162 An Evil Heart.
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135 For Love of Her.
282 For Love or Wealth.
253 For Old Love's Sake.
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54 The Gipsy's Daughter.
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163 Gladys' Wedding Day.
78 A Guiding Star.
144 Hand Without a Wedding-Ring.
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198 A Heart Forlorn.
137 A Heart of Gold.
70 A Heart's Bitterness.
60 A Heart's Idol.
133 A Heart's Worship.
196 Her Beautiful Foe.
205 Her Bitter Sorrow.
166 Her Boundless Love.
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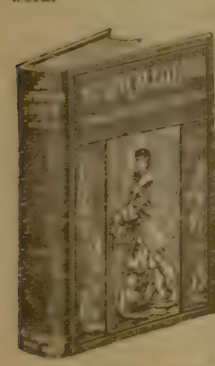
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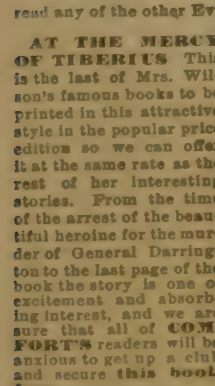
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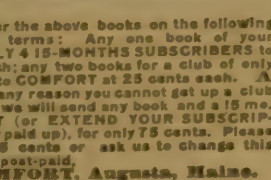


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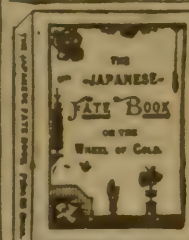


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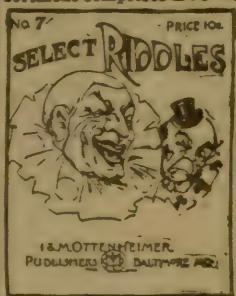
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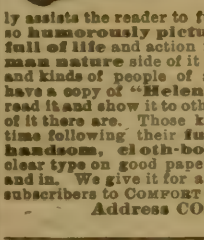
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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

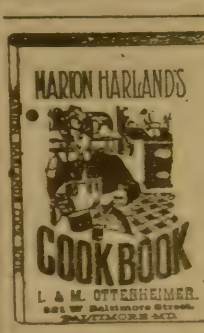


A FAMOUS STORY

The story of Robinson Crusoe is always a delightful reading for folks of all ages. Although originally written years ago it still enjoys a tremendous popularity and is regularly sold in immense quantities and read by thousands. The particular edition we now offer is unusually attractive, is tastefully and substantially bound in extra English cloth, with 26 illustrations, and inserted with six colored lithographic pictures, reproduced in ten colors, and designed by well-known artists. Each book is in a beautiful wrapper, well made throughout. Adapted for the reading table in every home for Christmas or Birthday gifts. A really beautiful book, superior to the average edition. Every one should own and read Robinson Crusoe and better opportunity ever presented itself to procure the complete story in book form.

Club Offer. This high grade edition of Robinson Crusoe sent, post-paid, for a club of only three subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.



Marion Harland's Cook Book

The premier of Cook Books, serviceable from Monday morning to Saturday night. Practical recipes for small families, large families, the small purse or the large. A genuine kitchen edition, giving the best home recipes for Breads of all kinds, Eggs, Broiled, Boiled and Fried Meats, that do with Left-Overs, other Dinner Dishes, Meats, Vegetables, Desserts, Cake Making, Soups, Jellies, Creams and other Fancy Dishes, for Luncheon, Supper, How to Make Tea and Coffee, etc. Also valuable calculating tables giving weights and liquid and dry measure, which is invaluable in cooking. Every item, every dish and every mention is indexed, so that you readily locate what you wish to know by referring to the clear and concise index in back of book. With this invaluable Cook Book at your elbow success is assured, failure impossible. Many suggestions and new ideas will be found, and new ways to do old things will present themselves after studying this book. Contains over 150 pages, bound in paper covers, substantial and practical book for every day use.

Club Offer. One new 15 month 25c. subscription to COMFORT secure a copy of the Marion Harland's Cook Book free. Remember to send a new sub.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



No Mother To Guide Her

and Eleven other famous fiction books. The most sensational dramatics of the American Stage have been novelized and now are offered in book form. The Drama affords a better plot for a book than the imagination, this list of twelve stories have been and are both famous and successful.

Club Offer. One new 15 month 25c. subscription to COMFORT secure one book free, the sub. must be a new one not your own. A club of three 15-mos. subscriptions secures five books. When ordering give titles you select, and we will send them post-paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TABLE NAPKINS

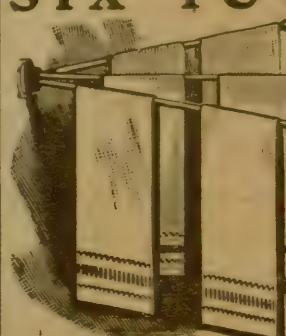


What an acceptable gift is a dozen white napkins for the dining table. A clean fresh napkin gives a relish and delight to the table that nothing else will. There is nothing more appealing to the husband than his wife's effort to serve his meals temptingly. Table linen goes far to meet this effect and it will be a great pleasure for you to possess a set of one dozen of these superior quality napkins. It matters not how many you may have in use, a few more will be acceptable and can be saved for "best" or when you have visitors. Rich is the housewife who has a large quantity of fine table linen, and the privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cost must appeal to our lady readers.

Club Offer. We will send you post-paid a set of 12 napkins for a club of 5 15 mo. subscribers at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SIX TOWELS



We have selected as a gift for our agents a set of six huckaback towels of good size, 16x25, made of high grade material. Such towels as we offer are usually sold at retail in most stores at a high price. By arranging to use a quantity, thus buying of the makers in whole cases, we can present six for a small number of subscribers.

Club Offer. We will send you at our expense a set of six towels for a club of only 5 15 mo. subscribers to this magazine at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

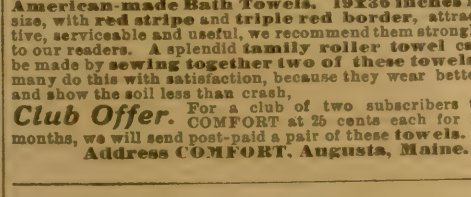
TURKISH STYLE TOWELS

DURABLE AND HEALTH GIVING

After a bath a vigorous drying and rubbing with these heavy linen-like towels will create an invigorated healthy glow of the entire system. Washing in itself cleanses the body, but the beneficial effects of the proper bath is derived from generous exercise of the flesh, opening and closing the pores, carrying away all foreign particles that may come from soap or water. Many times one does not require a bath, others can not bathe frequently; at such times a "dry-rub" with these coarse fabric towels will be of immense benefit and comfort. These towels are woven of heavy twisted thread and have little nubs on the surface that absorb water like a sponge, leaving your flesh warm, dry and glowing all over. Great for Baby's bath or the man who shaves, and therefore you wash them the softer they become. And durable, they wear well and wear long, almost impervious to wear, they are practical every-day towels for either the toilet or the lady's delicate bath. Similar towels made in Turkey of genuine linen are imported into this country and sold by druggists for two, three and four dollars per pair, and yet no more benefit or satisfaction is derived than from these sensible American-made Bath Towels. 19x36 inches in size, with red stripes and triple red border, attractive, serviceable and useful, we recommend them strongly to our readers. A splendid family roller towel can be made by sewing together two of these towels; many do this with satisfaction, because they wear better and show the soil less than wash.

Club Offer. COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send post-paid a pair of these towels.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Back Comb and Barette

Hand carved effect SHELL or AMBER COLOR

Perfectly Polished and Finished

Broad, stylish Tops, beautiful carved effect, the very latest style in Ladies' Back Combs. These very large combs are now exclusively worn, in preference to smaller combs or combs ornamented with gold or jewelry and are the only proper combs nowadays. Each comb is hand-made and hand-finished, is perfect-fitting, is smooth and does not have rough edge teeth as many combs do.

BARETTES now are indispensable with present style of wearing the hair, and the set we illustrate represents the proper and popular style, size and pattern.

Our illustrations convey only a partial idea of the extreme beauty of both Comb and Barette. Combs are five inches broad or wide, over three and one-half inches deep, with long, strong teeth nearly two inches deep, so that it would be practically impossible to lose one of these Combs from the head. The Barettes are over four inches wide, one and three-quarters inches high and are fitted with a strong bar pin made of same material with safety-locking device.

Club Offer: A COMB and BARETTE free for a Club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Esop's Fables.
Alice in Wonderland. Lewis Carroll.
Beatha's Christmas Vision. Horatio Alger, Jr.
Black Beauty. Anna Sewell.
Book of Golden Deeds. C. Yonge.
The Brownies. Mrs. J. H. Ewing.
Christmas Pudding and other Brownie Stories. Palmer Cox.
Daddy's Girl. L. T. Meade.
Fairy Book. Miss Mulock.
Fairy Tales and Wonder Stories. T. D. English.
Flower Fables. Louisa May Alcott.
Girl in Ten Thousand. L. T. Meade.
Girl of the People. L. T. Meade.
Girls of the True Blue. L. T. Meade.
Grandfather's Chair. Hawthorne.
Hospital Sketches. Louisa M. Alcott.
In His Steps. Charles M. Sheldon.
Little Lame Prince. Mulock.

Club Offer. We will send, post-paid, any one of the above books for a club of only 2 fifteen-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LIBRARY OF BEST BOOKS FOR GIRLS

Consisting of many selected stories suited to younger readers. The most fascinating stories from old juvenile writers arranged in a series of books making an unequalled library as a whole, any single one being desirable. Such writers as Alcott, Meade, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and others enjoying equal fame as writers of good wholesome stories suitable for young girls. Each book is 5-1/2x4-1/4 and nearly an inch thick. has lithographed colored cover design, bound in cloth, and printed on best paper in large clear type. **Little Folks' Books** but not little books. Following is a complete list of thirty-eight titles:

Little Rosebud. Beatrice Harraden.
Merry Girls of England. Meade.
A Modern Cinderella. L. M. Alcott.
Moods. Louisa M. Alcott.
Palace Beautiful. L. T. Meade.
Polly a New-Fashioned Girl. L. T. Meade.
Prince of the House of David. J. H. Ingraham.
Six Little Princesses. Mrs. Prentiss.
Stepping Heavenward. Prentiss.
Sweet Girl Graduate. L. T. Meade.
Tales from Shakespeare. Charles & Mary Lamb.
Tanglewood Tales. L. T. Meade.
Their Little Mother. L. T. Meade.
Through the Lookingglass. Carroll.
Tiny's Sunday Nights. E. Stuart Phelps.
Uncle Tom's Cabin. H. B. Stowe.
Water Babies. Charles Kingsley.
Wonder Book. Hawthorne.
World of Girls. L. T. Meade.

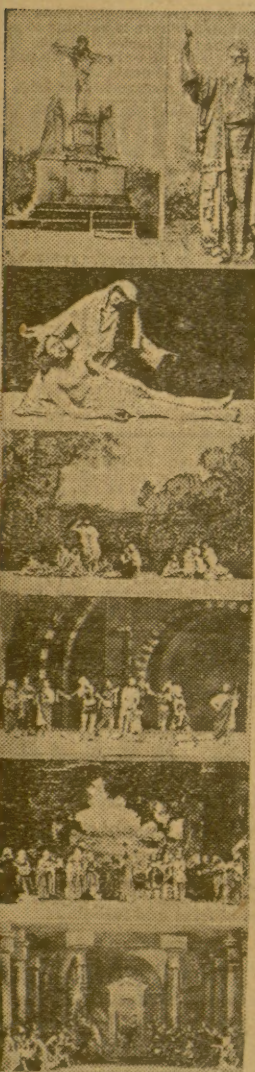
SILVER CAKE BASKET



FREE FREE

We have lately taken a large amount of triple plate silverware on a debt and will send you this Elegant, Gold Lined Silver Cake Basket free, all charges paid, for a club of 10 subscribers at 25 cents each. This Cake Basket is of the latest pattern and will wear a lifetime. It is the finest silver plate, highly decorated with beautiful patent rolled edge. We only have a few of them left so get up your club of 10 subscribers at 25 cents each, today, and you will always enjoy it.

These pieces of silverware are useful in your own home or they are acceptable gifts so that this is a good opportunity to procure wedding presents, as we have an assortment including a fine five-bottle Silver Castor and a Superb Silver Butter Dish at the same price if you prefer either one to the Basket. Remember you are to send only 10 15-months subscribers at 25 cents each, and get your choice. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Pictorial Life of Christ

Beautiful and Inspiring Should Be in Every Home

Poets, artists and scholars of greatest genius, like the wise men from the east, have knelt to the babe of Bethlehem and devoted their noblest talents to glorifying the sublime events of His life.

The combined results of centuries of their best efforts appear in the perfection of these fifty exquisite pictures that tell "The Old, Old Story" which gains new beauties and profounder interest as humanity grows with the advance of civilization to a higher appreciation of the divine character of Jesus.

The principal acts of His life, the scenes in which they were performed, His disciples, His friends and His persecutors are pictured with a startling reality and lifelike action which impress one as no sermon, no book, no spoken or printed words can.

They are a beautiful sermon in colors that touches the heart with Jesus' appeal to humanity.

Very few of us can afford to visit the Holy Land for the quickening of our faith or make the journey to Oberammergau to attend the performance of the wonderful Passion Play, that sacred drama representing the life, the suffering and the crucifixion of the Saviour acted and lived in sincere reverence by the entire people of a little community, and publicly exhibited by them once in ten years through the last three centuries as a religious ceremony in fulfillment of a holy vow made by their forefathers in devout recognition of the blessings of Divine Providence.

During the ten years of preparation for the performance of the Passion Play which has just closed, and which has been attended by more than fifty thousand pilgrims from all parts of the earth, neither care nor expense have been spared in getting up the gorgeous oriental costumes in vogue at the time of Christ, and their brilliant color effects are perfectly reproduced in these 50 pictures which we now offer to COMFORT readers.

50 Superb Pictures

Tell the Sacred Story in Colors

Prominent among these beautiful and touching pictures are Christ's Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem, Jesus Blessing His Disciples, Preparing for the Lord's Supper, Christ and Mary Magdalene, The Last Supper, Jesus Praying in Gethsemane, Judas Betraying Christ, Christ's Trial, Christ Before the High Priest, Christ Before King Herod, The Mocking, The Scourging, The Crowning with Thorns, The Crucifixion, Descent from the Cross, Christ in the Arms of Mary, His Mother, and the Resurrection.

It is useless to attempt further description as the entire set of 50 are beyond the descriptive power of words, and the seven small cuts printed here are too small and indistinct to give much of an idea of the real pictures.

You have to see them to appreciate them, and you can't look at them without being raised to a better understanding of Christ's sacrifice for the redemption of the world and filled with devotional zeal.

See the Holy Land as it was in the Saviour's time and the chief scenes and characters that figured in His life as represented by the best of modern research, art and talent in the complete set of 50 Passion Play Post Cards. Every card a work of art, and on the back is a description of each picture.

Get a set now for Christmas, for the elevating influence on the children. Interesting, educational and attractive,—will make the children interested in the Bible and in their Sunday school.

Special Offer. The complete set of 50 cards with ten-page folder describing the pictures and Passion Play; neatly packed in cardboard case will be sent for a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE WHO TRIES

Cash Prizes All Sizes—Other Prizes Two Sizes

make it worth your while to CUT THIS PICTURE OUT and fit it together according to directions. If you FIT IT TOGETHER correctly and mail it to us with ONE fifteen-month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents, before the twentieth of January, AS A PRIZE FOR YOUR SKILL we will send you by return mail 25 Christmas and New Year's Cards, the PRETTIEST, DAINTEST set you ever saw, new designs all exquisitely done in BRIGHT, HARMONIOUS COLORS and SPLENDID GOLD effects, and beautifully EMBOSSED.

The pictures and decorations of these elaborate post cards are the perfection of brilliant contrast and artistic elegance which delights the eye while the APPEALING SENTIMENTS and appropriate SEASON'S GREETINGS with which they are inscribed TOUCH THE HEART OF FRIEND OR SWEETHEART. UNDERSTAND, all you have to do is to send us ONE 25-cent subscription to COMFORT with the cut-up picture puzzle in order to GET ONE PRIZE SURE, perhaps two prizes, but that subscription MUST NOT BE YOUR OWN nor that of any member of your family.

OR WE WILL SEND YOU 50 OF THESE SPLENDID CARDS, all different designs, if you send us TWO 25 cent subscriptions with the cut-up picture puzzle; but REMEMBER that you have to get both subscriptions outside of your family.

CASH PRIZES ALSO

BESIDES THE CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S CARDS OFFERED above, which you are sure to receive as explained above, we will give for the BEST and MOST NEATLY CUT OUT, FITTED TOGETHER AND MOUNTED COMPLETE PICTURE formed of these cut-up pieces and SENT US WITH ONE OR MORE subscriptions before the twentieth of January

A FIRST PRIZE OF	\$3.00 cash
For second best a prize of	2.00 "
For third best a prize of	1.00 "
For fourth best a prize of	1.00 cash
For fifth best a prize of	1.00 "
For each of the 10 next best a prize of	.50 each

YOU MAY WIN TWO PRIZES. THE LOVELY CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S CARDS come to you by return mail SURE, if you cut out the picture, fit it together and send it to us with one or more subscriptions as above explained, and if your work in fitting together and mounting the cut-up picture is among the fifteen best you ALSO RECEIVE A CASH PRIZE.

Directions. All the parts of the entire cut-up picture are printed above. Cut out the pieces and fit them together. Match the pieces together and paste them on a piece of paper or cardboard mount so as to form the complete picture, and then mail to us with one or more subscriptions.

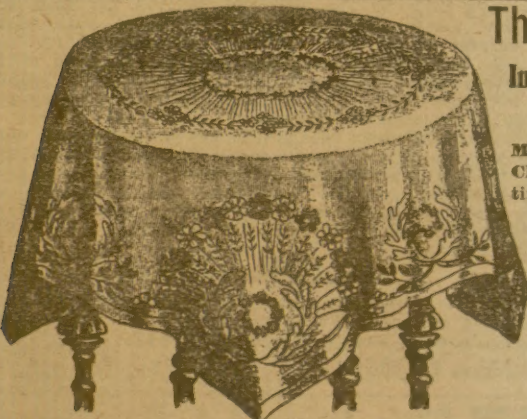
IT'S EASY: IT'S LOTS OF FUN and WINS A PRIZE SURE, perhaps TWO PRIZES.

Address COMFORT'S PUZZLE, Test., Augusta, Maine.
 Don't Send the Puzzle to Us Unless You Send the Subscription with the Money
 Read offer carefully. We do not give a box of Cards with your own subscription.



CUT IT OUT

ONE PRIZE SURE



This Exquisite Table Cover

In a Beautiful Pattern Especially Designed Outline for Embroidery

Made from a new material called Yachting Cloth with real Irish Linen finish, in a beautiful shade of light brown that will harmonize with all shades of embroidery silk or cotton and is especially designed for table covers. The stamping includes a centerpiece as well as a border of an unusually graceful design and is one yard square.

For two 15-mo. subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each will be given this beautiful cover, which can be used in any room. It is worth working for. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TYPEWRITERS FOR EVERYBODY

A Genuine Typewriting Machine for Business and Personal Correspondence



Writes very distinctly and most as fast as some machines costing \$10.00 or more. A thoroughly reliable and very satisfactory instrument. It is now the style in this busy world to write business letters on typewriters, thus the readers cannot mistake any word or character in the letter, besides typewriting can be read very quickly, and envelopes with typewritten addresses are promptly handled by Post Office clerks. Every office and family should now have a Typewriter. This machine has 36 characters, every letter in the alphabet and the numerals from 1 to 10; is easily understood and operated, any child can write on it after two hours' practice and older people will grasp the idea at once. With each machine are sent full directions for operating and an extra supply of best quality copying ink, the whole carefully packed and sent at our expense.

Special. If you will send us a club of only 4 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for fifteen months we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and the typewriter and complete outfit to you as an award for your effort. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory.

A Big Lot of Real Silk, also Plush and Stamped Satin

REMNANTS FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.

ART in needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRAZY QUILT" making is again VERY POPULAR. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will now delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now burdened with remnants of MANY RICH GOODS. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big trade on. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa-pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. Our packages contain from 99 to 168 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get our great money and a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these

pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy art, and needle work. Many ladies sell tidies, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price made from these remnants. Order one sample subscription lot now for only 50c. **Grand Offer:** If you order AT ONCE, we will give you several rich, bright and beautiful stamped satin pieces; each piece contains nine square inches and being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery, is a big bargain. **Five Skeins Embroidery Silks Free.** In order to work your stamped satin and other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants; but we know if you ORDER ONE lot we will sell more to your locality, to make this liberal offer besides giving you a large and elegant piece of Plush.

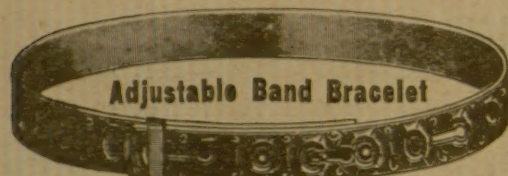
BEST WAY. We send ONE of the above complete assorted lots FREE as a reward to all who send 36 cents for 15 months' subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, and in order to get you to advertise "COMFORT" and this big bargain to your friends and neighbors, we will send free with each package, our great book WITH EIGHT Full-Page Illustrations for ornamenting the sales of Crazy Patchwork, or for other manual work where Fancy Stitches are used, it has no equal. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be put together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join edges, etc. The book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these, besides directions for taking ART EMBROIDERY STITCHES comprising the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Cheville Embroidery, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tufted Stitch, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Patching.

REMEMBER We send one big lot (over 100 pieces) Silk Remnants the assorted stamped satin piece, 5 SKEINS Embroidery silk, plush, and a great book on embroidery together with 15-months subscription to "COMFORT," all for only 35 cents, or you may send two subscribers 25c. each 15 months and receive one lot free. Three lots and 15 mos. subscription, 65c.; five lots and subscription, for \$1.00. Address COMFORT, Silk Dept., 4 Augusta, Maine.

COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE.

After repeated requests from our thousands of readers and club workers, we are prepared to furnish a COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE, in a smaller size than our regular Family Bible. The new offering is indeed a perfect charm; a thoroughly complete Bible, consisting of over 850 pages, with nine colored maps, soft binding, half padded, round corners, finished with red edges, is five and a half inches long, three and a half inches wide and nearly an inch thick, weighing half a pound. It is a thorough Bible with full and complete books of the old and new testaments. For Sunday School workers, teachers and students, or for a convenient pew Bible, this is an unequalled opportunity to secure a big little Bible that will please. By co-operating with a Bible maker and purchase an enormous quantity during the next year if a low price would be made, in order that we might give our hosts of friends and readers at least one grand opportunity to procure one or more Bibles for their own use or as gifts, knowing well enough that we shall receive many second orders from our first purchasers. Modern machinery and skilled workmen produce these Bibles in quantities made in the highest order of workmanship. Each and every Bible is sent with a guarantee that it is perfect in each and every detail; and what will please you most is in which they are bound and finished. The soft padded covers are the same as in FULL MOROCCO BIBLES costing \$19.00 each. Please do not send for this Bible expecting to receive a great, big book by express; this small Bible is for the same purposes, but is more convenient to carry about. Knowing we shall receive second orders from those who send for one of these Bibles, we are making a specially attractive introduction proposition below.

OUR OFFER. We will send you one of these Holy Bibles as a free premium gift only four 15-mo. subscribers to this magazine at 25 cents each, delivered post-paid to your home. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Adjustable Band Bracelet

for that length of time under our guarantee. Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet, and, as it is a new style and new idea this season, you all want one right off while they are fashionable. We are making extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate.

Club Offer. Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these beautiful Bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, if for your own sub. or a renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



WE GIVE THIS WATCH For a Club of Five.

Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but for practical everyday use they are no better timekeepers. This watch keeps not perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 5 subscribers to COMFORT, at our special subscription price of 25 cents for 15 months. Do this, sending us the money with the names, and we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and we will send you the watch to reward you. Start out now and see what you can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get subscriptions and send us NOW at once, we will also send you a nice chain.

COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE.

After repeated requests from our thousands of readers and club workers, we are prepared to furnish a COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE, in a smaller size than our regular Family Bible. The new offering is indeed a perfect charm; a thoroughly complete Bible, consisting of over 850 pages, with nine colored maps, soft binding, half padded, round corners, finished with red edges, is five and a half inches long, three and a half inches wide and nearly an inch thick, weighing half a pound. It is a thorough Bible with full and complete books of the old and new testaments. For Sunday School workers, teachers and students, or for a convenient pew Bible, this is an unequalled opportunity to secure a big little Bible that will please. By co-operating with a Bible maker and a Bindery, we were enabled to dictate terms and agreed to purchase an enormous quantity during the next year if a low price would be made, in order that we might give our hosts of friends and readers at least one grand opportunity to procure one or more Bibles for their own use or as gifts, knowing well enough that we shall receive many second orders from our first purchasers. Modern machinery and skilled workmen produce these Bibles in quantities made in the highest order of workmanship. Each and every Bible is sent with a guarantee that it is perfect in each and every detail; and what will please you most is the thorough manner in which they are bound and finished. The soft padded covers are the same as in FULL MOROCCO BIBLES costing \$10.00 each.

Please do not send for this Bible expecting to receive a great, big book by express; we offer the FAMILY BIBLE elsewhere. This small Bible is for the same purposes, but is more convenient to carry about. Knowing we shall receive second orders from those who send for one of these Bibles, we are making a specially attractive introduction proposition below.

OUR OFFER. We will send you one of these Holy Bibles as a free premium gift only four Bibles, 15 mo. subscribers to this magazine at 25 cents each, delivered post-paid to your home. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THIS BIG POST CARD ALBUM FREE

DON'T MISS THIS PREMIUM

We show this album as it opens, showing that four cards may be displayed before you on the 2 pages, also each leaf accommodates four cards, two, front and back; the entire album accommodates fifty cards. You preserve and exhibit cards at same time.

The average post-card collector would naturally require three or four of these albums every year, now that post cards are produced in such various seasonable subjects. One could fill an album with all different Christmas cards and again with birthday and greeting cards, still another album for travel cards received from friends who are residing at a distance or traveling. In this way one can arrange and classify their cards and they will then be preserved in a nice way and when you want to show them to your friends they are presentable in a tastefully arranged manner for exhibition.

ALSO LOTS OF CARDS FREE

To go with ALBUMS. As long as they last you get Cards and ALBUMS and COMFORT at these liberal terms.

Club Offer. Send 25 cents for a 15-months subscription to COMFORT, with 5 cents extra, 30 cents in all, for an Album and 15 cards. We give a fine lot of cards free with each album so you have an assortment of 15 beautiful cards, comprising all the popular subjects, such as Christmas, New Year's and Santa Claus, embossed in gold floral, birthday and sentiment, greeting cards, views of public buildings, bird and landscape cards as well as special Easter designs. You will miss a great big opportunity if you let this offer escape you. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

PRACTICAL FOUNTAIN PEN

Until recently an all rubber Fountain Pen cost a large sum, owing to the high cost of raw material, but the recent discovery of rubber in large quantities has reduced the price and new machinery has done the rest. We are now able to offer to our subscribers a fine quality Pen, with two additional Pen Points and a glass filler, a standard outfit at a greatly reduced price. Lawyers, Doctors, Clerks, Agents, Teachers, Scholars and in every home a Fountain Pen is needed, a good quality, warranted not to leak Pen, a pen it will be a pleasure to use, and can be sold at once. Send only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for a free Pen Outfit.

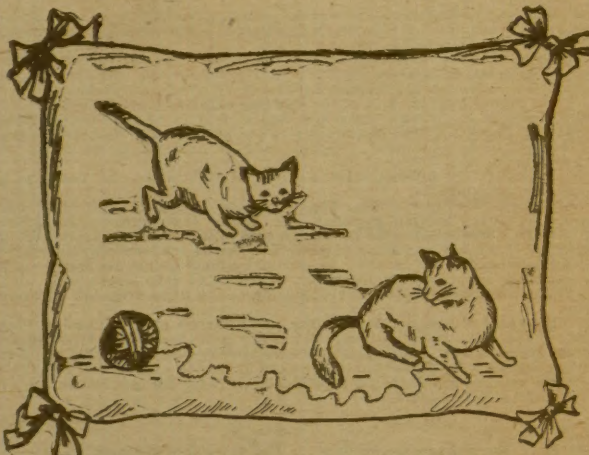
The Magic Fortune Teller

A Most Marvelous Invention. Answers Quickly.



Its replies to Love, Business and Troubles are immediate and accurate. It will forecast your future and tell you what you want to know if you but ask it. Constructed on strictly scientific principles, the adjustable horn acts as a medium of speech. You talk to it as though it were alive and its answers are revealed to you as though of the same breath. The action of your voice brings about startling and magical response. As an oracle or simple entertainer there is nothing like it. Your friends will all be delighted with you in its power to please as well as to inform you all about matters. You can now tell fortunes for money. If Fortune or Misfortune is lurking about you, if you are to marry or not, if Joy and pleasure is to be your lot through life, or if you will gain what you least expect or anything else that now puzzles you, just direct your thought to this Magic Fortune Teller and everything will be clear. They are strongly made and handsomely nickel-plated. There is nothing to get out of order and they will last a lifetime. We will send one for a club of only 2 15-mo. subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A CAT PILLOW IN A COMBINATION OF HAND PAINTING AND OUTLINE EMBROIDERY



Is a Cute, Pleasing Design of Frolicking Kittens, a subject which is sure to amuse the young and old and add to the cheerfulness of any room.

Combination means that when you receive this pillow the design will be hand painted in a beautiful blending of colors and you are to outline the whole design in a dark shade of mercerized cotton. Painted on Art Pillow Cloth of an exquisite green or softest shade of yellow, this outline embroidery produces an effect that can be had in no other way. It will "bring out" the playful attitude of the Kittens, giving a "raised" appearance which greatly adds to the beauty of the pillow which is 22x22 inches square.

Send a new 15-months 25-cent subscriber with 5 cents extra, 30 cents in all, and we will Give you the above described pillow. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

A Speaking and Sleeping DOLL FREE

Can Say PAPA and MAMA

I am the Prettiest, Daintiest, Sweetest Lace-Dressed Doll you ever saw

Observe my Beautiful Raiment. Lace-trimmed Gown and Hat. Openwork Hose, Low Shoes with Buckle and all sorts of frills and furbelows.

I Can Say Papa and Mama and also Close My Eyes
FREE for Only Six Subscribers



This newest premium is a Special Extra Large Size Imported French Doll, over a foot tall, and can be made to sleep and speak. To be exact, she measures sixteen and one-half inches from the sole of her feet to the top of her lace hat, requiring a big box eighteen inches long to pack her in. It is one of the most beautifully dressed Dolls ever given away as a premium for so few subscriptions or for such little effort as we require.

This is a wonder Doll and will positively please every little or big girl who receives her from us. Her pretty head is made of bisque, with long, natural curls; her handsome costume of lustrous silk finish; latest fancy trimmed, lace-bordered HAT; lace-trimmed underwear; openwork stockings, dainty low shoes with buckles, etc., etc. She is dressed throughout in the latest Doll fashion.

Our illustration does not do her justice; we can only show about how splendid she is. It would be impossible to show up her charms and graces, but you get a very good idea, and will be delighted when you receive and open the package and see her; and to see her is to love her, she is such a GRAND DOLL BEAUTY.

CLUB OFFER.

For only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send free and post-paid, one of these magnificent, large Dressed Dolls.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE This Beautiful Monogram Dinner Set of 42 Pieces

Each Piece Decorated with your Initial in Gold. Positively the Biggest and Finest Dinner Set ever Given Away as a Free Present. Any Lady Can Earn this Set in a Few Hours' Time.

This beautiful Monogram Dinner Set, full size, for family use, consisting of 42 pieces just as shown, is a present that will bring delight to the heart of any housewife and can be had absolutely free of charge for a few hours' easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and the people of your vicinity. This set is made of finest Parisian china, is a pure delicate white and decorated with wild rose design in colors, with the edges traced in gold. It is a set of dishes that you will be proud to own and put on your table and show your friends.

Your own initial in pure gold will be on every piece except the cups and saucers. The set consists of six large plates, six dessert plates, six large cups and saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six butter plates, two large vegetable dishes, one large platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, and one gravy bowl, making 42 separate pieces, positively the grandest array of dishes ever offered for this small amount of work.

Club Offer: For only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for fifteen months we will present you with one of these beautiful Monogram 42-Piece Dinner Sets. The set will be carefully packed and shipped by freight upon receipt of the club order. Remember only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months procure this Gold Decorated 42-Piece Initial Dinner Set. State what initial wanted when ordering. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





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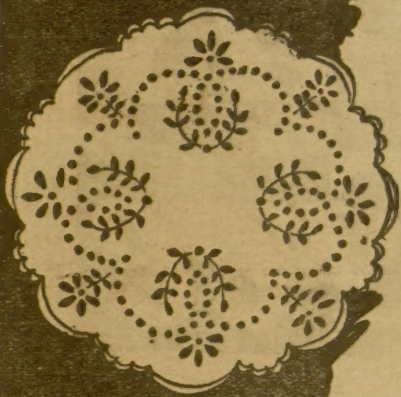
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YOUR CHOICE FREE

Sixteen New Artistic

EMBROIDERY DESIGNS

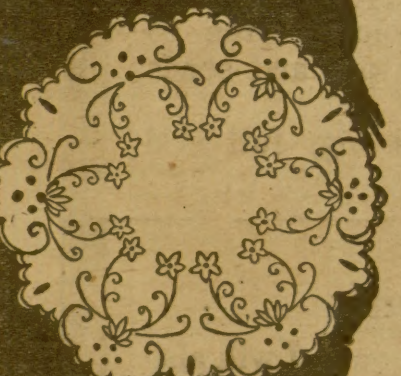
*Doilies, Tray-cloths
and Centerpieces*



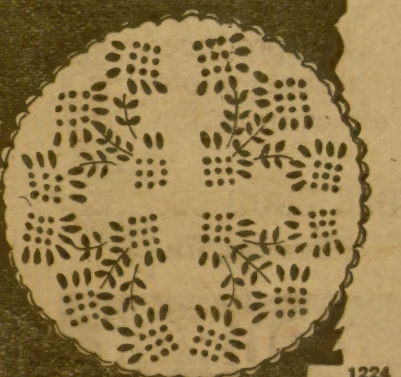
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We show here, and for the first time time, a display of sixteen Tray-cloths and Centerpieces. Four large oval tray-cloths, 18x22 inches, and twelve Round Centerpieces, 22x22 inches.

Each design is distinctly stamped on a high-grade semi-linen material that wears well, washes well and always looks refined and rich. Such a multitude of good ideas are shown in this variety! There is the artistic touch in every one, the new ideas and shapes of the fall are shown in shape and pattern. Some are round, others irregular or scalloped. Flowers and conventional designs are both adapted so that it must be impossible that one cannot be suited with one or more. Examine the designs carefully and select numbers you prefer.

COMFORT'S readers and patrons are so eager for the new and so fond of embroidery ideas whenever presented, we are especially anxious for your verdict on this new collection, and in order to disappoint none and gratify all, we have made arrangements for a tremendous quantity of material, enabling us to be assured at all times of sufficient stock as well as obtaining a price concession, the benefit of which is in our real value bargain offers made especially for you, for an indefinite time.

Each design is distinctly stamped on the material. It may be embroidered by the novice and this feature will be appreciated by one accustomed to doing lots of embroidery.

Send Now for One for Yourself

Personal Offer to You.

To obtain any one of these lovely Centerpieces or Tray-cloths you are to send but one new subscriber to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months. Not a renewal, not your own subscription, but a genuine new COMFORT subscriber. Think, only one subscription required.

Club Offers. A club of two 15-months 25-cent subscribers to COMFORT entitles you to three selections. Four subscriptions, amounting to \$1.00, entitle you to select six Centerpieces or Tray-cloths, and for a club of 10 subscriptions at 25 cents each for 15 months, amounting \$2.50, we will send the entire assortment or set of sixteen and include a box of three dozen skeins embroidery cotton FREE. This last offer enables you to obtain a variety for your own use with material for embroidering a great many, if not all of them, some of which can be sold at a profit. We permit you to select either Tray-cloths or Centerpieces in each case and only ask that you give us the number of the design you wish sent.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Pair of Nottingham Lace Curtains Free

Each Curtain Nine Feet Long.

This Most Beautiful and Elegant Premium Has Just Been Added for Selection to all who Send a Club of Only Five New Names.

The Curtains are full width and just what one needs to adorn the home with. Everyone of taste will tell you that there is nothing which "dresses up" a room so much as a pair of Lace Curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside as well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and formerly sold as high as \$4.00 to \$5.00 a pair. They are delivered free to you, all charges paid.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us a club of only 5 15 months subscriptions at 25 cents each to COMFORT, we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and one pair of Curtains to you as a free premium. A club of only 9 25-cent 15 mo. subscriptions secures two pairs and we send three pairs for only 13 subscriptions at 25 cents each. COMFORT goes to the subscriber each month and the Curtains to you. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A White Bedspread For a Club of Eight

Will grace and adorn your bedroom and put on an air of refinement that will reflect creditably on you.

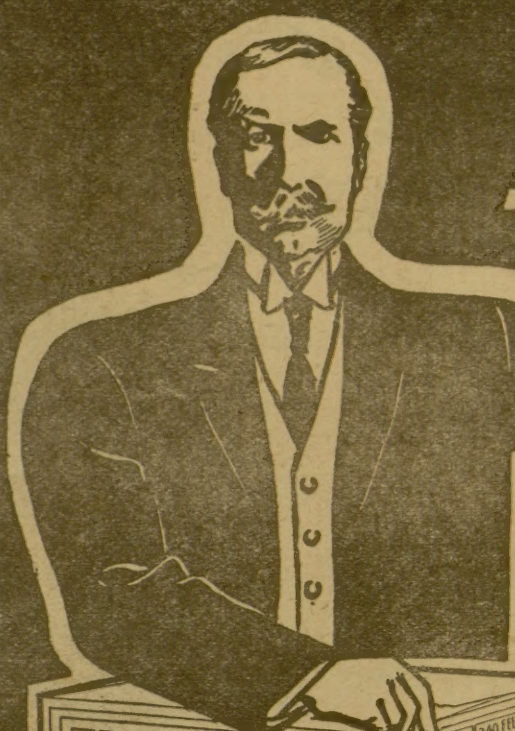
We have tried to convey to your eye through the illustration, the appearance of the spread or counterpane when carefully arranged on the bed. It finishes the bed and dresses up the whole room.

The pattern is one that cannot fail to please. The material is fine quality and workmanship the best.

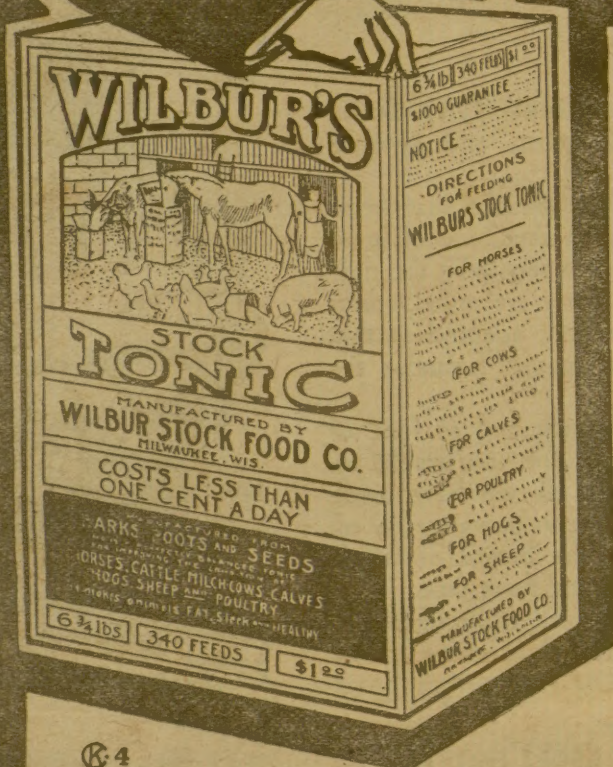
For a slight effort we will give you one large spread suitable for a full size, full width and full length bed. The handsome figured design with deep bordered edge makes an effect pleasing and delightful.

Club Offer. We will send you, all charges paid, one of these large spreads as a reward for a club of only eight 15-months subscribers at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





I Want to Send You This \$100 Box Free



I want you to know for yourself why

Wilbur's Stock Tonic

is fed by 500,000 stock raisers daily. I want you to see what it does for your horses, your milch cows, your hogs, your sheep and your poultry.

I want to prove to you beyond all doubt, that Wilbur's Stock Tonic is a wonderful feed saver, fattener and positive preventive of disease. I want you to find out by actual test that my tonic makes money for you every time you feed it.

That's why I will send this big box absolutely free to you and to every reader of this paper, who fills out and sends me the coupon below.

I don't want you to pay me a cent for this big, full size \$1.00 box now or at any other time.

I don't want you to do anything to earn it.

4

It is not a premium, but a gift, and my object in giving it to you is to let you prove to your own satisfaction that it is a feed saver and money maker for you. Is my offer fair?

Do you risk one cent by accepting this big box free? Is it worth a 2-cent stamp? If so, just fill out and mail the coupon today.

What Others Say

Arkansas City, Kans., Apr. 5-10
Wilbur Stock Food Co.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

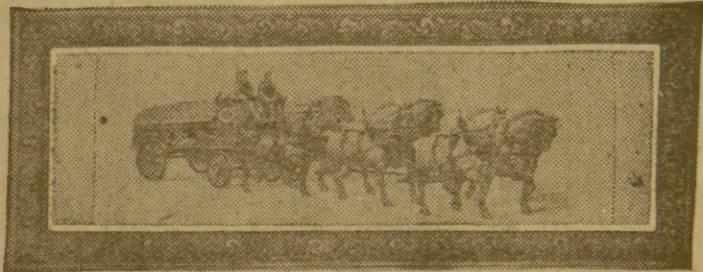
Gentlemen: Would like to know what the prices on thousand pound lots would be. Have been feeding it about two months and think it is all it is claimed to be. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,
Respectfully,

BERT WILHELM
R. F. D. No. 6

Williamsport, Pa., May 17, 1910.
Wilbur Stock Food Co.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Gentlemen: We have used one pail of your tonic for our two horses. It saved the life of one of them after everything else failed. Please give us price and terms on pails.

Yours,
Boys Industrial Home,
T. P. S. Wilson, Mgr.



PAST FAMOUS SIX-HORSE TEAM OF WORLD'S CHAMPION PERCHERONS

This Beautiful Picture Free

Champion six horse team of the world. Fed on Wilbur's Stock Tonic. Awarded First Prize at St. Louis World's Fair. I mail you this beautiful picture FREE, size 15 x 31 inches, in exquisite colors, if you mail the coupon without delay.

Extra Premium

If you will send the coupon at once, I will also send you, free, postage paid, the beautiful picture of the World's Champion Six-Horse Team shown below. This picture, 15 x 31 inches, is reproduced in eight exquisite colors from an actual photograph of the World's Champion horses in action.

J. P. Wilbur

WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO.

President 168 Huron St. Milwaukee, Wis.

FREE \$100 BOX COUPON

F. P. WILBUR, Pres.,
Wilbur Stock Food Co.,
168 Huron St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Please send me the \$1.00 Box of Wilbur's Stock Tonic and the large colored picture, both free.

I own _____ horses _____ cattle _____ hogs _____ poultry.

My Name _____

P. O. _____ R. F. D. _____

Freight Sta. _____ State _____

COLEBROOK, N. H.
WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

GENTLEMEN:—I have been feeding your Tonic to my horses, cows, and pigs with the best of results. I have one old horse that was very thin and did not think he would pull through this winter, but now I am sure he will, for he feels like a colt and is looking fine. He is worth \$25.00 more today than he was six weeks ago, when I commenced to give him the Tonic. I can recommend it to anyone to be the tonic to have.

Yours respectfully,

ALBERT CORBETT.

GRANVILLE, N. D.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Since my pail was fed up I have used two different powders and they did not fill the bill. Watkins sells 50 pounds for \$2.50 but you have to feed five times as much as the Wilbur's. The international costs the same as Wilbur's and takes three times as much to feed as the Wilbur's. HENRY BECK.

HARRISVILLE, MICH.
WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

GENTLEMEN:—I bought a horse some time ago and fed him \$1.50 worth of Wilbur's Stock Tonic, also \$2.00 worth of Wilbur's Heave Cure, and then sold him for \$75.00. He first cost me \$15.00 and \$3.50 for Tonics, making a total of \$18.50—\$75.00 selling price and \$18.50 cost, leaving a profit of \$56.50. Bent it if you can.

Yours truly, JAS. EMERSON.

WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

GENTLEMEN:—Enclosed find draft for \$13.00 in payment for Stock Tonic. I have used two pails of your Stock Tonic, it is certainly fine. I have used almost everything on the market, but nothing to compare with Wilbur Stock Tonic. My milk cows, calves, hogs and colts, after feeding three days, I noticed the change. It has saved me many a sack of grain. My horses are sick and nice, also working hard every day. Will enclose watch certificate and thanking you for past favors, I am, Yours truly,
Kremmling, Colo. (Signed) CASPER SCHWAR.

SOUTH ROTALTON, VT.
WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

GENTLEMEN:—The Stock Tonic that you sent me several weeks ago works to perfection, as my stock is in much better condition with less grain than when I commenced to feed it. Yours respectfully,
FRANK RAND.

WILLIAMSBURG, OHIO.

WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

To whom it may concern: I have used Wilbur's Stock Tonic and can say I will use it as long as I have any stock, whatever kind it may be, to feed. Feed your chickens and you get more eggs; feed your horse, he will do more work; feed your cow, she will give more milk; feed your hog, and he will give more pounds of pork; and to make a long story short, you can't afford to be without it. So please hurry my five pail order for me. Sincerely yours,
JAMES J. WAGNER.

ARCADIA, OKLA.
WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

GENTLEMEN:—Received my watch in good condition and was surprised to find it so nice, and I appreciate it very much. It has kept good time ever since I got it and don't see how you could have sent it. I think your Stock Tonic is the best made. Have used several different kinds of Stock Tonic, but never found any that will do as much as yours. I have sold ten pigs (would have been six months old the middle of February) and they weighed 200 pounds apiece. Some wanted to know how I fattened them and what I fed them that made them grow so fast, and, of course, I had to tell them it was Wilbur's Stock Tonic. I have seven head of horses and they are rolling fat. When I hitch them up they are so high-lifted that I can hardly do anything with them. They are always up and ready to go. Everybody wants to know what keeps them in such good condition and I tell them it is your Stock Tonic that does it. I have a team that is equal to your champion team on your envelopes. They are fine, and eat Stock Tonic three times a day. I thank you for your past favors, and remain,
Your agent, W. M. RANDLE.